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The Scottish Text Society

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN
ETC.

✓ p. 100 ~~[illegible]~~ Son. 11

O Tymes! o Heaven that still in motion art!
And by your course conformd wd mortall Wights!
O flying Dayes! o ever-gliding Nights!
Whiche passe more nimble than Wind or Archers dart
Nolls I my selfe accuse excuse your part
For yee who fixd your farr-off shining Lights
You motion gave, and Did to mee impart
A Mind to marke and to prevent your Slights.
Lifes Web yee still weave out, still (foole) I stay
Malgrè my iust Resolves on mortall things,
Ah as the Bird surprisd in subtile springs
That beates with wing but cannot flye away:
So struggle I, and faine would change my case,
But this is not of Nature but of Grace

1

PLATE I.—FACSIMILE OF PAGE FROM THE HAWTHORNDEN *MSS.*

Frontispiece.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Of Hawthornden

With 'A Cypresse Grove'

Edited by

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Volume the First

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TO

Adolphus William Ward

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface	ix
Introduction	xv
Bibliography	xlv
List of Illustrations	xcvii
Poems in Commendation of the Author	ci
Alphabetical Equivalents	cxix
Poems: The First Part	1
Poems: The Second Part	51
Teares, on the Death of Mœliades	75
Epitaph	83
Vrania, or Spirituall Poems	86
Madrigalls, and Epigrammes	99
Forth Feasting	141
Notes	157
Index of First Lines	249

PREFACE.

In the present edition of Drummond's poetical works we have set ourselves a threefold task. First of all to present a trustworthy text according to the original editions, accompanied by a complete record of the variants,[1] with the object mainly of illustrating the mutual relations of the various editions, including the posthumous one of Phillips and the folio of 1711. The nearest approach to a trustworthy text is to be found in the Maitland Club edition, of which some sixty odd copies were printed early in the nineteenth century for private circulation. This edition has now become excessively rare, and far in advance as it is of all those that have preceded or followed it, as regards the text, it leaves altogether out of account the variants of the original editions and of the two most important posthumous editions. We decided for obvious reasons to fill this gap, and in the course of collating the several texts we were rewarded by more than one interesting *trouvaille*, of which perhaps the most important is that the first part of Phillips's edition is not based on the 1616 edition of the *Poems*, as has always been thought, but on an advance issue, printed in 1614 or 1615 by Drummond for circulation

[1] It goes without saying that, save in a few exceptional cases, we have not recorded differences in spelling. In the notes, at the foot of the page, the spelling given is that of the earliest edition where the difference appears.

among his friends, and probably communicated either to Phillips or to the London publisher by Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, Drummond's brother-in-law. This curious issue of the *Poems* has remained unknown to all editors of Drummond's poetical works since Phillips's day, and he himself has given no clue whatsoever of his having utilized it in preference to that of 1616. Its contents, which differ materially from the regular edition of 1616, are reproduced exactly, and in the same order, with two insignificant exceptions, by Phillips, so that the charge levelled against him of having unduly tampered with the text of Drummond will in future have to be considerably modified. Further, the belief that he was the first to publish certain pieces, which figure in his edition but are wanting in the ordinary edition of the *Poems* (1616), will have to be abandoned.

We have likewise diverged from the Maitland Club edition in the matter of punctuation. In that edition the punctuation is modernised. We have adhered to Drummond's own punctuation, not only because it would be difficult to imagine any writer bringing greater care to the revision of his text, but also and principally in view of the fact that his punctuation was based on rhythmic rather than on logical considerations. It is a risky proceeding to interfere with the settled punctuation of a poet of any period, and more especially of that period—to modify it in any way in the case of a poet whose reputation must ultimately rest largely on the rhythmic qualities of his verse becomes a positive injustice.

In the second place it has been our aim to complete and extend the work, so ably begun by W. C. Ward, of tracing the Scottish poet's indebtedness to foreign models. In that field Ward has confined himself almost exclu-

sively to the Italian sonneteers. While showing that Drummond's debt to the Italians was still greater than made out by Ward, we have been able to prove that the Laird of Hawthornden borrowed almost as extensively from the French poets of the *Pléiade*, and also that he was one of the few poets of his day who wrote in English to have more than a passing acquaintance with Spanish literature. Though we are not inclined to attach undue importance generally to these borrowings, at a time when all sonneteers were following more or less a vogue begun in Italy soon after the death of Petrarch, and for which they had a justification in the practice of the Italian sonneteers themselves, it is undeniable that Drummond went a good deal further in that direction than the literary morality even of his day allowed. His loans are so numerous and so great that his poems, more especially the sonnets, can hardly escape the reproach of betraying that " want of inward touch " which Sir Philip Sidney so justly addresses to all Petrarchists in general. In any case Drummond's imitative habits must play some part in estimating his poetic rank, and because they are here for the first time pretty fully revealed, it did not appear irrelevant to attempt a presentment of him in that light in a short introductory essay.

In the third place we have endeavoured to draw up a full and complete critical bibliography of the early editions of the Scottish poet's works in verse, all of which are of extreme rarity and many of especial interest. In that particular we think we can claim to have covered new ground, and to have added some not unimportant facts to a certain aspect of the subject which, generally speaking, is apt to become monotonous and to interest the specialist alone, but to which, in the case of our author,

unusual interest attaches owing to his peculiar habits in all that concerned the issue of his books.

We have also made it our business to examine afresh and very carefully the Hawthornden Manuscripts. Such an examination became all the more necessary when we discovered at the outset and to our surprise that not one of the editors of the more recent editions had paid any attention to the manuscripts, and that Phillips and the editors of the folio edition, who undoubtedly had access to them, had taken liberties with the text of Drummond which could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. By so doing we have been able to improve materially the text of the posthumous poems, and to add to the present edition a not inconsiderable number of unpublished pieces. Few of these pieces, and this is true of nearly all the posthumous poems, can be said to have much intrinsic value. They are of considerable importance however in the light of Drummond's poetic development, presenting him as they do at an early stage of his career when Scotticisms still flowed readily from his pen, and when he had not yet attained that mastery over the standard English of his day for which he strove so hard. For that reason mainly it appeared necessary to reproduce the posthumous poems exactly as they stand in the Manuscripts.[1]

Lastly, we have spared no pains in investigating the question of the Drummond portraits, and helped by the discovery of a new portrait of the poet, we are not without hope of having shed some light on this intricate problem.

[1] In the Manuscripts punctuation is almost entirely lacking. We have added punctuation only in cases where the sense seems to demand it.

If these volumes represent an improvement, as we trust they do, on former editions of Drummond's poetical works, the merit is due in part to those who have assisted us in their preparation. First and foremost we desire to express our thanks to Mr. H. Guppy of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, who from the first has been our guide in all that concerned the bibliography of the subject, and to whom we are indebted for much generous assistance in drawing up the bibliographical collations of the different texts. We have also to record our obligations to Mr. F. Sutherland Ferguson of the firm Mr. Bernard Quaritch for much valuable help in various directions; likewise to the librarians of Britwell Court and of Haigh Hall, and to those of the Signet Library and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; particularly to Mr. F. C. Nicholson, the librarian of Edinburgh University, for his kindness and patience in answering an almost constant stream of questions concerning the Drummond treasures in his keeping; to Miss Ethel Cook of the same library for bibliographical collations, and for a very careful reading of the greater part of the proofs; to Dr. R. L. G. Ritchie and Mr. H. M. Rush of Edinburgh, and also to our colleagues M. L. Lailavoix, Dr. E. Classen, and Dr. W. J. Sedgefield, for co-operating with us in the investigation of more than one detail of interest; to Mr. E. T. Griffiths, another colleague, without whose ungrudging support the preparation of the text for the press would certainly not have advanced as rapidly as it did; to Professor G. Gregory Smith of Belfast for checking some of our notes dealing with Middle Scots; to the Earl of Home and to Sir James Drummond, Bart., of Edwinsford for information concerning the Drummond family and the Drummond

portraits, and to Mr. Hugh Drummond of Hawthornden for permission to photograph certain portraits which are here reproduced for the first time; to the late Lord Crawford of Haigh Hall, and to the authorities of the University of Aberdeen for placing their Drummond originals at our disposal; and not least, to Mr. H. M. McKechnie, the secretary of the Manchester University Press, for many services freely rendered, and for his promptitude and unfailing courtesy during the progress of these volumes through the press.

L. E. KASTNER.

MANCHESTER, *April*, 1913.

INTRODUCTION.

To the most unobservant reader of Drummond's poetry it is at once evident that his verse is wholly exotic. It shares that character with the poetry of his Scottish contemporaries and immediate predecessors. It is no exaggeration to say that the poetry produced in Scotland, during the close of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth century, is not Scottish at all, except in the sense that the authors of it were born in Scotland. This is true of Sir Robert Ayton, Sir David Murray of Gorthy, Sir William Alexander of Menstrie and others, and still more so of Drummond of Hawthornden. The reasons are not far to seek; the bitter quarrels of prelate and presbyter at the time of the Reformation in Scotland acted like a blight on native poetry; the Scottish idiom was gradually replaced by the vernacular of England as a means of literary expression, till it became the aim of all poets who wanted a hearing to write in as pure English as they could compass. Poetry written in Scotland ceased as a national art, and with the Union of the crowns in 1603, and the consequent removal of the court to London, the Scottish Muse, now only wooed by certain of the gentry of the land, became for the time but a lowly follower in the retinue of her brilliant English sister.

There was also the competition of Latin which at that time was still looked upon in Scotland by many as the normal vehicle for poetic utterance.[1] But besides English influence other external factors continued to operate on

[1] See *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, published at Amsterdam, in 1637.

the literature of Scotland. The ties of friendship which bound her to her old ally, though sadly weakened, were still a force to be reckoned with, and the fashion of sending Scottish youths to France, in order to complete their education there, had not ceased in Drummond's time, especially among the Royalist party. French literature, which had but lately burst into renewed splendour in the works of Ronsard and his associates, could not fail to compel the attention of the Scottish poets, many of whom had been educated or had travelled extensively on the continent. James VI. himself, who liked to pose as a Maecenas, openly avowed discipleship to the French, and encouraged the small band of poets and poetasters, who had learnt to look to him as an authority in such matters, to turn to France for literary sustenance. Even Alexander Montgomerie, the last of the Scottish "Makaris," while still adhering to the Scots vernacular, was largely an exotic poet in his choice of rhythms, and in his cultivation of the sonnet on the French and Italian pattern. Great as was the French influence on his predecessors it reached its climax in the poetry of Drummond, owing in great part to certain circumstances in his education.

William Drummond was the son of John Drummond, the first Laird of Hawthornden and his wife Susannah Fowler. He was born at Hawthornden, some little distance from Edinburgh, on December 13, 1585. In 1590 the poet's father was appointed Gentleman-Usher to the Scottish King; and about the same time his uncle, William Fowler, was made private secretary to the Queen. Thus we see that the young Scot grew up in close touch with the Scottish court. After leaving school he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, recently founded in 1582, where he graduated M.A. in July 1605. The sole teaching of the University then was in Arts and Theology, and as it was his father's desire that he should become a lawyer, William was sent abroad to

pursue his studies in that direction. Before the end of the year 1606 we find him in France, where he remained throughout 1607 and 1608, alternating between Bourges, renowned at that time for its Law School, and Paris, prosecuting the study of general literature, with much greater assiduity than that of jurisprudence. In 1610 his father died, and young Drummond, at the age of twenty-four, found himself the master of Hawthornden, and possessed of sufficient means to choose his own course of life. His mind being already of a contemplative and studious turn, it is not surprising that he immediately abandoned all thoughts of Law, and decided in favour of literature and a quiet life in picturesque Hawthornden. There he remained all his life, writing and meditating, undisturbed, save by the religious and political strifes of Scotland, making occasional more or less protracted sojourns in England or on the continent, when his peace was too seriously menaced. He died on December 4, 1649, his death being hastened, so his early biographer tells us, by his excessive grief for the execution of Charles I.[1]

Proof that Drummond was an accomplished French scholar is amply afforded by the contents of the library he had collected by 1611, and of which he has left an account in eight separate lists or "tables." His collection consisted then of some 250 volumes in Latin, 120 in French, 61 in Italian, 8 in Spanish, 11 in Hebrew, and only 50 in English. The proportions in the different languages are instructive; they show plainly that Drummond's reading in French was wide and varied, and that he must have had no uncommon knowledge of the language and literature of that country. To this collection he added steadily, as we may gather from later lists of his books recorded in the Hawthornden Manuscripts, and

[1] The standard biography of Drummond is David Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden. The Story of his Life and Writings*, London, 1873. The Memoir by Bishop Sage, introducing the folio edition of 1711, is the principal early authority for the poet's life.

from the catalogued donation[1] which he made to the University of Edinburgh in 1627, with subsequent additions in 1628 and 1630. With the help of these various records it is not difficult to realise the nature and extent of Drummond's reading in French. Poetry of the first half of the sixteenth century is represented by the works of Jean Le Maire de Belges and of Clément Marot, *Le Différent du Corps et de l'Esprit* of François Habert, *Les Marguerites* of Marguerite de Navarre, the *Amadis* of Nicolas de Herberay. Coming to the *Pléiade* and their followers, we note the poetical works of Pontus de Tyard, of Peletier du Mans, of Jean de la Péruse, *Les Jeux Rustiques* of Du Bellay, practically the whole of Ronsard's poetic output, including the *Amours*, the *Odes*, the *Franciade*, the *Bocage Royal*, the *Eclogues et Mascarades*, the *Elégies*, the *Hymnes*, and the *Discours des Misères de ce temps*; the *Amours* of Baïf, the poems of Jean de la Taille, of Odet de la Noue, of Philippe Desportes, of Passerat, of Mesdames des Roches, as well as the complete works of Du Bartas, and the *Quatrains* and *Plaisirs de la Vie Rustique* of Pibrac; the tragedies of Jodelle and those of Garnier, the *Regulus* of Jean de Beaubreuil and the comedies of Larivey. Of contemporary French poets Drummond had also read the works of Bertaut and of Du Perron, *Le Sireine* of Honoré d'Urfé, *Le Recueil de toutes pièces* of Théophile de Viau; *Les Muses gaillardes* and *Le Parnasse satyrique*, besides sundry other anthologies of that period. The most important prose works figuring in the lists are the whole of Rabelais, the *Institution Chrestienne* of Calvin, the

[1] The books presented by Drummond to his Alma Mater are still preserved in a separate cabinet in the University of Edinburgh, though several of them have disappeared. The original donation of 1627 consists of about 500 volumes in various languages, with some manuscripts. A Latin catalogue, with a preface by Drummond himself, accompanied the gift. *Auctarium Bibliothecæ Edinburgenæ, sive Catalogus Librorum quos Gulielmus Drummond ab Hawthornden Bibliothecæ D.D.Q. Anno* 1627, is the title of this little volume of 48 pages, printed at Edinburgh by the successors of Andro Hart.

Heptaméron of Marguerite de Navarre, all the chief works of Henri Estienne, the *Essais* of Montaigne, the *Traité de la Sagesse* of Pierre Charron, the *Traité de la Philosophie des Stoïques* of Guillaume du Vair, the *Commentaires* of Monluc, the *Satire Ménippée*, the *Recherches de la France* and the *Monophile* of Estienne Pasquier, the *Dialogues* of Tahureau, the *Lettres missives et familières* of Estienne du Tronchet, the *Bigarrures et Touches* of Tabourot, several of the works of Du Plessis-Mornay, the *Amours de Cléandre* of Nicolas de Montreux, the *Discours politiques* of François de la Noue, and several others.

Although Drummond's reading in the French poets of the sixteenth century was so extensive, a glance at the examples quoted in the notes at the end of these volumes will show that his preferred models were Ronsard, Desportes, Pontus de Tyard, and Passerat. Ronsard especially was his favourite, we may conclude, from the large number of his works he possessed, and from the copious extracts he entered in his commonplace-book; and Desportes seems to have come next in the Scottish poet's affection. In preferring Ronsard and Desportes he was merely following the predilection of his predecessors and masters the Elizabethan sonneteers. Recent investigations have shown [1] sufficiently how great was the debt of the Elizabethan sonneteers to Desportes; and Lodge's statement in his *Margarite of America* that Desportes' poetical writings were "ordinarily in everybody's hands" is a clear proof of that French poet's popularity in England at the time. The repeated recurrence on the part of Drummond to the works of a poet who, like Ronsard, enjoyed European reputation during the latter part of the sixteenth century occasions

[1] See the Introduction to Sir Sidney Lee's *Elizabethan Sonnets*. London, 1907. Also Max Maiberger, *Studien über d. Einfluss Frankreichs auf d. Elizabethan Literatur*. Frankfurt a. M., 1903, and our articles in the *Modern Language Review* (April 1908, and January 1909), and in the *Athenæum*, October 22, 1904.

little surprise, especially if it is borne in mind that when the young Scot first visited France the fame of Ronsard, though declining, was by no means yet spent. Subsequently, at the time of Drummond's full literary activity, Ronsard's name was well-nigh forgotten in England and almost eclipsed in France, but the same cannot be said of other countries.[1] It is not so easy to understand the influence, restricted though it may be, exercised on him by Pontus de Tyard, one of the lesser stars of the *Pléiade*, and the author of the *Erreurs Amoureuses* (1549–1554), a collection of sonnets with a few miscellaneous pieces interspersed. Apart from the importance in the history of French literature of the date of Tyard's collection, the first book of which appeared at the close of 1549, a few months after Du Bellay's *L'Olive*, it has little to recommend it to the lover of poetry. Drummond was, not improbably, attracted by that combination of philosophic thought and spiritual love which Pontus de Tyard had imbibed from the *Délie* of Maurice Scève, and which he further reinforced by studying and translating the *Dialoghi di Amore* of Leo Hebraeus. His partiality to Jean Passerat, exemplified in his numerous borrowings

[1] In Germany and Holland more especially, and to a less degree in Italy, the works of the chief of the *Pléiade* were read eagerly and imitated during the whole time that Drummond was writing poetry, and when Ronsard's verses in his own native land were perused by a few conservative country gentlemen only. Opitz, both in theory and practice, took him as his chief model in his attempt to reform German poetry; a large number of passages in the *Buch von der deutschen Poeterey* are copied verbatim from Ronsard's *Art Poëtique* or from his prefaces to the *Franciade*, and a still larger proportion of his poems are translations or paraphrases of his French predecessor's work, while others are skilfully tessellated with passages picked here and there from Ronsard's poetry. P. Melissus, G. R. Weckherlin, and other poets of the group of German writers associated with Opitz, were also fervent admirers of the "grand Vendômois." In Holland, D. Heinsius, in his *Nederduytsche Poëmata* (1618), frequently imitated the same model. In Italy, during the vogue of Marinism, Marino himself borrowed the matter of more than one of his poems from the same source, and Ronsard was the only modern foreign poet, besides Garcilaso de la Vega, for whom the admiring Italian found a niche in his *Galleria*.

from him, dates back no doubt to the time when the young poet was a student in France, at the Universities of Paris and Bourges, with both of which Passerat had had close relations.[1] Possibly his attention was drawn to Passerat by the fact that the latter's complete poetical works appeared in two almost simultaneous editions in 1606, the very year that Drummond arrived in Bourges.

It would have been strange indeed if the Scottish poet, addicted as he was to the transmutation of foreign material into his poetry, could have resisted the attraction of the famous Guillaume de Salluste, seigneur du Bartas, at a time when the author of the *Weeks* was undoubtedly more largely read in England than in his native country. There is evidence that Drummond had read Du Bartas, or at least a portion of his works, as early as 1609. In a letter written three years later, describing his first meeting with Alexander of Menstrie, and alluding to the latter's *Doomesday*, which had not yet appeared in print, he says of his new acquaintance: "This much I will say, and perchance not without reason, dare say, if the heavens prolong his days to end his Day he hath done more in one Day than Tasso did all his life, and Bartas in his two Weeks, though both the one and the other be most praiseworthy." Now this passage reproduces almost verbatim the words which Simon Goulart, the commentator of the *Sepmaines*, ascribes to Ronsard after the publication of the first *Sepmaine*: "M. du Bartas a plus faict en une sepmaine que je n'ai faict en toute ma vie." A detail of this kind, insignificant in itself, argues great familiarity with the writings of the Huguenot poet and all that concerns them.[2] Drummond had also read Sylvester, and though

[1] After having been a Professor at the colleges of Plessis and of Boncourt in Paris, Passerat in 1565 entered the University of Bourges as a law student, and followed there the lectures of the renowned Cujas. In 1572 he succeeded Ramus as Royal Professor of Eloquence in the Collège de France.

[2] See Georges Pellissier, *La Vie et les Œuvres de Du Bartas*. Paris, 1883, p. 277.

he had no great opinion of his first-hand attempts, he praises his translations from Du Bartas unstintingly. His admiration for the French poet took concrete form in more than one poem of the *Flowres of Sion*. However, except in a certain passage of the "Shadow of Judgment" in that collection, describing the three Furies, his imitation of Du Bartas is pervasive rather than specific, though plain enough to anyone acquainted with the French poet's manner.

The list we have given does not by any means exhaust Drummond's creditors in France. *A Cypresse Grove* for example, owes a good deal to Montaigne and to Charron, and a not inconsiderable number of the shorter poems are traceable to other French poets than those mentioned; but in no case is the imitation sufficiently marked to call for special comment here.

The Scottish court poets being followers of the Elizabethan sonneteers and of their French contemporaries, both of which were steeped in Italian literature, inevitably fell under the spell exercised by Petrarch and his numerous votaries in the sixteenth century. Italian poetry affected them just as powerfully as it did the French and English poets. It is already apparent in the collections of sonnets and in the translations of William Fowler (who it may be recalled was Drummond's maternal uncle) and of Stewart of Baldines,[1] and is manifest in the new forms and manner practised by Montgomerie, David

[1] For the cultivation of the sonnet among the Scottish poets of the reign of James VI. see pp. xliii-xlvii of George Stevenson's Introduction to the supplementary volume of the *Poems of Alexander Montgomerie*, published (1910) by the Scottish Text Society. Two volumes of manuscript poetry by Fowler, including a translation of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, and a sonnet-cycle entitled *The Tarantula of Love*, consisting of 71 sonnets, are in the Edinburgh University Library, to which they were presented by the poet Drummond. Stewart of Baldines is the author of *Ane Abbregement of Roland Furious translated out of Ariost*, and of some 33 sonnets, both preserved in manuscript form in the Advocates' Library.

We understand that the Scottish Text Society has in hand editions of Fowler and of Stewart of Baldines.

Murray of Gorthy, and especially William Alexander of Menstrie. In the case of Drummond of Hawthornden, however, it is so remarkable that it would be impossible, as far as we know, to quote a parallel in the whole of English literature. Not only is the number of poems conveyed by him directly from Italian extraordinary in itself, but he is impregnated to such an extent with Italian sentiment and Petrarchan conceits, that there is hardly an idea or simile, in his sonnets particularly, that could not be matched in Petrarch, or in his Italian or foreign disciples.

The contents of Drummond's library show that his reading in Italian was hardly less comprehensive than in French. He had on his shelves the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, the *Rime* of Petrarch, and the sonnets "fatti ad imitatione del Petrarcha" of Benedetto Zino, the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto and his *Rime*, the *Rime* of Sannazaro, Bembo, Della Casa, Cesare Caporali, Luigi Groto, the *Nvove Fiamme* of Lodovico Paterno; all the important works of Torquato Tasso, including the complete *Rime*, the *Rinaldo*, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, the tragedy *Il Re Torrismondo*, the *Mondo Creato*, and the *Aminta*; the *Rime* and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, the *Contrasto Amoroso* of Muzio Manfredi; collections of madrigals by Lelio Capilupi, Francesco Contarini, Muzio Manfredi, Cesare Rinaldi, Mauritio Moro, and Casone. He had also read and studied, of contemporary Italian poets, the whole of the *Rime* of Giambattista Marino, the *Creazione del Mondo* of Gaspare Murtola, and the *Poemetti* of Gabriele Chiabrera. In prose, he possessed the *Filocopo* and the *Fiammetta* of Boccaccio, the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro, the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, the *Cortegiano* of Baldassare Castiglione, the *Asolani* of Bembo, the *Circe* of Gelli, the *Dialoghi* of Pietro Aretino, the *Prose* of Bembo, the *Battaglie per la difesa dell' italica lingua* of Muzio, the *Dialoghi* of Sperone Speroni and those of Claudio Tolomei, the *Lettere Amorose* of Girolamo Parabosco, the *Civil Conversazione* of Guazzo,

etc. His library included likewise much Italian literature in French and in English translations, which he no doubt found very useful when he wished to avoid too great literalness.

Drummond's preferred models among the Italian poets were Torquato Tasso, Guarini, and above all his contemporary Giambattista Marino, though he by no means confined his attention to this brilliant trio. His preference for Tasso, whom in one of his poems he apostrophises as "Rome's greatest wonder," and for Guarini, is not difficult to understand; they were the two greatest Italian poets of the later sixteenth century, and both were widely read in England and in France in certain circles. When Drummond began to write poetry, of living Italian poets the most conspicuous was undoubtedly Marino, the apostle of a new poetic style which goes by the name of "Marinism." The Scottish poet no doubt was attracted by Marino's gorgeous style and by his extraordinary wealth of expression, but more, we think, on account of a certain metaphysical tendency, which finds expression in some of the best of Marino's religious compositions, and which was perfectly in keeping with the Scotchman's own way of thinking. His dependence on Torquato Tasso and Guarini is conspicuous enough. His indebtedness to Marino, however, is still more striking, twenty of his poems at least having already been referred to that source, many of them being literal translations. The Italian influence is also betrayed by a predilection for such typical Italian forms as the sonnet, the madrigal, and the sestina. All this is sufficiently obvious, as is also the arrangement in two parts of his love-poems on the model of Petrarch's *Rime*.

Though the influence exercised by Italian literature on the poetry of Drummond is certainly remarkable, it is not wholly unexpected. It is the extent of it which is surprising. From the day that Sir Thomas Wyatt

and the Earl of Surrey introduced a new manner of poetry from Italy, save for a considerable break till we reach Spenser, the English poets were always powerfully attracted by the charms of the Italian Muse. This influence was particularly potent in the last two decades of the sixteenth century when the literature of the Elizabethan age was at its height; and continued to make itself felt, in a different form, in the Jacobean period. On the other hand, the Spanish poets were strangely neglected, in spite of frequent political relations between the two countries. It is known that Sir Thomas Wyatt spent, with occasional furloughs, more than two years in Spain on his embassage to the Emperor (April 1537 to June 1539), at a time when Spanish poetry had just entered on a fresh and brilliant career;[1] and yet his work, so largely imitative, contains no trace, as far as we are aware, of this protracted sojourn in the Peninsula. The circumstance that Boscán and Garcilaso were engaged in the same task as himself may possibly have convinced Wyatt that he could learn nothing from them. Moreover, their verses were not given to the press till 1543, though no doubt exists that they had circulated widely before that date. We have to wait some twenty years for any direct imitation. In 1561 the poet Barnaby Googe spent a year in Spain, returning in May 1562. The year after he published a collection of poems under the title *Eclogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes*. In this meagre volume it was that the *Diana* of Montemôr, which was not printed till 1559, or about a year before Googe arrived in Spain, made its first appearance in English literature. Among the poems that it contains, two of the Eclogues, the fifth and the seventh, are adaptations into verse of prose passages of the *Diana*. The fifth eclogue is a free

[1] It may be recalled that there were several Italianates in Spain before Boscán and Garcilaso—as Francisco Imperial (the son of an Italian), Santillana, and Juan de Villapando, both experimenters in the sonnet; howbeit their hour was not propitious, and they did not initiate a new movement.

adaptation of the story of Felismena in the Second Book, and follows the general outline of the original, though some of the speeches present quite close translations. The seventh is a very faithful rendering of the scene between the shepherds Silvanus, Sirenus, and Selvagia in the First Book. About thirty years later Sir Philip Sidney, in the added sonnets and poetical translations printed for the first time as an appendix to *Astrophel and Stella* (in the third edition of *Arcadia*, 1598), included two lyrics, which are acknowledged by him as translations from the same pastoral romance. The sixth eclogue of Googe likewise contains a few lines from the Egloga II. of Garcilaso, who himself, it may be noted, had derived them from Sannazaro. These dozen lines, describing the process of snaring a flock of birds by the device of letting loose one of their fellows carrying a limed line among them, and the few lyrics by Sidney from the *Diana*, represent the sum total of Spanish poetry adapted or translated in England during the sixteenth century—as far as we know. The neglect of Spanish poetry at this time is further testified by the fact that none of the numerous authors of theoretical treatises on poetry in England, with the exception of Abraham Fraunce, make any mention of the Peninsular poets. Abraham Fraunce is now only remembered on account of his tireless advocacy of the English hexameter. He published his *Arcadian Rhetorike*[1] in 1588, and dedicated it to that zealous patroness of letters, the Countess of Pembroke. Among the passages which he brings forward in support of his precepts, Fraunce cites examples from Boscán and from Garcilaso—in all 263 lines. He quotes them in the original. Whether this circumstance argues a knowledge of Spanish on the part of his contemporaries,

[1] A summary and a few extracts from Fraunce's *Arcadian Rhetorike* are printed in Vol. I. (p. 303 *et seq.*) of Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays*. Oxford, 1904. Apart from Boscán and Garcilaso, the modern foreign poets quoted by Fraunce are Torquato Tasso and Du Bartas.

or at least among the inner circle of Sir Philip Sidney, to which Fraunce belonged, can hardly be decided. Fraunce was so much of a pedant that he may very well have had recourse to this procedure in order to impress his friends. In any case he introduced the two great Spanish poets to the English public; but, probably because his dull treatise lacked the elements of popularity, his introduction remained unheeded, and did not have any effect even on his associates. That two poets of the ranks of Boscán and Garcilaso—the latter like Sir Philip Sidney personifying all graces and accomplishments—worshippers of Petrarch and of his successors, should have been so completely overlooked, at a time when in England the manner of the great Italian master was so eagerly cultivated, can only be regarded with surprise. The causes that may have affected Wyatt no longer held; both Boscán and Garcilaso had long ago won their spurs. The attitude of the Elizabethans to the contemporary Spanish poets was no less indifferent; when in Spain the school founded by Boscán and Garcilaso was continued by Fernando de Herrera and his disciples, the English poets showed no more interest in their achievement than they had done in that of their illustrious predecessors.[1] As literary fashions not infrequently and naturally percolated into England during this period through French channels, a glance at the attitude of the French in the sixteenth century in regard to Spanish poetry cannot fail to throw some light on the point at issue. Outside the drama, no French poet of the sixteenth century, excepting Desportes,[2] who could not refrain from copying anything he read, can be shown to have

[1] Gabriel Harvey, who belonged to the same group as Fraunce, showed some acquaintance with the trend of Spanish poetry in the sixteenth century. In his *Pierces Supererogation* (1593) he affirms, after enthusiastic commendation of Petrarch's sonnets, that "all the noblest Italian, French and Spanish poets have in their several veins Petrarchized."

[2] On Desportes and Montemôr, see *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, 1897, p. 61.

been influenced, to any appreciable extent, by the Spaniards. Du Bellay alludes to them twice only, and in a very perfunctory manner, in the *Deffence*. The only mention of them by name occurs in the *Sepmaine* of Du Bartas, where Boscán and Garcilaso are singled out as the representative poets of Spain, by the side of Guevara and Granada the chief ornaments of her prose, in the enumeration of the principal supporters of the leading modern languages :

> Guevare, le Boscan, Grenade, et Garcilace
> Abreuuez du Nectar, qui rit dedans la tasse
> De Pitho verse-miel, portent le Castillan.

In view of the immense vogue of Du Bartas, both in France and England, it is not improbable that the mention of Boscán and Garcilaso in Du Bartas' catalogue may have helped to form and to hand down a tradition that the pair he selects were the greatest poets of Spain. At any rate that was the view taken in France and England during the whole of the sixteenth century. Things had changed in both countries when Drummond began to write ; the influence of Peninsular poetry on Donne and his group, however subtle, appears undeniable ; while M. Lanson has proved that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that influence was making itself felt strongly in the verse of Voiture, Scarron, and Sarasin.[1]

But Drummond was to all intents and purposes an Elizabethan in his conception of the poetic art ; he did not share the indifference of his predecessors as regards Spanish poetry, but he shared their views. He too looked upon Boscán and Garcilaso as the two representative poets of Spain ; he cites them together, and he read them, or at least Garcilaso, with so much delight and sympathy, that he could not resist the

[1] See *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, 1896, pp. 45 and 321 ; 1897, p. 180 ; 1901, p. 395.

temptation of adapting several of their compositions—without acknowledgment as usual. This is an interesting fact which has hitherto been altogether overlooked, and which constitutes a not unimportant addition to the scanty debt which English literature owes to that of Spain. Drummond, however, differed from the Elizabethans in that he knew Spanish well; his library comprised, besides the combined poetical works of Boscán and Garcilaso, the *Cárcel de Amor*, the *Celestina*, the *Dial of Princes* and the *Familiar Epistles* of Guevara, the *Guía de Pecadores* of Granada, the *Diana* of Montemôr, the *Galatea* of Cervantes, the *Arcadia* and the *Rimas Humanas* of Lope de Vega, and various anthologies.

It has already been mentioned that his masters in England were the Elizabethans, the sonneteers principally. Of these his favourite was undoubtedly Sir Philip Sidney. W. C. Ward was the first, it appears, to instance a number of passages and single verses in which Sidney's influence is unmistakable, and to point out Drummond's habit of skilfully weaving Sidney's very phrases into the web of his own verse. To the instances gathered by Ward a substantial addition must be made. David Masson has also shown that the Scottish poet transplanted two powerful passages from Shakespeare into his own poetry without any acknowledgment. These, together with the numerous loans from Sidney, suggest that he may have extended this mode of exploitation to other poets. Our researches, however, have not corroborated the suspicion we once entertained that a large number of the striking lines in his poems were stolen property, and that he had systematically, pen in hand, ransacked his favourite poets, jotting down the finest verses for incorporation in his own poetry. This he undoubtedly did in the case of Sidney; practically all the outstanding verses of *Astrophel and Stella*[1] can be paralleled in Drummond's

[1] There is a copy in Drummond's hand of *Astrophel and Stella*, among the books which he presented to the University of Edinburgh.

sonnets. He was likewise a fervent admirer of Sidney's *Arcadia*, and to it he is indebted in almost equal measure, particularly in the longer poems. The other Elizabethan sonneteers he had also read and studied; he notes that the sonnets of Shakespeare have lately been published; praises those of his friend Sir William Alexander and those of Daniel; declares that Drayton "seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his Mistress"; and makes the startling assertion that Spenser's *Amoretti* are "so childish" that they cannot very well be the work of so distinguished a poet. Constable's *Diana* he knew by report only, and Lodge's *Phyllis* he notes as having been read by him in the year 1611. To all these, however, he owes very little, except perhaps a reminiscence or two from Spenser's *Amoretti*, or from Alexander's *Aurora*.[1]

Before passing on to the second part of this inquiry, it may be added in conclusion that Drummond was also indebted to the poets of the *Anthology*, and to the Neo-Latin writers of France, Italy, and Scotland. In his lists of books we have noticed the *Africa* and the *De Contemptu Mundi* of Petrarch, the *De Ætna* of Bembo, the *Macaronicorum Libri III.* of Merlinus Coccaius, the *Hymni* of Pico della Mirandola and of Marullus, the *Poemata* of Pontanus, Basinius, Flaminius, and Castiglione; the *Zodiacus Vitæ* of Marcellus Palingenius, the *De Mutatione Rerum* of Cardanus, the *Juvenilia* of Beza and of Muret; various collections of Latin verse by Barclay, Melissus, Adrien de Turnèbe, Joachim du Bellay and Daniel Heinsius; the *Nihil* of Passerat, the *Epigrammata* of John Owen, the *Basia* of Ayton, and the complete Latin works of Arthur Johnston. From the Neo-Latin poets he borrowed the matter of several of his epigrams and other short pieces, and Castiglione's Latin elegy on the death of Alcon

[1] For more details on Drummond's English books, see David Laing's memoir in *Archæologia Scotica*, iv. p. 73 *et seq.*

served as his model for the pastoral elegy on the death of Sir Anthony Alexander.

In his day Drummond hardly enjoyed the amount of celebrity one would expect, partly no doubt because of his retiring disposition, and perhaps also because he wrote far from the capital. None of his works had a wide circulation. Of his contemporaries, Drayton, who kept up a friendly correspondence with him for a considerable time, had a high opinion of his poetic powers. Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, to whom he was united by the bonds of the closest friendship, naturally looked favourably upon the productions of one he might with some reason claim as a disciple. Sir David Murray of Gorthy, another compatriot, was the first in a laudatory sonnet prefixed to the advance issue of the *Poems*, to point to that quality of "sweetness," which has since been inseparably associated with Drummond's name as a poet.

Even a judge so difficult to satisfy as Ben Jonson, while making some characteristic reservations, thought well on the whole of the Laird's verse, if indeed implicit faith can be attached to his words as set down by Drummond in the *Conversations*: "His censure of my verse was: That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme; for a child (sayes he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeks and Latins verses in running; yett that he wished, to please the King, that piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his owne." It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this statement with the following pronouncement, likewise recorded in the *Conversations*, according to which Jonson "cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to Sonnets; which he said were like that Tirrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short." If Ben "cursed" Petrarch, he could not very well bless his Scottish friend.

In 1656 Drummond's collected poems were printed

for the first time with a preface by Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew. In this preface Phillips writes: "To say that these Poems are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits), yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for, should I affirm that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor ever the choicest of our English Poets, can challenge to themselves any advantage above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves, nor shall I think it any arrogance to maintain that among all the several fancies that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgments there hath not come forth anything that deserves to be welcomed into the world with greater estimation and applause. etc." This document, despite its obvious hyperbole, is most interesting, and opens out more than one attractive inquiry. Here we have the first inkling of Drummond's relation to the Italian poets. Phillips, who had been brought up and educated by his uncle, was in all probability well acquainted with Italian literature. In this part of his studies he could have had no better guide than Milton, whose long sojourn in Italy had enabled him to perfect his knowledge of a language and literature which he had already studied in his youth. May it then not be that Phillips, allowing for some exaggeration on his own part, is recording his uncle's estimate of Drummond's work as well as his own? There appears to be no doubt that the author of *Paradise Lost* was a reader of Drummond; and we are inclined to believe that he communicated his interest and admiration to his nephew. However, what concerns us more particularly is that Phillips actually mentions by name two of the Scottish poet's principal Italian creditors—Tasso and Guarini. This significant and suggestive mention seems

to have been overlooked by subsequent writers on Drummond. Among modern critics the appreciation of Charles Lamb,[1] mainly because of the eminence of the author, deserves special attention: "The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley." The Laird of Hawthornden is here in good company, and the English essayist cannot be accused of having meted out praise with a grudging hand. Southey, Hallam, and others whose voice carries authority, have spoken of the Scotchman's sonnets as indubitably among the best in the English language, after those of Shakespeare and Milton, and a few of Wordsworth's. More recently David Masson, the author of the standard *Life* of Drummond, formulates his judgment best in the following well-chosen words: "What strikes us throughout in Drummond's pieces is the combination of a certain poetic sensuousness, or delight in the beauty of scenery, colours, forms, and sounds, with a tender and rather elevated thoughtfulness." W. C. Ward, his latest editor, is manifestly over-generous in his appreciation, despite that he was the first to be able to take into account at least part of Drummond's debt to foreign models.

The epithets "sweet," "contemplative," "sensuous" have all been applied to the Scottish poet's verse. They are all more or less appropriate, but they are not of much assistance in assigning to him his proper position as a poet. In order to arrive at a more exact and definite conclusion, it is essential to judge him according to the tenets of the school to which he belonged, and in the light of recent discoveries. His whole attitude and his conception of the poet's art point unerringly to the Elizabethans and to the Ronsardists, though it is at once obvious that he lacked the freedom and plenitude of the greater of his predecessors. He is not a poet of the

[1] *The Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, p. 49.

seventeenth century in spite of dates; from the first he represents an older school—the school of Petrarch, Ronsard, and Sidney. When he was first abroad, the *Pléiade*, as has already been pointed out, though seriously menaced and fast losing ground, was still a force; but on his second long visit to the Continent, between 1625 and 1630, he found the exact and "correct" Malherbe triumphant and reprobating Ronsard and his belated followers for their liberties. This ascendency of "prose and reason," and fault-finding with revered masters, appears to have roused the Scottish poet's indignation. In a letter addressed to his friend Dr. Arthur Johnston, the famous Latinist, he writes, in answer to some queries put to him about poetry, in a tone which leaves little doubt that he is aiming at Malherbe and his innovations: "In vain have some Men of late (Transformers of every Thing) consulted upon her Reformation, and endeavoured to abstract her to Metaphysical Ideas and Scholastical Quiddities, denuding her of her own Habits, and those Ornaments with which she has amused the World some Thousand Years. Poesy is not a Thing that is yet in the finding and search, or which may be otherwise found out. . . . Neither do I think that a good Piece of Poesy, which Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, Bartas, Ronsard, Boscan, Garcilasso (if they were alive, and had that Language) could not understand. . . . What is not like the Ancients and conform to those Rules which hath been agreed unto by all Times, may (indeed) be something like unto Poesy but it is no more Poesy than a Monster is a Man." His adherence to the last to a school that had seen its day helps to understand, though it does not explain altogether, why he did not write any more poetry after 1623. He seems to have felt unconsciously that his Muse was now a stranger in the land.

To Drummond's masters the whole poetic scheme was founded on imitation. Was not the basis of Du

Bellay's poetic evangel imitation ? They all preached and practised it, French and English, as well as Italian and Spanish, following in the wake of the Angevin's *Deffence*, which had sounded like a call to arms, at least on both sides of the Channel. Howbeit, it is essential to understand what this new school really meant by what they called "imitation." They did not attribute to the term the same meaning that we Moderns do, or the same value. The spokesman of the *Pléiade* has made his meaning plain in more than one passage of his celebrated manifesto. The poet was urged to imitate the Ancients,—and with hardly less emphasis the Italians,—but only in the sense that he must absorb and digest their ideas and forms to his own use, converting them into flesh and blood.[1] He might adopt the images, the turns,

[1] Du Bellay's exact words (*Deffence*, i. 7) are: "Se transformant en eux, les devorant, et, apres les avoir bien digerez, les convertissant en sang et nouriture." Estienne Pasquier, following Seneca (*Epist. LXXXIV.*), says the same thing, at greater length, in his thirty-seventh Letter: "Quand je vous parle de l'art, ce ne sont point les préceptes que je vous ai ci-devant touchés: la lecture d'un quart d'heure d'iceux peut rendre en ce sujet le lecteur aussi savant que je suis; mais bien une longue étude des auteurs grecs, latins, italiens, et de ceux qui ont quelque nom en notre vulgaire. Je veux que celui qui désire être bon poëte français alambique d'eux un bon suc, dont il façonnera ses écrits; je veux que, comme l'abeille, il suçotte leurs fleurs, pour en former son miel, non pas qu'il en soit quitte pour habiller à la française les inventions étrangères, comme j'en vois quelques-uns l'avoir fait avec une honte effacée (cela ne peut procéder que d'un esprit cacochyme); il faut qu'en lisant il se fasse riche aux dépens de celui qui, en lui prêtant, ne lui prêtera rien, même empruntera de lui telle chose à quoi l'auteur n'avait pensé, par une taisible suggestion et rencontre de leurs bons naturels; que ce soit une bonne digestion, dont il fera un corps solide, sans rendre les viandes indigestes, et ainsi qu'il les aura prises. S'il gagne cet avantage sur lui et sur nous qu'adonc il lui soit permis de mettre la main à la plume, et nous communiquer ses écrits." Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries* (ed. Castellain, p. 125), expresses his view in similar terms: "The third requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to bee able to convert the substance or Riches of another *Poet*, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very Hee; or so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallowes, what it takes in, crude, raw, or undigested; but that feeds with an Appetite, and hath a Stomacke to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch

and even the thoughts of his model, provided he breathed into them his own individual spirit. This is how Ronsard and Du Bellay, and, adopting their precepts and example, the Elizabethans, understood poetry. Though their laws in these matters were not our laws, they are perfectly legitimate and comprehensible. Their aim and ideal was what may be termed "original imitation." It is for that reason that they never tire of appealing to Latin literature, which to them offered a splendid model and a striking justification of their tenets. They would strive to emulate the example of Vergil and of Horace. True it is that even the greatest of them did not always realise their ambition. They faltered at first; but it would be perversity itself to judge them by tentative ventures which enabled their successors to profit by their experience. Neither Ronsard nor Du Bellay, in their representative work, copied any more than Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*. The really great poets created anew, and their own genius infused and moulded the matter they drew from foreign sources. In that sense, and in that sense only, can their more mature efforts be called imitative. However, the dangers of a conception of poetry resting mainly on imitation, clear and well-defined though it may be, are manifest; there is only one step from imitation, once its inward significance is lost sight of, to plagiarism. Imitation may easily degenerate into translation or something perilously like it. Ronsard and Du Bellay foresaw this, and insisted on the distinction between imitation and mere translation. Insistence on this essential brought them, as we know, into conflict with their immediate predecessors; it led to a regular encounter between Du Bellay and the accredited representatives

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at vices, for vertue, but to draw forth out of the best, and choisest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one relish, and savour: make our *Imitation* sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil*, and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*; how, *Alcaeus*, and the others *Liricks*: and so of the rest."

of the Marotic school. All this is sufficiently clear to us now; in the days when the *Pléiade* were starting a new literary theory it required explanation and emphasising, especially after a few unfortunate initial attempts such as *L'Olive* had afforded renewed hope and courage to the opposition. Moreover, the theory expounded by Du Bellay demanded poetic gifts of a high order such as he and his chief could command. The lesser stars of the *Pléiade*,—Baïf, Jamyn, De Magny, and the rest,—admitting they had a clear conception of the precepts contained in the *Deffence*, were rarely able to put them into practice, because they were not sufficiently poetically endowed. Except on rare occasions, they failed to realise that digestive assimilation on which Du Bellay insists. Their failure to do so is most marked in the endless sequences of sonnets they compiled, a form which they preferred to all others for obvious reasons. In England, not to mention Italy and Spain, the same phenomenon is reproduced; Wyatt, even if his primary efforts (and those of Surrey) form an isolated episode in English literary history, was a still worse example than the juvenile Du Bellay for his successors; and when, towards the latter end of the century, the sonneteering vogue burst like a splendid chorus over the land, the minor poets, with the double attraction of French as well as Italian models at hand, succumbed to the same temptation as the less gifted of Ronsard's associates. Constable, Griffin, Giles Fletcher, are little better in that respect than Baïf, Jamyn, or De Magny. Even poets of undoubted talent, such as Lodge and Daniel, produced little more than skilful translations or adaptations from French and Italian patterns in the sonnet-cycles addressed to Phyllis and to Delia. Shakespeare, on the other hand,—since one is inevitably driven to him for excellence in all that concerns poetry—did indeed convert his models into flesh and blood; and showed once more, in the sonnet,

that he had no peer in any branch of poetry. His sonnets are redolent of Italian thought and sentiment, but he breathed into them a native fire and a lyric melody which no writer of any country has surpassed. The same is true, in lesser degree, of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, and with some exceptions, of the sonnets that compose Spenser's *Amoretti*. Besides, in spite of their advocacy of digestive imitation as a means of renovating poetry, there is ample testimony that the greater French and English poets of the sixteenth century were fully alive to the importance of originality, or invention as they termed it. We are not sure that their advocacy of imitation was not meant by them as a step towards the realisation of an entirely original literature. A large proportion of the finest literature of that period, in England particularly, is free of all imitation.

In a considerable number of his poems Drummond may fairly claim to have assimilated his models. This is especially true of his borrowings from the French sonneteers, as the following example will show. In his *Erreurs Amoureuses* Pontus de Tyard had written :

Sont-ce ces prez où ma Déesse affable,
Comme Diane allaigrement troussée,
Chantoit un chant de ma peine passée,
Et s'en rendoit soy-même pitoyable ?
Est-ce cest Orme, où d'un riz aimable,
Disant, A dieu gloire de ma pensée,
Mignardement à mon col enlacée,
Elle me fut d'vn baiser fauorable ?
Et deà, où est (ô prez defleurez) donq
Le beau tappiz, qui vous ornoit adonq ?
Et l'honneur gay (Orme) de ta verdure ?
Languissez vous pour ma Nymphette absente ?
Donques sa veuë est elle assez puissante,
Pour, comme moy, vous donner nourriture ?

Here is Drummond's version, typical of how he could change a somewhat colourless canvas into a glowing picture :

Are these the flowry banks? is this the mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Did here her eyes exhale mine eyes salt showrs,
When on her lap I laid my weary head?
Is this the goodly elm did us oerspread,
Whose tender rine cut out in curious flowrs
By that white hand, contains those flames of ours?
Is this the rustling spring us music made?
Deflourishd mead where is your heauenly hue?
Bank, where that arras did you late adorn,
How look ye elm all withered and forlorn?
Only sweet spring nought altered seems in you:
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To sour your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

The same is true of many of his borrowings from the Italian and Spanish poets.

In another equally graceful sonnet the Scottish poet apostrophises the Nymphs in these words:

Nymphs, sister nymphs which haunt this crystal brook,
And (happy) in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make ideal woods in every crook,
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride?
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes mine agonising cares,
And what ye read recount to her again:
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell that the bittrest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her do cease more to be sour.

The original, by Garcilaso, leaves little doubt that the pupil has at least equalled the master:

Hermosas ninfas, que en el río metidas,
Contentas habitáis en las moradas
De relucientes piedras fabricadas
Y en colunas de vidro sostenidas;

Agora estéis labrando embebecidas,
O tejiendo las telas delicadas ;
Agora unas con otras apartadas,
Contándoos los amores y las vidas ;
Dejad un rato la labor, alzando
Vuestras rubias cabezas á mirarme,
Y no os detendréis mucho según ando ;
Que ó no podréis de lástima escucharme,
O convertido en agua aquí llorando,
Podréis allá de espacio consolarme.

Cardinal Bembo, celebrating the charms of a quiet country life, far from the vulgar throng and the world's discords, penned the following sonnet :

Lieta e chiusa contrada ; ov' io m' involo
Al vulgo, e meco vivo, e meco albergo ;
Chi mi t' invidia hor, ch' i Gemelli a tergo
Lasciando scalda Phebo il nostro polo ?
Rade volte in te sento ira ne duolo :
Nè gli occhi al ciel sì spesso e le voglie ergo ;
Nè tante carte altrove aduno e vergo,
Per levarmi talhor, s' io posso a volo.
Quanto sia dolce un solitario stato,
Tu m' insegnasti ; e quanto haver la mente
Di cure scarca, e di sospetti sgombra.
O cara selva e fiumicello amato
Cangiar potess' io il mar e 'l lito ardente
Con le vostre fredd' acque e la verd' ombra.

Taking up again the same theme, Drummond refashions it as follows :

Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace :
What snaky eye grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive ?
When Sun progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet Flowry place I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

His relation to the foreign prototype is not always so easy to determine; a sonnet may be remoulded into a poem of quite a different form. Thus the piece with the rubric *Astrea* in *Vrania*:

Astrea in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven;
Or if she live, it is not without crime
That she doth use her power,
And she is no more virgin, but a whore,
Whore prostitute for gold:
For she doth never hold her balance even,
And when her sword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, false, she not oerthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

is a transmutation of the antepenultimate sonnet of Marino's *Rime Morali*:

Quanto da quel di pria Francesco mio
Varia è la nostra età. Più, qual solea,
Non alberga fra noi la bella Astrea,
Ma con l' altre compagne al Ciel sen gio.
O se pur vive in questo secol rio,
Non è (qual dianzi fu) Vergine Dea,
Ma meretrice mercenaria, e rea,
Corrotta da vilissimo desio.
Le lance, use a librar l' humana sorte
Con giusta legge, hor da l' usanze prime
Per troppo ingorda passion son torte.
E la spada, ch' al Ciel dritta, e sublime
Volgea la punta, in giù rivolta hor morte
Minaccia al' egro, e l' innocente opprime.

These are characteristic examples of Drummond at

his best. By the side of such pieces, there are many in which, while retaining his usual felicity of diction, he is little more than a translator, but a very skilful one. The following sonnet, likewise borrowed from Marino, will serve as an example :

Beneath a sable veil, and shadows deep,
Of unaccessible and dimming light,
In silence' ebon clouds more black than night,
The worlds great King his secrets hid doth keep :
Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep,
To pore, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide ;
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me show,
The more I search of thee, the less I know.

The Italian original is as follows :

Sotto caliginose ombre profonde
Di luce inaccessibile sepolti,
Tra nembi di silentio oscuri, e folti,
L' eterna Mente i suoi secreti asconde.
E s' altri spia per queste nebbie immonde
I suoi giudici in nero velo avolti,
Gli humani ingegni temerari, e stolti,
Col lampo abbaglia, e col suo tuon confonde.
O invisibil Sol, ch' a noi ti celi
Dentro l' abisso luminoso, e fosco,
E de' tuoi propri rai te stesso veli ;
Argo mi fai, dov' io son cieco e losco,
Nela mia notte il tuo splendor riveli,
Quando t' intendo men, più ti conosco.

This beautiful sonnet—and it is far from being the only one—illustrates with what care he picked his models to suit his moods and temperament ; so that

frequently the spirit of the original as well as the letter is borrowed. The Scottish poet knew that gold as well as dross could be found in the pages of the prolific author of *L' Adone*.[1]

A full third of Drummond's compositions are translations or close paraphrases, and betray in no uncertain manner the imitative temper of his Muse. The rest are best described as adaptations from foreign models. Though the source of a small number of them has not yet been revealed, we may reasonably expect that one day the totality of his poems, with few exceptions, will be found to have been composed according to a given pattern, more or less vividly present in the poet's mind. All claim to originality he must forgo; when Ward writes that "the many productions of his pen which are wholly original afford ample proof that it was not from poverty of invention that he became a borrower," we see ourselves compelled to impugn, nay to traverse, that judgment, not forgetting that his recent editor was unaware that the Scottish poet had drawn from so many varied sources.

Sufficient has been said, we think, to arrive at a more exact determination of Drummond's position in the hierarchy of English poetry. In one half roughly of his verse he may justly lay claim to a high rank as a poet of the school of imitation; he adapted, but his adaptations are impregnated with a charm essentially his own, and

[1] Probably Drummond's natural bent towards imitation was strengthened by the example of his favourite Italian poet. In the preface to *La Lira* Marino writes: "Non si nega, che quasi tutti i Poeti tanto antichi quanto moderni, eziando i più eccellenti, non abbiano usato di rubarsi l' un l' altro, e troppo sarebbe chi volesse farne minuto racconto. Ma chi ruba, e non sa nascondere il suo furto, merita il capestro; e bisogna saper ritignere d' altro colore il drappo della spoglia rubata, acciò che non sia con facilità riconosciuto." Unfortunately Marino did not succeed, any more than Drummond, in hiding his thefts. In the sonnets alone, he borrows from the Humanists (especially Pontanus), from the *Quattrocento* (Serafino, Tebaldeo), from the *Cinquecento* (Tansillo, Tasso, Guarini), from Marot, and from Lope de Vega. In the longer pieces, and in *L' Adone*, his debt is no less marked.

clothed in a form well-nigh impeccable. Nevertheless, even as an imitative poet, he cannot pretend to the highest rank; for that, his range is too limited, confined as it is to some hundred and thirty sonnets, about the same number of madrigals and epigrams, and less than a score of longer pieces. In his remaining poetic achievement Drummond is an imitator pure and simple, writing with a specific model before him, and producing verse which, distinguished as it is by exquisite diction and perfect craftsmanship, can nevertheless be regarded only as the exercises at vacant hours of a gifted poetic artist.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

No attempt having hitherto been made to draw up a bibliography of the poetical works of Drummond of Hawthornden, it seemed to us that the present edition would be incomplete if that task were left unaccomplished, more especially as the bibliography of the Scottish poet's works presents several features of unusual interest. It has been in many ways a complicated piece of work, as the original editions are of extreme rarity, and also because the production of his books was apparently Drummond's favourite hobby to which he brought great care bordering on finicalness, which the peculiar bent of his temperament, and his position free from all monetary preoccupations, enabled him to indulge to the full.

The following is a list chronologically arranged of his poetical works. A facsimile of the title-page of all the original editions is reproduced in the Bibliography, except in the case of those editions which have served as the basis of our text. Of these the facsimiles will be found in the proper place in the body of the present work.

I (= A) TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MELIADES. EDINBURGH, 1613.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 2 facing p. xlvi.

Description and collation according to the Britwell Court copy:

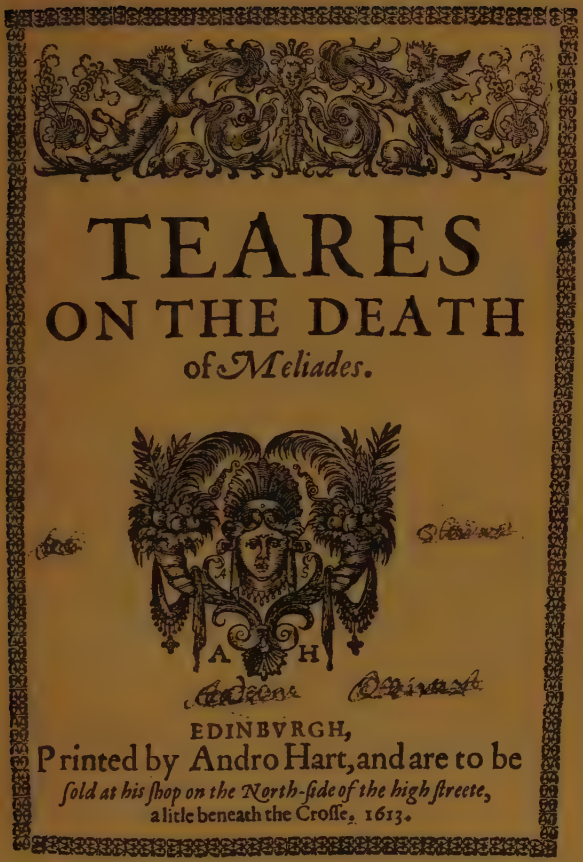
[Title-page arranged within a narrow ornamental border (163-103 mm.) of filigree] [ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] TEARES |

ON THE DEATH | of *Meliades*. | [ornament (48-51 mm.); woman's head between two cornucopiae, and with the initials "A H" at foot] EDINBVRGH, | Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be | *sold at his shop on the North-side of the high streete*, | a litle beneath the Crosse. 1613. |

4to. (180-133 mm.). 6 leaves without foliation or pagination; A–B2 (unsigned, except B1).

[Collation]: Leaf [1]^{a} Title; leaf [1]^{b} [Ornament (89-20 mm.) composed of floral scrolls containing two birds, rose, thistle, and in the centre a shield bearing "A" over a heart] "To the Author." [A sonnet of fourteen lines beginning] "*In waues of Woe thy sighes my soule doe tosse*," [ends] "*The best applause that can such notes approue.*" [signed] "S. W. ALEXANDER." [The whole of this page and Pp. [3-9] are enclosed within a filigree border;] A2^{a}–B1^{a} (Pp. [3-9]) TEARES | ON THE DEATH | of *Meliades*. | (P. [9]) [ends] "From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore*." | "*W. D^{r}*" | "*FINIS*." | [Mask ornament (48-51 mm.); as on the title-page]; B1^{b} (P. [10]) [Ornament resembling a spear-head of which the greatest dimensions are 44-30 mm.] "*OF JET*, | *Or* PORPHERIE, | *Or that white stone*" | [A poem of thirteen lines in the form of a pyramid, with a border of type ornament (132-8 mm.) at foot, and one of a single rule at top and on right-hand side of page]; B2^{a} (P. [11]) "Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes," [an epitaph of fourteen lines signed "*W. D^{r}*" at foot, under a monumental arch supported by pillars, apparently composed of printer's leads and rules]; B2^{b} [P. 12] (blank).

It will be noticed that this edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades* bears no specification of the edition. There is an edition, to be noticed subsequently, which is specifically called the "third" edition, and which appeared in 1614. No other edition, apart from these two, has ever been discovered or recorded. We are thus at the outset faced with a problem in the bibliography of Drummond's poetical works. The most obvious explanation is that there never was a third edition, and that the edition of 1614 was so called either inadvertently, or possibly, by a device of the printer's, to mislead the public into believing that


TEARES
ON THE DEATH
of *Meliades.*
A H
EDINBVRGH,
Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be
ſold at his ſhop on the North-ſide of the high ſtreete,
a litle beneath the Croſſe. 1613.

I

PLATE 2.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page xlvi.

the sale, and therefore the success of the Laird of Hawthornden's lament had been greater than it really was. However, if it be admitted that there were really three editions of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, the absence of one of the three editions may be accounted for by a peculiar habit which Drummond had, and to which we shall revert presently, of printing privately before actual issue to the public, some copies equalling the number of his intimate friends. In this way we may assume the existence of a private pull of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, probably, though not necessarily, before the 1613 edition. It is true that the existence of any such copy has never been recorded, but such issues would be very limited in number, and therefore very scarce. Of the 1613 edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades* one copy only is known, and that is to be found in the library of Mr. S. R. Christie Miller, at Britwell Court in Buckinghamshire. It was formerly Corser's copy, and is described by him in his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* (Part vi. p. 311). The other copy mentioned by Corser as being in the library of the University of Edinburgh (presented, along with other of his works, by Drummond himself) has, we are informed, disappeared within recent times, and may possibly be reposing on the other side of the Atlantic.

II (= B) MAVSOLEVM. EDINBURGH, 1613.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 3 facing p. xlviii.

Description and collation according to the copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh:

[Ornament (102-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits.] MAVSOLEVM | OR, | *THE CHOISEST FLOWRES* | of the Epitaphs, written on the Death | *of the neuer-too-much lamented* | PRINCE HENRIE. | *Cosa bella mortal passa, e non dura.* | [Ornament (49-52 mm.); woman's head between two cornucopiae, and the initials "A. H" at foot] EDINBVRGH | Printed by *Andro Hart.* Anno Dom. 1613. |

4to. (184-133 mm.). 8 leaves without foliation, pagination, or signatures.

[Collation]: Leaf [1] Title (verso blank); Leaf [2]ᵃ "MAVSOLEVM, | *OR*, | THE CHOISEST FLOWRES OF | *the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the neuer-* | too-much lamented PRINCE HENRY. | EPIT. 1 | Loe here intomb'd a peerelesse Prince doth lie," . . . [fourteen lines, signed] "W. Q." [below on same page] "2 | *Occidit ante diem juvenum flos, gloria stirpis*" . . . [twelve lines, signed] "Walter Quin."; Leaf [2]ᵇ "3 | Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes," . . . [fourteen lines, signed] "*W. D.*" [below on same page] "4 | A Passing glance, a lightning long the skies" . . . [fourteen lines, signed] "*W. D.*"; Leaf [3]ᵃ "5 | [crown ornament (26-28 mm.)] *OF JET*, | *Or* PORPHERIE," | . . . [thirteen lines in form of a pyramid, signed] "*W. Drummond.*"; [type ornament (120-7 mm.)]; Leaf [3]ᵇ "6 | Faire *Britaines* Prince in th' Aprill of his yeares;" . . . [fourteen lines, signed] "*Ignoto*"; [below on same page] "7 | *Ciò ch'il Pianèta che distingue L'hore*"... [four lines, signed] "Ignoto." [followed by] "8 | Why Pilgrime doest thou stray" . . . [nine lines, signed] "*Ignoto.*"; Leaf [4]ᵃ "9 | Here lies the Worlds delight," . . . [twenty-one lines, signed] "*Ignoto.*" [below on same page] "10 | C*rudeli crudaque Patri, Patriæque ruina*," . . . [four lines, signed] "Hugo Hollandus." [followed by] "11 | Death (that by stealth did wound Prince HENRIES heart)" . . . [six lines, signed] "*George Wyther.*"; Leaf [4]ᵇ "12 | Two Kingdomes strove for Intrest in one Prince," . . . [four lines] [below on same page] "13 | I liv'd three Kingdomes hope, foes terror, parents life," . . . [two lines, signed] "*Robert Allyne.*" [followed by] "14 | Whom all the vaste frame of the fixed Earth" . . . [four lines]—"15 | Blest be his great Begetter, blest the Wombe" . . . [six lines, signed] "*Geor. Chapman.*" —"16 | Did he die young? Oh no, it could not be," . . . [four lines, signed] "*William Rowley.*" [Ends] "*FINIS.*"

A good deal of doubt has hitherto existed on the question of priority of publication as between *Teares on the Death of Meliades* (1613), and *Mavsolevm*. The late Professor Masson, in his *Life* of Drummond,[1] assigns

[1] *Drummond of Hawthornden: the Story of his Life and Writings*, p. 37.

MAVSOLEVM

OR,

THE CHOISEST FLOWRES
of the Epitaphs, written on the Death
of the neuer-too-much lamented
PRINCE HENRIE.

Cosa bella mortal passa, e non dura.

EDINBVRGH
Printed by *Andro Hart*. ANNO DOM. 1613.

PLATE 3.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page xlviii.

priority of publication to *Mavsolevm*. Other authorities place *Teares on the Death of Meliades* first; but from neither side is any corroborative evidence forthcoming. Corser (*op. cit.* p. 313), steering a middle course, thinks that *Mavsolevm* was probably published at the same time with *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, though he too gives no reasons for his conclusion. Apart from what has been said above on the existence of a privately printed issue of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, we have no hesitation in placing *Mavsolevm* second, for the following reasons: *Mavsolevm*, it can be shown, consists almost entirely of reprinted matter, and thus, in all probability, the two pieces by Drummond (the epitaph-sonnet and the pyramid-epitaph), which figure both in *Mavsolevm* and in the 1613 edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, had already appeared in the latter composition. The extended title of *Mavsolevm—Mavsolevm, or the choisest Flowres of the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the neuer-too-much lamented Prince Henrie*—points, we venture to think, distinctly in that direction. Moreover, of the three pieces (not one, as Professor Masson states) contributed by Drummond to *Mavsolevm*, one ("A Passing Glance," etc.) does not reappear till the third edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*; it could not have appeared in the 1613 edition of *Teares*, because, so we conclude, Drummond's share of *Mavsolevm* was not yet penned. Lastly, a very important fact, which was only revealed by careful comparison of the two works concerned, appears to decide the question of priority definitely in favour of the 1613 edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*; the epitaph-sonnet ("Stay Passenger," etc.), which is found both in *Teares on the Death of Meliades* (1613) and in *Mavsolevm*, appears in the latter in a version differing widely from that occurring in *Teares on the Death of Meliades*—so widely that the epitaph-sonnet may be said to have been recast. Now, of these two versions of the epitaph-sonnet the one adopted in the 1614 edition of

Teares on the Death of Moeliades, and subsequently in the *Poems* (1616), is the version found in *Mavsolevm*, and not the version found in the 1613 edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*. Obviously then, the form of the sonnet in *Mavsolevm*, represents a revision of a poem that had appeared in a previous publication, which is equivalent to saying that the 1613 edition of the *Teares on the Death of Meliades* was published before *Mavsolevm*. If not, we should have to suppose that Drummond, after recasting the epitaph-sonnet to the extent of emending, as is the case, eight out of fourteen verses for the 1613 edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, went back to the original unemended version for the 1614 edition of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* and for the *Poems* (1616). This we claim is a *reductio ad absurdum*.

This little tract is extremely rare ; two copies only are known—one in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and another, formerly Corser's, at Britwell Court. The copy recorded in the catalogue of the books presented by Drummond to his Alma Mater, and quoted by Corser as being in the library of the University of Edinburgh, appears to be irretrievably lost.

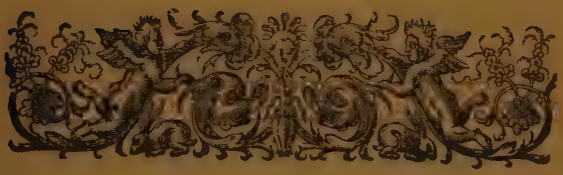
Mavsolevm, it may be noted, has been reprinted in the First Series of David Laing's *Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century* (Edinburgh, 1853), among other curious pieces.

III (=C) TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES. EDINBURGH, 1614.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 4 facing p. 1, and plate 5 facing p. lii.

Description and collation according to the Edinburgh University copy :

[Ornament (100-27 mm.); composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] TEARES | ON THE DEATH | OF MOELIADES. | *By WILLIAM DRVMMOND* | OF | *Hawthorneden.* | [Rule] | *The third Edition.* | [Rule] |



TEARES
ON THE DEATH
OF MOELIADES.

By WILLIAM DRVMMOND
OF
Hawthorneden.

The third Edition.

EDINBVRGH
Printed by Andro Hart.
1614

PLATE 4.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page 1.

[crown ornament (27-25 mm.)] EDINBVRGH | Printed by Andro Hart. | 1614.

4to. (267-203 mm.). 8 leaves without foliation or pagination; A – B^4 (signed, except A1, 4, B2-4).

[Collation]: Leaf [1]^a Title; Leaf [1]^b [ornament (89-20 mm.) composed of floral scrolls containing two birds, rose, thistle, and in the centre a shield bearing "A" over a heart.] "To the Author." [a sonnet signed] "Sr. W. ALEXANDER."; A2^a – B1^a (Pp. [3-9]) [ornament (74-12 mm.); woman's head between two cornucopiae.] "*TEARES* | ON THE DEATH | of MOELIADES." | (P. [9]) [ends] "From *Thule* to H*ydaspes* pearlie Shore." | "FINIS. | WILLIAM DRVMMOND." | [ornament (30-34 mm.); mask in centre with the initials "A. H." at foot]; B1^b (blank); B2^a (P [11]) [three ornaments, the first a crown (27-25 mm.), the other two (each 26-19 mm.), side by side beneath the crown, of rose and thistle design respectively] "*OF JET*, | *Or* PORPHYRIE, | *Or that white Stone*" | . . . [a poem of thirteen lines in the form of a pyramid, with a border of type filigree ornament at foot (126-7.5 mm.), and a single rule on either side of the page]; B2^b (blank); B3^a (P. [13]) "Stay P*assenger*, see where enclosed lyes," [an epitaph of fourteen lines, under a monumental arch supported by pillars, apparently composed of printer's leads and rules]; B3^b (blank); B4^a (P. [15]) "*Sonnet.* | A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies" | . . . [signed] WILLIAM DRVMMOND. | ; B4^b (P. [16]) [type ornament (87-11 mm.) "*To the Reader*" [seven and a half lines of prose, on the use of the name "Moeliades"]; [Ornament (52-41 mm.); horned mask with tassels].

It has already been pointed out that this edition of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* is specifically called the "third" edition. Whether it was so must remain a moot point, and we can only refer the reader to what has been previously said on this question, with the additional remark, which is not without significance, that this is the only one of all Drummond's poetical works on the title-page of which any mention is made of the edition.

There appear to have been two issues of this edition, each with a differing title-page, though identical in other

respects. Of the issue, with the title-page reproduced in plate 4, there is a copy, on large paper, of which the collation is given above, in the library of the University of Edinburgh, bound in a contemporary full leather binding, together with a large paper copy of the second edition (1630) of *Flowres of Sion*. At the end of the volume is the following inscription in Drummond's hand—"Giŭen to the Colledge of King James in Eden-Broŭgh 1630." An edition, identical with the one just described, and also bound with the second edition of *Flowres of Sion*, formed part of the recently dispersed Huth collection, and is now in the United States. A third copy of this issue, on large paper, is also found in the body of the Haigh Hall copy of the curious issue of the *Poems* (? 1614), which will be next described. Of the issue with the title-page reproduced on plate 5, there are likewise three copies—two in the library of the University of Edinburgh, and one bound in the body of the Bodleian copy of the *Poems* (? 1614). These two were probably printed on large paper, but in their present state are considerably cropped. One of the two copies with this title-page, in the library of the University of Edinburgh, is bound with Josuah Sylvester's *Lachrimæ Lachrimarum, or The Distillation of Teares Shede For the vntymely Death of The incomparable Prince Panaretvs*. London: Printed by Humfrey Lownes, 1612. At the foot of the title-page of Sylvester's *Lachrimæ* is the inscription, in Drummond's hand, "Giuen to king James his Colledge By W D."

IV (= D) POEMS. ?1614.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 6 facing p. liv.

Description and collation according to the Haigh Hall copy:

[Ornament (101-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] POEMS | BY | WILLIAM DRVMMOND. | *OF* | HAWTHORNDEN. | [ornament (52-42 mm.); horned mask, with tassels] | [ornament (81-15 mm.); floral scrolls with winged horse] |

TEARES
ON THE DEATH
OF MOELIADES.

The third Edition.

EDINBVRGH
Printed by Andro Hart.
1614

PLATE 5.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lii.

4to., except the title which is a folio leaf (269-204 mm.). 69 leaves, without foliation, pagination, or signatures, printed on one side only, sometimes on the recto, and sometimes on the verso, but without any regularity.

A plate of the same size as the title-page, consisting of an early impression before letters of the engraved portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, executed by Simon de Passe at Utrecht in 1612, has been inserted as a frontispiece. The inscription which is found on the later impressions reads: "Si: Pass: sculp: Aº 1612."

The leaves which have been printed in pairs are as follows: [2]–[3], [4]–[7], [8]–[9], [11]–[12], [13]–[14], [15]–[16], [19]–[20], [21]–[22], [24]–[25], [35]–[36], [39]–[42], [40]–[41], [44]–[45], [48]–[49], [51]–[56], [52]–[55], [53]–[54], [59]–[60], [66]–[67], [68]–[69].

[Collation]: [An inserted leaf, consisting of an engraved portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, described in the preceding note.] Leaf [1]ª Title (verso blank); [2]ª (blank); [2]ᵇ "TO THE AVTHOR | PARTHENIVS |" [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "*While thou doest praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,*" "Alexis." [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "*The Loue* Alexis *did to* Damon *beare,*"; [3]ª "Clorus." [a poem of 13 lines commencing] "*Swanne which so sweetly sings,*" "Moeris." [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "*The sister* Nymphes *which haunt the* Thespian *Springs,*"; [3]ᵇ (blank); [4]ª (blank); [4]ᵇ "THE FIRST | Part. |" [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "In my first Prime, when childish Humors fed" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "I know that all beneath the *Moone* decayes,"; [5]ª "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Yee who so curiously doe paint your Thoughts," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Aye me,* and I am now the Man whose Muse" [5]ᵇ (blank); [6]ª "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "How that vaste Heauen intitl'd *First* is rold," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Faire is my Yocke, though grieuous be my Paines,"; [6]ᵇ (blank); [7]ª "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Vaunt not, faire *Heauens,* of your two glorious Lights," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "When *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought"; [7]ᵇ (blank); [8]ª (blank); [8]ᵇ "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Now while the *Night* her sable Vaile hath spred," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Sleepe, Silence* Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,"; [9]ª "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Faire

Moone who with thy cold and siluer Shine," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Lampe of Heauens Christall Hall that brings the Houres,"; [9]^{b} (blank); [10]^{a} "SONG." [32 lines commencing] "*It was the time when to our Northerne Pole*"; [10]^{b} (blank); [11]^{a} (blank); [11]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*The* Nymphes *oft here do bring their Maunds with Flowres*,"; [12]^{a} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*The season, silence, place, began t'entise*,"; [12]^{b} (blank); [13]^{a} (blank); [13]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*When to the Floud they ran, the Floud in Robes*"; [14]^{a} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*Two foaming Billowes flow'd vpon her brest*"; [14]^{b} (blank); [15]^{a} (blank); [15]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*O that I were while Shee doth in you play*,"; [16]^{a} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*But long it did not bide, when poore those streames*"; [16]^{b} (blank); [17]^{a} (blank); [17]^{b} [song concluded, 28 lines commencing] "*For which he vow'd ne're Armes more to put on*," [and ending] "*Awak'd, I found that Time, and Place presented.*"; [18]^{a} (blank); [18]^{b} "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Ah burning Thoughts now let me take some Rest," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "That learned *Grecian* who did so excell"; [19]^{a} (blank); [19]^{b} "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Nor *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor stately *Tiber*," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "To heare my plaints faire Riuer Christalline"; [20]^{a} "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Sweet Brooke, in whose cleare Christall I my Eyes" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "With flaming Hornes the *Bull* now brings the yeare,"; [20]^{b} (blank); [21]^{a} "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "That I so slenderlie set forth my Minde," "MADRIGALL." [of 12 lines commencing] "*When as* Shee *smiles I finde*"; [21]^{b} (blank); [22]^{a} (blank); [22]^{b} "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "My Teares may well *Numidian* Lions tame," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "You restlesse Seas apease your roaring Waues,"; [23]^{a} "SONNET." [of 14 lines commencing] "If crost with all mishaps be my poore Life," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "All other Beauties how so e're they shine"; [23]^{b} (blank); [24]^{a} (blank); [24]^{b} "SEXTAIN." [27 lines commencing] "*The Heauens doth not containe so many* Starres,"; [25]^{a} [sextain continued, 12 lines commencing] "*The Elements, renew their ancient* Warres" [ending] "*For all haue sworne no*

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND.

OF

HAWTHORNDEN.

I

PLATE 6.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE. ?EDINBURGH, ?1614.

Facing page liv.

Night *shall dimme my* Sight." "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "O sacred Blush enpurpling Cheekes pure Skies"; [25]b (blank); [26]a (blank); [26]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Sound hoarse sad *Lute*, true witnesse of my woe," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "In vaine I haunt the cold and Siluer Springs,"; [27]a "Son." [of 14 lines commencing] "Slide soft faire *Forth*, and make a Christall Plaine," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Trust not sweet Soule those curled Waues of Gold"; [27]b (blank); [28]a (blank); [28]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "In Minds pure Glasse when I my selfe behold," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Deare Quirister who from those shadowes sends"; [29]a (blank); [29]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "O Cruell Beautie, sweetnesse inhumaine," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "The *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,"; [30]a (blank); [30]b "SONG." [30 lines commencing] "*PHOEBUS arise*,"; [31]a [song continued, 17 lines commencing] "*Now* Flora *decke thy selfe in fairest guise*," [ending] "*And nothing wanting is saue* Shee *alase*." "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Who hath not seene into her saffran Bed"; [31]b (blank); [32]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Of *Cithereas* Birdes that milke-white paire" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "The *Sunne* is faire when he with crimson Crowne,"; [32]b (blank); [33]a "MADRIGALL." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Like the* Idalian *Queene*" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Then is she gone? O foole and Coward I!"; [33]b (blank); [34]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "What cruell *Starre* into this World me brought?" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Deare Eye which daign'st on this sad *Monument*,"; [34]b (blank); [35]a "MAD." [of 13 lines commencing] "To the delightfull Greene" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Nymphes* Sister *Nymphes* which haunt this christall Brooke,"; [35]b (blank); [36]a (blank); [36]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Shee whose faire flowers no *Autumne* makes decay," "MAD." [of 12 lines commencing] "Sweete Rose whence is this hue"; [37]a (blank); [37]b "MAD." [of 14 lines commencing] "*On this colde World of Ours*," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Deare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place,"; [38]a (blank); [38]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Ah who can see those fruits of *Paradise*," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Is't not enough (ay

me) me thus to see"; [39]a (blank); [39]b "*MADRGALL.*" [sic. !] [of 12 lines commencing] "*Vnhappie Light*" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "VVith Griefe in Hart, and Teares in swelling Eyes,"; [40]a (blank); [40]b "SEXTAIN." [26 lines commencing] "*Sith gone is my Delight and onelie* Pleasure,"; [41]a [sextain continued, 13 lines commencing] "*Or when her siluer Lockes she lookes for* Pleasure" [ending] "*Shall see you shed by* Mountaine, *Vaile, and* Fountaine." "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Window some time which serued for a Spheare"; [41]b (blank); [42]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "How many times *Nights silent Queene* her face" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Of Death some tell, some of the cruell Paine"; [42]b (blank); [43]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Haire precious haire which *Midas* hand did straine" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Are these the flowrie bankes? is this the *Mead*"; [43]b (blank); [44]a (blank); [44]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Alexis* here *shee* stay'd, among these Pines" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Place me where angrie *Titan* burnes the *More*,"; [45]a "MAD." [of 12 lines commencing] "*The Yuorie, Corrall, Gold*," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Fame* who with golden pennes abroad doth range"; [45]b (blank); [46]a (blank); [46]b "THE SECOND | PART. | [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "Of mortall Glorie O Soone darkened Raye!" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Those Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,"; [47]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "O *Fate* conjur'd to poure your worst on me" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "O Wofull life! life, no, but liuing Death,"; [47]b (blank); [48]a (blank); [48]b "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Mine Eies dissolue your Globes in brinie Streames," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Sweet Soule which in the Aprile of thy yeares"; [49]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Sweet *Spring* thou turnes with all thy goodlie traine," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "What doth it serue to see Sunnes burning Face?"; [49]b (blank); [50]a "MADRIGAL." [of 12 lines commencing] "This Life which seemes so faire," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "My Lute be as thou was when thou did grow"; [50]b (blank); [51]a "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "*Ah Napkin*, ominons [*sic!*] present of my Deare," "MAD." [of 10 lines commencing] "Trees happier farre

then I," ; [51]^{b} (blank) ; [52]^{a} (blank) ; [52]^{b} "SONG." [32 lines commencing] "*Sad* Damon *being come*," ; [53]^{a} [song continued, 34 lines commencing] "*Why doe outragious* Fates *which dimm'd thy sight*," ; [53]^{b} (blank) ; [54]^{a} (blank) ; [54]^{b} [song continued, 34 lines commencing] "Ah *Death* [*sic!*] *who shall thee flie*," ; [55]^{a} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*That in the saddest Months oft song the Mearles*," [ending] "*The Dolefull Cause for which yee spring-vp heere.*" ; [55]^{b} (blank) ; [56]^{a} (blank) ; [56]^{b} "MAD." [of 11 lines commencing] "The Beautie and the Life" "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "O ! It is not to me bright Lampe of Day," ; [57]^{a} (blank) ; [57]^{b} "MAD." [of 13 lines commencing] "Deare Night the ease of Care," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "Sith it hath pleasd that First and supreme *Faire*" ; [58]^{a} "SONG." [32 lines commencing] "*It* Autumne *was, and on our Hemispheare*" ; [58]^{b} (blank) ; [59]^{a} (blank) ; [59]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*Her Grace did beautie, Voyce yet Grace did passe*," ; [60]^{a} song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*For all the Pleasures which it intertaine*" ; [60]^{b} (blank) ; [61]^{a} (blank) ; [61]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*Doth liue ?* ah ! (*if thou canst*) *through Teares a space*" ; [62]^{a} (blank) ; [62]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*But there, Flowres doe not fade, Trees grow not old*," ; [63]^{a} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*The diuerse Shapes of Beasts which Kinds foorth bring*," ; [63]^{b} (blank) ; [64]^{a} (blank) ; [64]^{b} [song continued, 32 lines commencing] "*How* Fame *an Eccho is, how all Renowne*" ; [65]^{a} [song concluded, 24 lines commencing] "*The Wonders all in Sea, in Earth, in Aire*," [ending] "*Seem'd to haue brought the Gold smiths VVorld againe.*" [ornament composed of type ornaments (70-10 mm.)] ; [65]^{b} (blank) ; [66]^{a} (blank) ; [66]^{b} "VRANIA." [small ornament (11-5 mm.)] [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "Triumphing Chariots Statues, Crownes of Bayes," [small ornament as above] [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "Too long I followed haue my fond Desire," ; [67]^{a} [small ornament as above] [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "To spread the Azure Canopie of Heauen," [small ornament as above] [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "What haplesse Hap had I for to be borne" ; [67]^{b} (blank) ; [68]^{a} (blank) ; [68]^{b} "ON THE POVRTRAIT | *of the Countesse of* Perthe. | SONNET. | " [of 14 lines commencing] "The *Goddesse*

that in *Amathus* doth raigne," "SON." [of 14 lines commencing] "If *Heauen*, the *Starres*, and *Nature* did her grace"; [69]ᵃ "ON THAT SAME DRAWEN | *with a Pansee.* | SON. | " [of 14 lines commencing] "When with braue *Art* the curious Painter drew" "MADRIGALL" [of 7 lines commencing] "*If sight be not beguild*," [ending] "*No wonder*, Earth *findes now moe* Sunes *then one.*"; [69]ᵇ (blank).

Bound with the *Poems* are the two other pieces following:

[Ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits; the same design as that on the title-page of the *Poems*, but much worn, or very faintly printed, and varying slightly in size, as though it had contracted to the extent of one millimetre both in length and in height] | TEARES | ON THE DEATH | OF MOELIADES. | *BY WILLIAM DRVMMOND* | OF | *Hawthorneden.* | [Rule] | *The third Edition.* | [Rule] | [Crown ornament (27-25 mm.)] | EDINBVRGH | Printed by Andro Hart. | 1614 |

4to. (269-204 mm.). 8 leaves without foliation or pagination, but with signatures on A2, A3, and B1, and printed regularly on both sides of the first four leaves. A–B⁴. The leaves have been printed in pairs (except [6] and [7]) as follows: [1]–[4], [2]–[3], [5–8].

[Collation]: Leaf [1]ᵃ Title; [1]ᵇ [Ornament (89-20 mm.) composed of floral scrolls containing two birds, rose, thistle, and in centre a shield bearing "A" over a heart] "To the Author." [a sonnet of 14 lines commencing] "*In Waues of* Woe *thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse*," [signed] "Sᴿ. W. ALEXANDER."; [2]ᵃ (A2) [ornament (74-12 mm.) consisting of woman's head between two cornucopiae] "*TEARES* | ON THE DEATH | of MOELIADES. | [24 lines commencing] "O Heauens! then is it true that Thou art gone,"; [2]ᵇ "*Teares on the Death*" [continued, 30 lines commencing] "So *Phœbus* mounting the *Meridians* hight,"; [3]ᵃ (A3) "*of Mœliades.*" [continued, 30 lines commencing] "And in deare *Arras*, Virgins faire had wrought"; [3]ᵇ "*Teares on the Death*" [continued, 30 lines commencing] "Huge Streames of teares, which changed were in Floods"; [4]ᵃ "*of*

Mœliades." [continued, 30 lines commencing] "But *ah* (poore Louers) *Death* them did betray," ; [4]ᵇ "*Teares on the Death*" [continued, 30 lines commencing] "Our Losse not Thine (when we complaine) we weepe," ; [5]ᵃ (B) "*of Moeliades*" [concluded, 22 lines commencing] "Moore sweeter Songs thou heares and Carrolings," [ending] "From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore." | "FINIS." | "WILLIAM DRVMMOND." | [ornament (30-34 mm.) ; mask in centre, with the initials "A. H." at foot] ; [5]ᵇ (blank) ; [6]ᵃ [three ornaments, the first a crown (27-25 mm.), the other two (each 26-19 mm.) side by side beneath the crown, of rose and thistle design respectively] "*OF ȝET*," [ending] "*A Crystal Tomb to Him where-through his worth appears*." [a poem of thirteen lines in the form of a pyramid, with a border of type filigree ornament at foot (126-7.5 mm.), and a single rule on either side of the page] ; [6]ᵇ (blank) ; [7]ᵃ "Stay *Passenger*, see where enclosed lyes" [ending] "Thou saw where *Earths Perfections* were confinde" [an epitaph of fourteen lines, under a monumental arch supported by pillars, apparently composed of printer's leads and rules] ; [7]ᵇ (blank) ; [8]ᵃ "*Sonnet*." [commencing] "A passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies" [signed] "WILLIAM DRVMMOND." ; [8]ᵇ [lace-like ornament (90-10 mm.)] "*To the Reader*." [8 lines of prose, on the use of the name "Moeliades" for "Prince Henrie," ending] "MILES A DEO." [ornament (52-41 mm.) ; horned mask, with tassels].

[Lace-like ornament (120-21 mm.) composed of type ornaments] | MADRIGALLS | *AND* | EPIGRAMMES. | [ornament (52-42 mm.) ; horned mask, with tassels] | [lace-like ornament (120-18 mm.) ; parts of the upper ornament repeated] | .

4to. (269-204 mm.). 19 leaves without foliation, pagination, or signatures, printed on one side only, on the recto and verso alternately, so that every two pages of printed matter, which are arranged to face each other, are followed by two blank pages. Fourteen of the leaves have been printed in pairs as follows : [2]–[7], [3]–[6], [4]–[5], [8]–[13], [9]–[12], [10]–[11], [14]–[15]. The other leaves appear to have been printed singly.

[Collation] : Leaf [1]ᵃ Title ; [1]ᵇ (blank) ; [2]ᵃ (blank) ; [2]ᵇ "*MADRIGALLS* | AND EPIGRAMMES." | "The Statue of MEDUSA." [8 lines],

"The Portraite of MARS and VENVS." [10 lines], "NARCISSVS." [2 lines], "DAMETAS Dreame." [2 lines], "CHERRIES." [6 lines]; [3]a "Icarus." [12 lines], "On his Ladie, beholding her selfe in a Marble." [7 lines], "To sleepe." [9 lines]; [3]b (blank); [4]a (blank); [4]b "A pleasant deceate" [10 lines], "The Canon." [6 lines], "Thais Metamorphose." [8 lines]; [5]a "The qualitie of a kisse." [8 lines], "His Ladies Dog." [12 lines], "An Almanacke." [6 lines]; [5]b (blank); [6]a (blank); [6]b "The Silke-worme of Loue." [9 lines], "Deepe impression of Loue." [9 lines], "A Chaine of Gold." [8 lines]; [7]a "On the Death of a LINNET." [10 lines], "LILLAS Prayer." [12 lines], "ARMELINS Epitaph." [11 lines]; [7]b (blank); [8]a (blank); [8]b "EPITAPH." [8 lines], "A TRANSLATION." [9 lines], "Epitaph." [8 lines], [a small type ornament (8-4 mm.) followed by two lines] "*Come Citizens erect to* Death *an Alter*, | *That sau'd to you Axe*, *Fuell*, *Timber*, *Halter*." ; [9]a "A IEAST." [14 lines], "Proteus of Marble." [6 lines], "PAMPHILVS." [2 lines]; [9]b (blank); [10]a (blank); [10]b "APELLES enamour'd of Campaspe | ALEXANDERS Mistresse." [10 lines], "Campaspe." [11 lines], "CORNUCOPIA." [6 lines]; [11]a "Loue suffers no Parasol." [10 lines], "Vnpleasant Musicke." [5 lines], "FLORAS Flowre." [8 lines]; [11]b (blank); [12]a (blank); [12]b "SLEEPING BEAVTIE." [8 lines], "ALCONS kisse." [8 lines], "The Statue of *VENVS* sleeping." [4 lines], "LAVRA to PETRARCH." [2 lines]; [13]a "The Rose." [10 lines], "A Louers Prayer." [8 lines], "IOLAS Epitaph." [10 lines]; [13]b (blank); [14]a (blank); [14]b "The Troian Horse." [11 lines], "For DORVS." [8 lines], "Loue vagabonding." [9 lines]; [15]a "To a Riuer." [12 lines], "Lida." [2 lines], "Phraene." [14 lines]; [15]b (blank); [16]a (blank); [16]b "Kisses desir'd." [12 lines], "Desired Death." [12 lines], "Phœbe." [2 lines], "Ansvver." [2 lines]; [17]a (blank); [17]b "The Crueltie of RORA." [9 lines], "A Kisse." [9 lines], "KOLAS Complaint." [9 lines]; [18]a "PHILLIS." [6 lines], "A WISH." [8 lines], "NISA." [4 lines], "A Louers Heauen." [9 lines], "EPITAPH." [2 lines]; [18]b (blank); [19]a "Beauties Idea." [14 lines], LALVS Death." [9 lines]; [19]b (blank).

This curious and very valuable issue of the *Poems*, forming part of the collection at Haigh Hall, Wigan, exists in another copy in the Bodleian Library, of which the description follows :

> [Ornament (101-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] POEMS | BY | WILLIAM DRVMMOND. | *OF* | HAWTHORNDEN. | [ornament (52-42 mm.) ; horned mask, with tassels] | [ornament (81-15 mm.) ; floral scrolls with winged horse] | .

4to, except the title which is a folio leaf (200-155 mm.). 69 leaves without foliation, pagination, or signatures, printed on one side only, sometimes on the recto and sometimes on the verso of the leaf, without any regularity, exactly as in the Haigh Hall copy, from which, apart from the dissimilarity in format, it only differs in that the four poems " To The Author," instead of occupying leaves 2 and 3, as in the Haigh Hall copy, occupy leaves 68 and 69 at the end of " The Second Part " of the *Poems* ; and that the four sonnets entitled " Vrania " follow instead of preceding the poems addressed to the Countess of Perth. In the Oxford copy there is no engraved portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, as a frontispiece, but an unsigned portrait of Drummond is inserted between the title-page and the commencement of the *Poems*. The rest of the volume, consisting of the third edition of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* (1614) and of *Madrigalls and Epigrammes*, is also identical in its contents with the Haigh Hall copy, except that in the Oxford copy the issue of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, which does not bear Drummond's name on the title-page (see plate 5), has been bound with the *Poems*. It does not appear improbable that the difference of format between the Haigh Hall and the Oxford copy may be due to the fact that they were both made to suit the size of each of the two issues of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, with which they were respectively bound. The text of both copies is identical in

every respect, and a perusal of the title-page of each copy shows that the date of publication and the printer's name, as well as the place of publication, are not indicated. The fact that in both copies the 1614 edition of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* is bound in the body of the volume, between the poems proper and the *Madrigalls and Epigrammes* (an arrangement which, it may be noted, was adopted in the final edition of the *Poems*, 1616), and also that the Oxford copy is bound in a contemporary parchment binding, bearing on the back the title 'Drumonds Epigrames,' shew pretty conclusively that this double inclusion of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* is not a later addition, but was carried out at the poet's bidding. Thus it is legitimate to conclude that this advance issue of Drummond's *Poems* was not published before 1614. It was probably published in 1614, or possibly in 1615, the year before the publication of the regular edition of the *Poems*. Drummond, we know, from what is said in the Preface of the first edition (1655) of his *History of Scotland* and repeated in the 1711 folio edition of his *Works*, was in the habit of issuing his poems on loose sheets, as they came out, for circulation among his friends. Judging from their strange make-up, the Haigh Hall and Oxford copies of the *Poems* would represent a number of such loose sheets, collected and sent out by the poet privately to his friends, coupled with a revised edition of his first poetic production, the whole representing his combined output up to date.

Evidence that this issue of the *Poems* was published by Andro Hart, and therefore in Edinburgh, is to be found in the use of his ornaments. This argument would not be conclusive without the additional evidence that Andro Hart was Drummond's only printer till the former's death in 1621, after which date his successors continued to work for the Laird of Hawthornden. It may be noted that the Oxford copy, and to a less extent the Haigh

Hall copy also, contain several corrections in Drummond's own hand. These have been duly recorded among the variants.

Curiously enough the great importance of this issue of the *Poems* has never been pointed out, and it has totally escaped the attention of former editors. The existence of the Oxford copy was not unknown to one or two bibliographers, but the description they give of it shows plainly, not to mention numerous errors and omissions, that they had no idea of its value. Thus Lowndes,[1] speaking of the 1616 edition of the *Poems*, says: "A copy on large paper, in 4to, printed on one side of the leaf only, containing a rare portrait of Drummond, was recently sold to the Bodleian for upwards of 30 guineas.[2] It is doubtful whether the volume is a reprint or merely a new engraved title added to the unsold copies." W. Carew Hazlitt is no nearer the mark when he says in his *Hand-Book*[3]: "A copy of the *Poems* substantially identical with the common edition of 1616 exists in the Bodleian, printed on one side only of the paper and with a differing title." The same bibliographer reverts to the Bodleian copy in the Fourth Series of his *Bibliographical Collections and Notes* (London, 1903), and though he there describes it more fully and accurately, he does not withdraw the damaging statement that it is substantially identical with the edition of 1616. The Haigh Hall copy remained totally unsuspected by bibliographers, having but recently come to light.[4]

[1] *The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature.* London, 1857–64.

[2] We are informed that the Oxford copy was bought for £52. 10s., in 1842.

[3] *Hand-Book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain.* London, 1867.

[4] The Haigh Hall copy is among the recent acquisitions of the late Lord Crawford. We owe our thanks to Mr. A. G. E. Phillips, the librarian at Haigh Hall, for having drawn our attention to this precious volume. It was purchased about three years ago from William Brown the Edinburgh bookseller. At the time of the purchase every effort was made to discover its provenance, but all Mr. Brown knew was that the

The importance of the ? 1614 issue of the *Poems* is twofold. Firstly, its contents differ widely from the regular edition of the *Poems* published in 1616, both in extent and character; the number of pieces in the ? 1614 edition is considerably fewer, and those that appear in the two editions have in most cases been materially altered in the 1616 edition, as may be gathered from a rapid perusal of the variants, while a certain number of pieces figure in the earlier edition which are not found in that of 1616. Secondly, this early issue, and not that of 1616, formed the basis of Phillips's edition (1656), and consequently the charge levelled against him of having tampered in an unwarranted manner with the text of Drummond will in future have to be considerably modified, if not altogether abandoned. The belief that he was the first to publish certain pieces, which appear in his edition but are wanting in the ordinary edition of the *Poems*, must likewise be relinquished. Those pieces form part of the ? 1614 issue, and were subsequently suppressed by Drummond for reasons unknown. They were published by Drummond himself, and must no longer be classed as posthumous poems discovered by Milton's nephew among the papers left behind by the Laird of Hawthornden. More details on this point will be given when we come to the description of Phillips's edition of the *Poems*.

V (=E+F) POEMS. EDINBURGH, 1616.

For facsimile of title-page and frontispiece see plate 7 facing p. lxiv, and plate 8 facing p. lxvi.

Description and collation according to the Britwell Court copy:

[Title arranged in three compartments of an architectural and floral border (180-129 mm.).]

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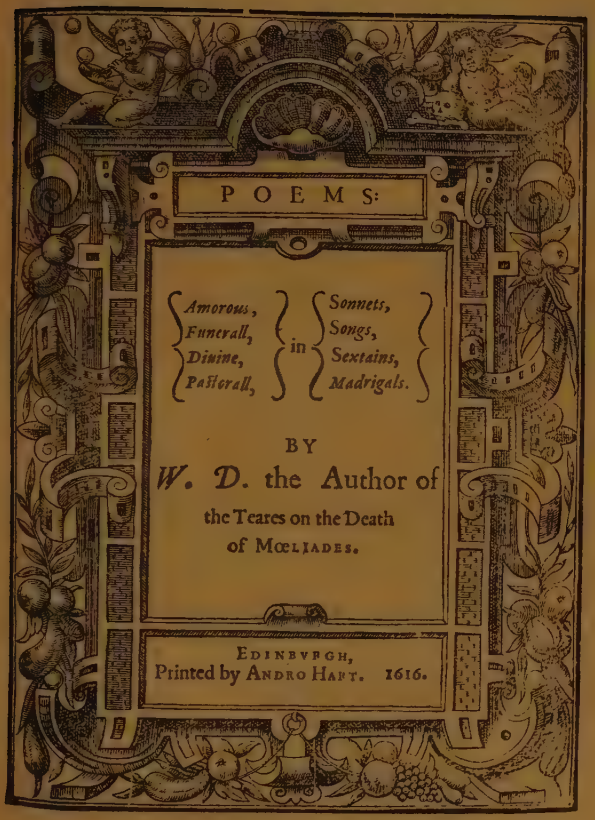
unbound volume (it has since been bound) had been in his stock-room for some twenty years, and was believed to have been bought at a roup sale in a small Scottish town.



I

PLATE 7.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxiv.

POEMS : |

{*Amorous*, *Funerall*, *Diuine*, *Pastorall*,} in {*Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Sextains*, *Madrigals*.}

BY | *W. D.* the Author of | the Teares on the Death | of Mœliades. | Edinbvrgh, | Printed by Andro Hart. 1616. |

63 leaves without foliation or pagination.

4to. (184-133 mm.); A–P⁴,Q³ (signed with the exception of A1, A2, L2, L3, M3, M4).

On a leaf facing the title-page has been inserted a plate by M. von Lochom. Within a framework in the background are the figures of a jester and of a student. The jester is aiming a drawn bow at the student. In the foreground are two larger figures of jesters.

[Collation]: Leaf [1]ᵃ Title (verso blank); A2ᵃ (P. [3]) "To the Author" [A sonnet signed] "Parthenivs." (verso blank); A3ᵃ–G1ᵇ (Pp. [5-50]) [ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits.] "POEMS: | BY *W. D.* | [Rule] | THE FIRST PART." | [Rule] (P. [50]) [ends] "I may forget my Selfe, but not my Loue." [ornament (41-52 mm.); horned mask with tassels]; G2ᵃ–I4ᵇ (Pp. [51-72]) [ornament (100-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits.] "POEMS: | BY *W. D.* | [Rule] | THE SECOND PART." | [Rule] (P. [72]) [ends] "*Seem'd to haue brought the Gold-smiths World againe.*" [type ornament (33-18 mm.) of lace-like pattern]; K1ᵃ (P. [73]) [Title with double rules above and beneath] "TEARES, | ON THE DEATH | of *Mœliades.*" | ; K1ᵇ (P. [74]) "*To the Author.*" | [A sonnet signed] "Sr *W. Alexander*"; K2ᵃ–L1ᵃ (Pp. [75-81]) [ornament (92-12 mm.) of lace pattern] "TEARES, | ON THE DEATH | *of* Mœliades." | [ends, on line 12 of p. 81] "*From* Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*" [Below, on same page, a sonnet] "A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies"; L1ᵇ (P. [82]) "THE SECOND PART." | [Crown ornament (26-27 mm.)] "*Of* Iet, | *Or* Porphyrie, | *Or that white Stone*" | [An epitaph of thirteen lines in the form of a pyramid, with a border (105-27 mm.) of type filigree orna-

ment at foot]; $L2^a$ (P. [83]) [Title with double rules above and beneath]: "VRANIA, | *OR* | SPIRITUALL POEMS." | ; $L2^b$–$M2^b$ (Pp. [84-92]) "VRANIA, | *OR* | *Spirituall Poems.*" | (P. [92]) [ends] "*It may a* Sauiour, *not a* Iudge, *thee finde.*" [ornament (52-40 mm.); horned mask with tassels]; $M3^a$ (P. [93]) "THE SECOND PART. | *To the Author.*" | [A sonnet signed] "*D. Murray.*"; (verso blank); $M4^a$ (P. [95]) [Title surmounted by a lace ornament (93-24 mm.), and ending with an ornament (48-51 mm.) consisting of woman's head between two cornucopiae and the initials "A. H" at foot]: "MADRIGALLS, | *AND* | Epigrammes. | *BY W. D.*" | ; (verso blank); $N1^a$–$Q3^b$ (Pp. [97–126]) [ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] "MADRIGALS, | *AND* | EPIGRAMMES." | (P. [126]) [ends] "I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind. | *FINIS.*"

This is the first of the two known issues of the *Poems* (1616). The unique copy, formerly Heber's, of this issue, with an engraved frontispiece by M. von Lochom, is in the possession of Mr. Christie Miller of Britwell Court.

A second issue, styled "The second Impression" on the title-page, with a different title-page, facing page 1, vol. i. of the present work, was sent out by Drummond in the same year. Except for the title-page, a slight difference in the spelling of some half-dozen words, and the omission of a couple of brackets in the text, the two issues are identical, as the following collation of the "second impression," according to the Aberdeen University copy, shows, although Heber is hardly justified in calling them typographically identical.

[Title arranged in three compartments of an architectural and floral border (180-129 mm.)] POEMS: | BY | WILLIAM DRVMMOND, | of | *Hawthorne-denne.* | [Rule] | The second Impression. | [Rule] | EDINBVRGH, | Printed by ANDRO HART. 1616. |

4to. (263-200 mm.). 63 leaves without foliation or pagination. A–P^4,Q^3 (signed with the exception of A1, A2, L2, L3, M3, M4).

I

PLATE 8.—FACSIMILE OF FRONTISPIECE. *POEMS.* EDINBURGH, 1616.

Facing page lxvi.

[Collation]: Leaf [1]^{a} Title (verso blank); [A2]^{a} (P. [3]) "To the Author." [A sonnet signed] "PARTHENIVS" (verso blank); A3^{a}–G1^{b} (Pp. [5-50]) [Ornament (101-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] "POEMS: | BY *W. D.* | [Rule] | THE FIRST PART. | [Rule] | "; G1^{b} (P. [50]) [ends] "I may forget my Selfe, but not my Loue." [Ornament (41-52 mm.); horned mask with tassels]; G2^{a}–I4^{b} (Pp. [51-72]) [Ornament (100-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] | "POEMS: | BY *W. D.* | [Rule] | THE SECOND PART." | [Rule] | ; I4^{b} (P. [72]) [ends] "*Seem'd to haue brought the Gold-smiths World againe.*" [Type ornament (33-18 mm.) of lace-like pattern]; K1^{a} (P. [73]) [Title with double rules above and beneath] "TEARES, | ON THE DEATH | of *Mœliades.*" | ; K1^{b} (P. [74]) "*To the Author.*" [A sonnet signed] "S^{r}. *W. Alexander.*"; K2^{a}–L1^{a} (Pp. [75-81]) [Ornament (93-12 mm.) of lace-like pattern] | "TEARES, | ON THE DEATH | *of* Mœliades." | [ends, on line 12 of p. 81] "*From* Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.* [Below, on same page, a sonnet] "A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies"; L1^{b} (P. [82]) "THE SECOND PART." | [Crown ornament (26-27 mm.)] "*Of* IET, | *Or* Porphyrie, | *Or that white Stone*" [an epitaph of thirteen lines in the form of a pyramid, with a border (105-27 mm.) of type filigree ornament at foot]; [L2]^{a} (P. [83]) [Title with double rules above and beneath]: "VRANIA, | *OR* | SPIRITUALL POEMS." | ; [L2]^{b}–M2^{b} (Pp. [84-92]) "VRANIA, | *OR* | *Spirituall Poems.*" | ; M2^{b} (P. [92]) [ends] "*It may a* Sauiour, *not a* Iudge, *thee finde.*" [Ornament (52-41 mm.); horned mask with tassels]; [M3]^{a} (P. [93]) "THE SECOND PART. | *To the Author.*" | [A sonnet signed] "*D. Murray.*"; (verso blank); [M4]^{a} (P. [95]) [Title surmounted by a lace ornament (93-24 mm.), and ending with ornament (47-50 mm.) consisting of woman's head between two cornucopiae, and the initials "A. H." at foot] "MADRIGALLS, | *AND* | Epigrammes. | *BY W. D.*" | ; (verso blank); N1^{b}–Q3^{b} (Pp. [97-126]) [Ornament (100-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] "MADRIGALS, | *AND* | EPIGRAMMES." | Q3^{b} (P. [126]) [ends] "I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind. | *FINIS.*"

The Aberdeen copy of the "second impression" contains, between L1 and L2, a portrait of Henry Prince of Wales, engraved by William Hole, copied from the portrait by Simon de Passe mentioned above. It also includes a blank leaf, between M4 and N1, bearing evidence that originally it had mounted upon it a plate measuring 93-82 mm., probably the same portrait of William Drummond as that found inserted in the Edinburgh University copy, in the same position, which measures 91-81 mm.

The question might be asked whether the engravings found in certain copies of Drummond's poetic collections may not be later additions, for which he is not responsible. All doubt on this score is set aside by the fact that the engravings are not laid in, but sewn in with the other sheets of the volume in each case; and that the binding of such copies (excepting the Haigh Hall copy of the ?1614 *Poems* which has been rebound recently) is the original contemporary leather binding (the Oxford copy of the ?1614 edition of the *Poems*, as well as the Oxford regular edition of 1616, have an original parchment binding). It is also noteworthy that the copies which contain engravings are presentation copies.

Heber, not sufficiently aware of Drummond's capriciousness in such matters, and wishing to account for the abandonment in the second issue of the original title-page, suggests (*Bibl. Heber.*, part viii., no. 737) that the change in the title-page did not take place till the *Flowres of Sion* and *A Cypresse Grove* were added in 1623, as all the copies known (according to him) bearing the title "The second Impression" contain this edition. This last assertion is contrary to fact, as only one copy of the *Poems* is found bound with the first edition (1623) of *Flowres of Sion*; and moreover Heber's explanation in itself is quite irrelevant in the light of Drummond's peculiar habits

in all that concerned the issue of his books. To our mind the explanation is not far to seek. Drummond simply did not care for the original title-page and directed Andro Hart to substitute another, which he liked so well that he used it again, as we shall see, for one of his subsequent publications, as well as for the "second impression" of the *Poems*.

Copies of the "second impression" of the *Poems*, though by no means plentiful, are not quite so scarce as those of Drummond's other poetical works. We have succeeded in tracing nine copies. Of these three copies on large paper, housed in the libraries of the Universities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Oxford (Bodleian) respectively, include *Forth Feasting*, bound in at the end after *Madrigalls and Epigrammes*. All three are bound in a contemporary binding—those of Aberdeen and Edinburgh in a full leather binding, and that in the Bodleian in parchment. The Bodleian and Edinburgh copies contain a rare engraved oval portrait of the author (98-81 mm.), identical with the one found in the Bodleian copy of the ?1614 edition of the *Poems*. The Edinburgh copy contains also (facing p. 82) an engraving folded in representing the lying-in-state of Prince Henry. In the Aberdeen copy the blank leaf in the same place (facing p. 96) is extant, as has already been mentioned, but the portrait itself has disappeared. At the foot of the title-page of the Aberdeen copy is the dedication in Drummond's hand: "Giŭen to the Colledge of king James in Edinbroŭgh by the Aŭthor. 1624."[1] On the recto of the fly-leaf of the Edinburgh copy there is also an inscription in the author's hand, as follows: "Alma matri Academiæ Jacobi Regis Gŭilielmus Drŭmmond D.D. 1624." Another copy on large paper, bound separately, is found in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; and a fifth, formerly

[1] It would be interesting to know how this copy found its way to Aberdeen.

little surprise, especially if it is borne in mind that when the young Scot first visited France the fame of Ronsard, though declining, was by no means yet spent. Subsequently, at the time of Drummond's full literary activity, Ronsard's name was well-nigh forgotten in England and almost eclipsed in France, but the same cannot be said of other countries.[1] It is not so easy to understand the influence, restricted though it may be, exercised on him by Pontus de Tyard, one of the lesser stars of the *Pléiade*, and the author of the *Erreurs Amoureuses* (1549–1554), a collection of sonnets with a few miscellaneous pieces interspersed. Apart from the importance in the history of French literature of the date of Tyard's collection, the first book of which appeared at the close of 1549, a few months after Du Bellay's *L'Olive*, it has little to recommend it to the lover of poetry. Drummond was, not improbably, attracted by that combination of philosophic thought and spiritual love which Pontus de Tyard had imbibed from the *Délie* of Maurice Scève, and which he further reinforced by studying and translating the *Dialoghi di Amore* of Leo Hebraeus. His partiality to Jean Passerat, exemplified in his numerous borrowings

[1] In Germany and Holland more especially, and to a less degree in Italy, the works of the chief of the *Pléiade* were read eagerly and imitated during the whole time that Drummond was writing poetry, and when Ronsard's verses in his own native land were perused by a few conservative country gentlemen only. Opitz, both in theory and practice, took him as his chief model in his attempt to reform German poetry; a large number of passages in the *Buch von der deutschen Poeterey* are copied verbatim from Ronsard's *Art Poëtique* or from his prefaces to the *Franciade*, and a still larger proportion of his poems are translations or paraphrases of his French predecessor's work, while others are skilfully tessellated with passages picked here and there from Ronsard's poetry. P. Melissus, G. R. Weckherlin, and other poets of the group of German writers associated with Opitz, were also fervent admirers of the "grand Vendômois." In Holland, D. Heinsius, in his *Nederduytsche Poëmata* (1618), frequently imitated the same model. In Italy, during the vogue of Marinism, Marino himself borrowed the matter of more than one of his poems from the same source, and Ronsard was the only modern foreign poet, besides Garcilaso de la Vega, for whom the admiring Italian found a niche in his *Galleria*.

from him, dates back no doubt to the time when the young poet was a student in France, at the Universities of Paris and Bourges, with both of which Passerat had had close relations.[1] Possibly his attention was drawn to Passerat by the fact that the latter's complete poetical works appeared in two almost simultaneous editions in 1606, the very year that Drummond arrived in Bourges.

It would have been strange indeed if the Scottish poet, addicted as he was to the transmutation of foreign material into his poetry, could have resisted the attraction of the famous Guillaume de Salluste, seigneur du Bartas, at a time when the author of the *Weeks* was undoubtedly more largely read in England than in his native country. There is evidence that Drummond had read Du Bartas, or at least a portion of his works, as early as 1609. In a letter written three years later, describing his first meeting with Alexander of Menstrie, and alluding to the latter's *Doomesday*, which had not yet appeared in print, he says of his new acquaintance: "This much I will say, and perchance not without reason, dare say, if the heavens prolong his days to end his Day he hath done more in one Day than Tasso did all his life, and Bartas in his two Weeks, though both the one and the other be most praiseworthy." Now this passage reproduces almost verbatim the words which Simon Goulart, the commentator of the *Sepmaines*, ascribes to Ronsard after the publication of the first *Sepmaine*: "M. du Bartas a plus faict en une sepmaine que je n'ai faict en toute ma vie." A detail of this kind, insignificant in itself, argues great familiarity with the writings of the Huguenot poet and all that concerns them.[2] Drummond had also read Sylvester, and though

[1] After having been a Professor at the colleges of Plessis and of Boncourt in Paris, Passerat in 1565 entered the University of Bourges as a law student, and followed there the lectures of the renowned Cujas. In 1572 he succeeded Ramus as Royal Professor of Eloquence in the Collège de France.

[2] See Georges Pellissier, *La Vie et les Œuvres de Du Bartas*. Paris, 1883, p. 277.

in the Auchinlech Library, also on large paper, with three portraits laid in, including an unsigned portrait of Drummond, which appears to be the same as that in the Edinburgh and Oxford copies, formed part of the Robert Hoe collection, recently sold in New York. We understand that it has not left the United States.[1] The British Museum possesses two copies, the first, not in very good condition, with a patched-up title-page, and the second an imperfect copy in which the missing title-page has been replaced by a reprint of the title-page of the first issue. A copy, belonging formerly to Heber, exists at Britwell Court, printed on thick paper, excepting the six leaves containing *Vrania*, which are on ordinary paper. The same library also contains a large paper copy with Pinkerton's book plate, on thick paper, identical with the preceding, except for *Vrania* ($L2^a$–M3), which is wanting. It is bound with the first edition (1623) of *Flowres of Sion*. The Huth Library also contained a copy which has recently gone to the United States. Lastly, we are informed that there is a copy, which we have not seen, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

VI (=G+H) FORTH FEASTING. EDINBURGH, 1617.

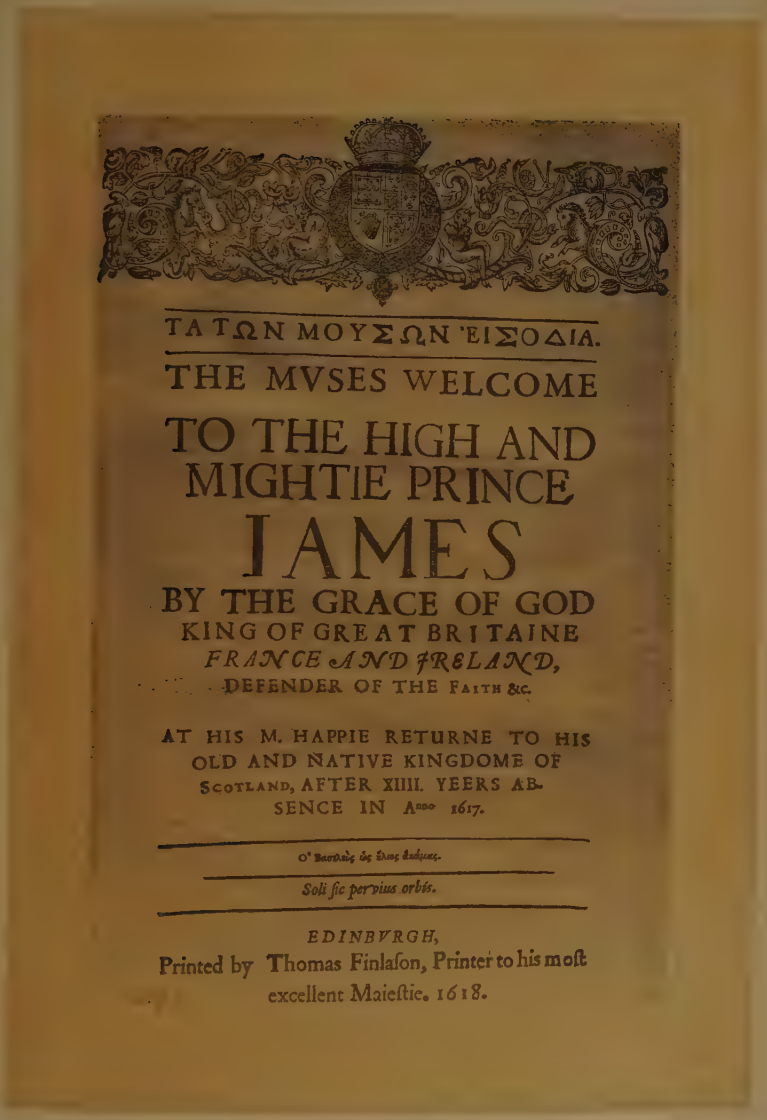
For facsimile of title-page see vol. i. plate 17, p. 139 of the present work.

Description and collation according to the Edinburgh University copy:

[Ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits.] FORTH | FEASTING. | A | PANEGYRICKE | TO THE KINGS | MOST EXCELLENT | *MAJESTIE.* | [Rule] | *Flumina senserunt ipsa.* | [Rule] | [Ornament (66-15 mm.) of filigree design.] EDINBVRGH, | Printed by ANDRO HART, 1617. |

4to. (267-182 mm.). 8 leaves without foliation or

[1] Leaf M^3, which was missing in this copy, has been replaced in facsimile from one of the British Museum copies.



ΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΜΟΥΣΩΝ ΈΙΣΟΔΙΑ.

THE MVSES WELCOME

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE

IAMES

BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF GREAT BRITAINE *FRANCE AND IRELAND*, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &c.

AT HIS M. HAPPIE RETURNE TO HIS OLD AND NATIVE KINGDOME OF SCOTLAND, AFTER XIIII. YEERS ABSENCE IN Anno 1617.

Ο' Βασιλεὺς ὡς ἥλιος ἀκάμας.

Soli sic pervius orbis.

EDINBVRGH,

Printed by Thomas Finlaſon, Printer to his moſt excellent Maieſtie. 1618.

I

PLATE 9.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxx.

pagination; A, B⁴ (signed except A1). Bound up with and following "Poems, The second Impression." (1616).

[Collation]: Leaf [1]ᵃ Title (verso blank); A2ᵃ–B4ᵇ (Pp. [3-16]) [Ornament (100-27 mm.); cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits, as on title-page.] "FORTH FEASTING. | A PANEGYRICKE | To the Kings most | *excellent Majesty.*" | (P. [16]) [ends] "With Earth thy Empire, Glorie with the Heauen. | *FINIS.*" | [Triangular ornament (115-86 mm.), with helmeted mask in centre.]

This copy contains (facing p. 2) a portrait (279-225 mm.) of King James, engraved by Simon de Passe, representing that monarch on horseback.

Copies of this congratulatory poem by Drummond are scarce. It has already been pointed out that the Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Oxford copies of the *Poems* (1616) contain *Forth Feasting*. In the Aberdeen combined copy there is, following immediately the title-page of *Forth Feasting*, a half-size oval portrait of King James bearing a sceptre, engraved by Simon de Passe, and at the foot of the last page the following dedication is inscribed in Drummond's hand: "Giuen to the Librarie of Mr Thomas Rhed in Aberdone by the Auuthor. 1627." Of the copies bound separately, one is found in the Advocates' Library, a second in the Bodleian, and a third, formerly Heber's, in the collection of Mr. Christie Miller at Britwell Court, while a fourth and fifth formed part of the Hoe and Huth collections respectively, and are now in the United States. The Hoe copy, with Drummond's autograph on the last page, seems to have been his own copy, and is probably the same as that described by Collier in his *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature.*

The present is the first edition of this poem. It reappeared in the following year (1618), with slight changes in the text, and a prefixed sonnet by Drummond wanting in the original edition, in *The Muses Welcome* printed at Edinburgh under the superintendence of John Adamson, with the title-page reproduced in plate 9 facing p. lxx.

That Drummond's poem was included in *The Muses Welcome* with his full concurrence finds corroboration in the following note appended to *Forth Feasting* in *The Muses Welcome*: "This Poëme was presented by William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne."

Copies of *The Muses Welcome* are also very scarce; two exist in the Advocates' Library, and a very fine one on large paper, dedicated to King James, and recently acquired from the Huth collection, is in the British Museum.

VII (=I) FLOWRES OF SION. 1623.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 10 facing p. lxxii.

Description and collation according to the Haigh Hall copy:

[Ornament (101-28 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] FLOVVRES | OF SION. | BY | WILLIAM DRVMMOND | of Hawthorne-denne. | *TO WHICH IS ADJOYNED HIS* | CYPRESSE GROVE. | [Two rules] | *Printed* 1623. |

4to. (220-165 mm.). Pp. [2]+80. 1 leaf (unsigned), a–e^4, F–K^4. (The gathers are signed on the first three leaves, except I which is also signed on the fourth, and F2 and K3 which are unsigned.)

[Collation]: Leaf 1 (unsigned) Title (verso blank); a1^a–c1^a (Pp. [1]-17) [type ornament between two rules (105-12 mm.)] "FLOWRES OF SION: | *OR* | *SPIRITVALL POEMS*, | By | W. D." | (P. 17) [ends] "*It may bee aye the Burthen of their Ioy.*" | [ornament (77-25 mm.) mermaid, facing left.]; c1^b–d2^a (Pp. 18-27) "FLOWRES OF SION" (P. 27) [ends] "*And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happinesse.*" [type ornament (45-7 mm.)]; d2^b [P. 28] [titles within square frame of double rules] "AN HYMNE | OF | THE FAIREST FAIRE." | ; d3^a–e4^a (Pp. 29-39) "FLOWRES OF SION" (P. 39) [ends] "*I may in sweeter Notes heare Angelles sing.*" | [ornament (52-41 mm.); horned mask, with tassels]; e4^b–F1^b (Pp. 40-42) "FLOWRES OF SION." (P. 42) [ends] "*They may a Sauiour, not a Iudge thee finde.*" | [ornament (52-41 mm.); horned mask, with tassels]; [F2]^a [P. 43] [title within

FLOVVRES OF SION.

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND

of Hawthorne-denne.

TO WHICH IS ADJOYNED HIS

CYPRESSE GROVE.

Printed 1623.

PLATE 10.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxxii.

square frame of double rules] "*A* | CYPRESSE | GROVE. | BY | *W. D.*" | ; [F2]^{b} [P. 44] (blank); F3^{a}–K3^{a} (Pp. 45-77) "*A* | CYPRESSE GROVE." | (P. 77) [ends] "I all astonished did awake"; K3^{b} (P. 78) "A CYPRESSE GROVE. | On the Report of the | *Death of the Author.*" | [a poem of five stanzas of four lines each, signed] "Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER."; K4^{a} (P. 79) "A CYPRESSE GROVE. | To *S. W. A.*" | [a sonnet ending] "The murmuring *Eske*, may Roses shade the place." [ornament (75-25 mm.); mermaid, looking left]; K4^{b} (P. 80) "A CYPRESSE GROVE" | "To the Memorie of the most | *excellent Ladie*, IANE | Countesse of *Perth.* | [a sonnet ending] "Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue." [ornament (52-40 mm.); horned mask, with tassels].

Of this, the first edition of *Flowres of Sion*, there were two other issues with different title-pages (see plate 11 facing p. lxxiv, and plate 12 facing p. lxxvi), but corresponding in all other respects with the one just described.

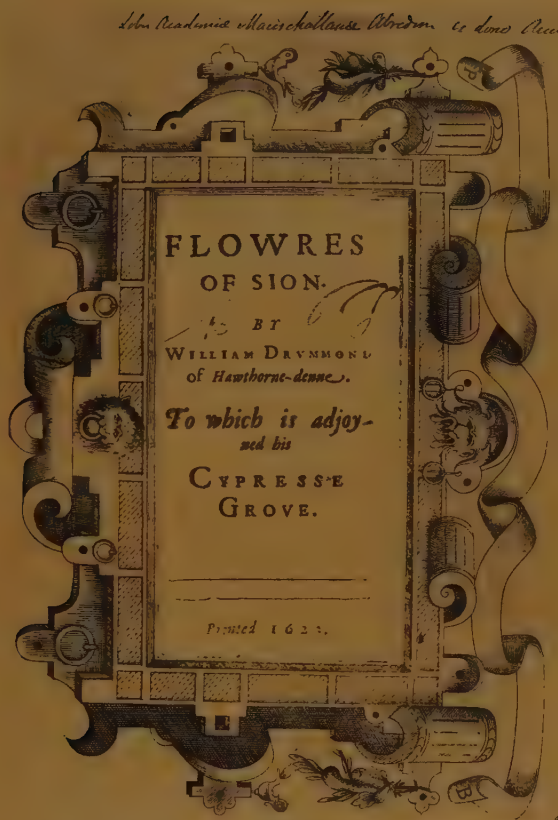
Copies of the first edition of *Flowres of Sion* are of extreme rarity; of the issue with the plainer title-page there is a copy on large paper, described above, with the arms of Constable on the cover, in the library of the late Lord Crawford at Haigh Hall; another, likewise on large paper, bound with an imperfect copy of the *Poems* (1616), is at Britwell Court; and a third copy, of the same dimensions as the Haigh Hall copy, bound in the original calf binding, was recently sold for £105 at Sotheby's (July 31, 1912). On the recto of the third of the three fly-leaves at the beginning (the first fly-leaf is torn out) it bears the signature, "J. Lawderdaile. 1623."—John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale, to whom Drummond addressed several poems. On the verso of the title-page is pasted the bookplate of "The Honourable Archibald Campbell Esqr 1708." There exists also a copy with the plainer title-page in the British Museum, but on small paper. The copy on large paper in the library of the University of Aberdeen, bearing a dedication by the author (see

plate 11), is unique as far as we have been able to ascertain, as is also the copy of a third issue in the library of the University of Edinburgh, also on large paper and with a dedication in Drummond's hand (see plate 12). The Edinburgh University copy is remarkable on account of the large number of verbal corrections on printed slips of paper, made apparently by the author after the book had been issued, and pasted over the original lines. In the Haigh Hall copy, and likewise in that bearing the signature of the Earl of Lauderdale, the same peculiarity is observable, but to a much less extent. It is interesting to note that these verbal corrections were in nearly every instance subsequently adopted in the second edition (1630) of *Flowres of Sion.*

None of the issues of the first edition of *Flowres of Sion*, it will be noticed, bears the name of the place of publication or of the printer, although the ornaments leave little doubt that the book issued from the press of Andro Hart. The absence of any designation of the place of publication or of the printer's name leads to the belief that we are in the presence of another of the limited issues printed for presents, or for private circulation. Practically all doubt on this point is dispelled by a letter of Drummond's to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, preserved in the family archives at Haigh Hall, and of which we find there is a mutilated copy in the Hawthornden MSS. This interesting letter is reproduced, or rather transliterated, in the *Lives of the Lindsays*,[1] and there bears the date July 26, 1622. However, a reference to the original showed that the letter is not dated, but endorsed by Sir David Lindsay: "26 July, 1623." It runs as follows:

"SIR,—Though I be not ever able to acquit, yet do I never forget, received courtesies, but most when they are

[1] *Lives of the Lindsays; or A Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres*, by Lord Lindsay. London, 1849, vol. ii. p. 4.



Given to the Library of Mr Thomas Rheid in Aberdone by the Author 1627.

PLATE II.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxxiv.

bestowed by the worthiest and such as is yourself—to whom I have been many times obliged, and last, when in your house you so kindly received me with the sight of your library, and gift of your *Amiratus*. I would often since have answered your book, though unable those other courtesies, but, considering what a difficulty it were to send you a book which ye (perhaps) had not already, or a new one, ye having so good intelligence abroad, I have been bold to present you with this of mine own, which, though of small worth, is a new one, and only singular in this, that it is not to be found in any library, I having caused print some copies equalling the number of my friends and those to whom I am beholden, which are not, the world knows, many—among whom I have ever esteemed and found you. Thus, if my error will not admit defence, it may excuse, proceeding from the affection of him, Sir! who desireth in what is within the compass of his power to serve you,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND."

The date of Drummond's letter excludes reference to any other of his works but the first edition (1623) of *Flowres of Sion*, and is more generally a decisive proof that Drummond had a practice of printing certain of his books privately for distribution among friends.

VIII (=J) FLOWRES OF SION. EDINBURGH (Heirs of Andro Hart), 1630.

For facsimile of title-page see plate 13 facing p. lxxviii.

Description and collation according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester:

[Ornament (101-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] | FLOWRES OF | SION: | *BY* | WILLIAM DRVMMOND | of Hawthorne-denne. | *TO WHICH IS ADJOYNED HIS* | CYPRESSE GROVE. | [ornament (52-41 mm.), horned mask, with tassels] | Printed at *Eden-Bourgh*, by the Heires of ANDRO | HART. Anno 1630. |

4to. (176-135 mm.). Pp. [2] + 108 (page 54 is incorrectly numbered 52 ; 59 and 62 are unnumbered). 1 leaf (unsigned) A–G^4, H^3, I–N^4, O^3 (the leaves are all signed, except B4, D3, D4, F4, N4).

[Collation] : Leaf 1 (unsigned) Title (verso blank) ; A1^a–C1^a (Pp. 1-17) [ornament (100-27 mm.) composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] | "FLOWRES OF SION: | OR | *SPIRITVALL POEMES*, | BY | W. D." | (P. 17) [ends] "*It may bee aye the Antheme of their Ioy*" [ornament (76-25 mm.) ; mermaid, facing left] ; C1^b–C3^a (Pp. 18-21) "FLOWRES OF SION" [continued] (P. 21) [ends] "*VVhen mans Redeemer did transcend the Skies*" [ornament (80-25 mm.) ; mermaid, facing right] ; C3^b–D4^b (Pp. 22-32) "FLOWRES OF SION." [continued] (P. 32) [ends] "*And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happinesse.*" [ornament (76-25 mm.) ; mermaid, facing left] ; E1^a–F3^b (Pp. 33-46) [ornament (80-14 mm.) ; bird in centre of leaf scroll design, between double rules] "AN HYMNE OF THE | *FAIREST FAIRE.*" (P. 46) [ends] "*They may a Sauiour, not a Iudge thee finde.*" [ornament (33-29 mm.) ; mask in centre, with the initials "A. H" at foot] ; F4^a–H3^a (Pp. 47-61) [ornament (80-14 mm.), as above on p. 33] "THE | SHADOW OF THE | IVDGEMENT." | (P. 61) [ends] "Farre it extendeth, * * * * *· | *The rest is desired.*" | [ornament (51-39 mm.) ; horned mask, with tassels] ; H^b [P. 62] [Title within square frame, composed of type ornaments (95-78 mm.)] "A | CYPRESSE | *GROVE* : | BY | *W. D.*" | ; I1^a–N3^b (Pp. 63-100) [ornament (100-27 mm.), composed of cherubs, dolphins, fishes, and rabbits] "*A* | CYPRESSE GROVE." | (P. 100) [ends] "thought) Hee vanished, and I all astonished did awake." [ornament (33-29 mm.), as above on p. 46] ; N4^a (P. 101) "A CYPRESSE GROVE." | On the Report of the | *Death of the Author.*" | [a poem of five stanzas of four lines each signed] "Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER." ; N4^b (P. 102) "A CYPRESSE GROVE." | To S. *W. A.*" | [a sonnet ending] "The murmuring *Eske*, may Roses shade the place." [ornament (76-26 mm.) ; mermaid, looking left] ; O1^a (P. 103) "A CYPRESSE GROVE." | To the Memorie of the | *most excellent Ladie*, IANE | Countesse of *Perth.*" | [a sonnet ending] "Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue." [ornament (80-26 mm.) ; mermaid, looking right] ; O1^b (P. 104) "A CYPRESSE GROVE." | To

I

PLATE 12.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxxvi.

the obsequies of the | *blessed Prince*, IAMES, | King of great Britaine." | [a sonnet ending] "Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by thy Death." [ornament (65-15 mm.) of filigree design]; $O2^a$–$O3^b$ (Pp. 105-108) [ornament (80-14 mm.), as above on p. 33] "A | TABLE OF THE | Hymnes and Sonnetes, with | *their Argumentes*." | (P. 108) [ends] "FINIS." [ornament (49-49 mm.); woman's head between two cornucopiae, and with the initials "A. H" at foot].

This is the first issue of the second edition of *Flowres of Sion*. It is of extreme rarity; three copies only are known—one in the British Museum; another, formerly Maidment's, at Britwell Court; and a third, recently acquired and described above, in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. A second issue was published by John Hart in the same year, but with a different title-page, reproduced in the present work (vol. ii. plate 8, p. 1), with the same border as that already used for the title-page of the "second impression" of the *Poems* (1616). Copies of this second issue on small paper exist in the Bodleian, at Britwell Court, in the Drummond Library at Innerpeffray; and a copy formed part of the collection of Mr. Robert Hoe, recently sold at New York. Of these, the Bodleian copy bears a dedication[1] to the University of Oxford by James Scott, Drummond's nephew and eldest son and heir of Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, who had been conjoined with his father in the office of Director of the Chancery, and died in 1650. There are, besides, two copies on large paper; one in the library of the University of Edinburgh, and another figured in the late Huth collection, and has gone to the United States. Both these copies are bound with the "third" edition (1614) of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades, Flowres of Sion* coming first in the Edinburgh copy, and second

[1] The dedication runs as follows: "Munusculum hoc bibliothecæ Oxoniensi in amoris tesseram dicat dedicatque Jacobus nomine et natione Scotus authoris nepos.

Ja. Scott."

in the Huth copy.[1] They both contain an engraving representing the lying-in-state of King James (the Huth copy as a frontispiece, and the Edinburgh copy facing p. 104, on which figures a sonnet on the obsequies of King James), executed apparently specially for these large paper editions of *Flowres of Sion*, which were no doubt intended for special presentation, as indeed the Edinburgh University copy shows.

The large paper copies differ from the other copies of the second issue in that they have at the end an additional leaf, as follows, containing a list of errata, which have been adopted in the present edition :

[2 rows of type ornaments]

Faults escaped in the Printing.

Page.	*Line.*	*Fault.*	*Correction.*
6	26	*Eternally.*	*Eternall.*
7	17	*Than.*	*then.*
56	29	*seene*	*seeme.*
57	5	*Sythian*	*Scythian.*
59	24	*Thoughts*	*Thought.*
60	28	*Sythan*	*Scythian.*
70	32	*sensible*	*sensitiue.*
83	18	*Volumnes*	*volumes.*
94	16	*created*	*did make.*

31 *The last Line of this Page is the first of the following Page, and the first line of the* 32 *the last of this, so read and after then when giuen*
More happy by his fall.

[2 rows of type ornaments]

IX (=K) THE ENTERTAINMENT, Etc. Edinburgh, 1633.

For facsimile of title-page see vol. ii. plate 10, p. 111 present work.

[1] There is no doubt that originally, before the Huth copy was rebound in its present binding, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* and *Flowres of Sion* (1630) had been together in one volume in the reverse order to that in which they are now, the engraving belonging to *Flowres of Sion* and not to *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, with which it has nothing to do.

FLOWRES OF SION:

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND

of Hawthorne-denne.

TO WHICH IS ADJOYNED HIS

CYPRESSE GROVE.

Printed at *Eden-Bourgh*, by the Heires of ANDRO HART. Anno 1630.

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PLATE 13.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page lxxviii.

Description and collation according to the copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh:

THE | ENTERTAINMENT | OF THE HIGH AND | MIGHTY MONARCH | CHARLES | KING of *Great Britaine*, | *France*, and *Ireland*, | Into his auncient and royall City of | EDINBVRGH, the fifteenth | of *Iune*, 1633. | [crown and shield ornament (62-34 mm.)] | Printed at EDINBVRGH by *Iohn Wreittoun*. 1633. |

4to. (181-137 mm.). Pp. [2] + 36. A–E⁴ (A1, probably blank, is wanting).

[Collation]: A2 Title (verso blank); A3ª-E1ª (Pp. 1-29) "The entertainement of the High | and Mighty Monarch, Prince CHARLES, | . . ." | (P. 29) [ends] "yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past."; E1ᵇ (P. 30) EPIGRAMME. [12 lines]; E2ª–E4ᵇ (Pp. 31-36) A | PANEGYRICKE | TO THE HIGH AND | MIGHTY MONARCH | CHARLES, | KING of *Great Britaine*, | *France*, and *Ireland*, &c. | *By* WALTER FORBES. | (P. 36) [ends] "Shall shew on earth how much thou wast respected." | FINIS.

This is a unique copy. It contains at the end a panegyric of King Charles by Walter Forbes, which is reprinted in the Maitland Club edition of Drummond's poetical works, but which has been omitted from the present edition as irrelevant.

The *Entertainment* does not bear Drummond's name. Its ascription to him, however, has at no time been disputed.

X (=L) TO THE EXEQUIES, ETC. EDINBURGH, 1638.

For facsimile of title-page see vol. ii. plate 11, p. 139, of the present work.

The unique but very imperfect copy of this elegy, used by the editors of the Maitland Club edition of Drummond's *Poems* (1832), was in the library of the University of Edinburgh till a few years ago, but it appears to be lost, a diligent search on the part of the librarian having failed to bring it to light. We have accordingly been compelled to reproduce the title-page of the Maitland Club edition in the present work.

XI (= M) THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. LONDON, 1655.

Drummond's *History of Scotland*, which is his longest prose work, interests us in the present connexion mainly because it contains *A Cypresse Grove*, which first appeared as part of the first edition of *Flowres of Sion*.

The first edition of the *History of Scotland* was published in 1655, the preface to the reader being dated Jan. 24, 165$\frac{4}{5}$, with the following title-page :

THE | HISTORY | OF | SCOTLAND, | From the year 1423. until the year 1542. | CONTAINING | The LIVES and REIGNS | OF | JAMES | The I. the II. the III. the IV. the V. | With several | Memorials of State, | During the Reigns of *James* VI. & *Charls* I. | By WILLIAM DRUMMOND of *Hauthornden*. | With a Prefatory INTRODUCTION | By M^{r}. *Hall* of *Grays-Inn*. [triangular ornament consisting of fleurs-de-lis] *LONDON*, | Printed by *Henry Hills*, for *Rich. Tomlins* and himself, and are | to be sold at their houses near *Py-Corner*. | MDCLV. |

4to. (279-175 mm.). Pp. [24] + 294.

A Cypresse Grove occupies pp. 267-289. The volume includes also, under the heading "Memorials of State," various political tracts by Drummond, and a selection, entitled "Familiar Epistles," of his private letters—the whole being evidently intended as representative of the poet's powers in prose. This collection of his prose works appears to have been planned by Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, Drummond's brother-in-law; and in some copies there is a dedication of the book by Drummond's son to Scotstarvet, representing the nephew as the editor and the uncle as the patron. At the end of Mr. Hall's "Prefatory Introduction," there are a few biographical particulars about Drummond, with an announcement of his *Poems* as forthcoming—a clear reference to Phillips's edition, which was to appear in the following

year, thus indicating that the publication of the two volumes formed part of one and the same enterprise.[1]

A second edition appeared in 1681, also containing *A Cypresse Grove*, with the following title-page:

THE | HISTORY | OF | SCOTLAND, | From the year 1423, until the year 1542. | CONTAINING | The LIVES and REIGNS | OF | JAMES | The I. the II. the III. the IV. the V. | With several | Memorials of State, | During the Reigns of *James* VI. and *Charles* I. | Illustrated with their EFFIGIES in Copper Plates; | By WILLIAM DRUMMOND of *Hauthornden*. | With a Prefatory INTRODUCTION taken out of the Records | of that Nation, by Mr. *Hall* of *Grays-Inn*. | The Second Edition, with a Brief Account of the Authors life. | *LONDON*, | Printed for *Tho. Fabian* at the Sign of the *Bible* in St. | *Pauls* Church-Yard, a Corner shop next *Cheapside*. 1681. |

8vo. (180-114 mm.). Pp. [40] + 436.

XII (= N) POEMS. LONDON, 1656 and 1659.

Description and collation according to the Edinburgh University copy:

POEMS, | BY | That most Famous Wit, | *WILLIAM DRVMMOND* | OF | HAWTHORNDEN. | [Three rules.] | *Ætas prima canit* | *Veneris postrema Triumphos.* | [Three rules.] | *LONDON*, | Printed for *Richard Tomlins*, at the Sun | and Bible neare *Pye-Corner*, 1656.

8vo. (170-103 mm.) Pp. [14] + 208 (numbered, except 68, 69, 81, 82, 139, 140, 141, 142, 155, 156; 86 is incorrectly numbered "6," 134 is incorrectly numbered "34," and 143 is incorrectly numbered "151"). A–O^8. (A1 is wanting.)

A separate leaf consisting of an engraved oval portrait of "Guilelmus Drummond de Havthornden," by R. Gaywood, has been inserted, facing the title-page.

[1] Copies of the first edition of the *History of Scotland* appear to be scarce; there is a copy in the British Museum, another at Britwell Court, and one in the Rylands Library, Manchester. The second edition is not nearly so rare.

[Collation]: [An inserted leaf: Engraved oval portrait of "Guilelmus Drummond de Havthornden," by R. Gaywood.]; A1 (wanting); A2[a] Title (verso blank); A3[a]–A4[a] "To the Reader." [signed] "*E. P.*" | ; A4[b] (blank); A5[a] "Vpon the incomparable Poems of | Mr *William Drummond*"; A5[b] [signed] "Edw: Phillips."; A6[a] "*Joanni Scoto, Scoto-Tarvatio Equiti*" . . . [signed on] A6[b] "D. F." [and followed by six lines headed] "De Gulielmo Drummondo."; A7[a] "To W. D." [signed on] A7[b] "John Spotswood."; A8[a] "To William Drummond of | Hawthornden." [signed on] A8[b] "Mary Oxlie of Morpet."; B1[a]–D5[b] (Pp. 1-42) "POEMS. | The First Part." | ; D6[a]–F2[a] (Pp. 43-67) "POEMS. | The Second Part." | ; F2[b] (P. [68]) (blank); F3[a] (P. [69]) [Title:] "TEARES | ON THE | DEATH | OF | MOELIADES. | [Rule.] | BY | *WILLIAM DRVMMOND* | OF HAVVTHORNEDEN. | [Rule.] | [Crown and thistle ornament.] | [Rule.] | *LONDON*, | Printed in the Yeare 1656." | ; F3[b] (P. 70) "To the Author." [signed] "Sr W. ALEXANDER."; F4[a]–F6[b] (Pp. 71-76) "*Teares on the Death of* | MOELIADES." | [signed on] P. 76 "*William Drummond.*"; F7[a] (P. 77) [Pyramid made up of crown and Prince of Wales' feathers ornament, over thirteen lines of text commencing] "*OF JET*,"; F7[b] (P. 78) [Within a square heavy black border made up of leads an epitaph of fourteen lines commencing] "Stay *Passenger*, see where enclosed lies,"; F8[a] (P. 79) "A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the skies" [A sonnet signed] "*William Drummond.*"; F8[b] (P. 80) "*To the Reader.*"; G1[a] (P. [81]) [Title:] "MADRIGALS | AND | EPIGRAMS." | ; G1[b] (P. [82]) (blank); G2[a]–H3[a] (Pp. 83-101) "Madrigals and Epigrams."; H3[b]–K5[b] (Pp. 102-138) "FLOWERS of SION: | OR | SPIRITUALL POEMS, | By W. D." | ; K6[a] (P. [139]) [Title:] "THE | WANDRING | MUSES: | OR, | The River of | FORTH | FEASTING: | IT BEING | A Panegyrick to the High and | Mighty Prince, *James*, King of Great | *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*. | [Rule.] | BY *WILLIAM DRVMMOND* | Of HAVVTHORNDEN. | [Rule.] | *LONDON*, | Printed in the Yeare, 1656." | ; K6[b] (P. [140]) (blank); K7[a] (P. [141]) "To His Sacred Majesty."; K7[b] (P. [142]) (blank); K8[a]–L5[b] (Pp. 143 [wrongly numbered 151]-154) "The River of | FORTH | FEASTING:" | ; L6[a] (P. [155]) [Title:] "SPEECHES |

TO THE | HIGH AND EXCELLENT | PRINCE, | CHARLES, | King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, | and *Ireland*, at His Entring His City | of *EDENBVRGH* : | Delivered from the Pageants the | 15th of *June*, 1633. | [Three rules.] | *LONDON*, | Printed in the Yeare, 1656." | (verso blank); $L7^{a, b}$ (Pp. 157, 158) "*An intended Speech at the* | *West Gate*"; $L8^{a}$–$M1^{b}$ (Pp. 159-162) "The Speech of *Caledonia*, represen- | ting the Kingdom."; $M2^{a}$ (P. 163) "The Song of the Muses at *Parnassus*."; $M2^{b}$–$M6^{a}$ (Pp. 164-171) "The Speeches at the Horoscopall | Pageant by the Planets."; $M6^{b}$–$M8^{b}$ (Pp. 172-176) "A Pastorall Elegie on the Death | of S. *W. A.*"; $N1^{a}$ (P. 177) "A Translation | of S. *John Scot* his verses, beginning | *Quod vitæ sectabor iter*." $N1^{b}$–$O8^{b}$ (Pp. 178-208) "MISCELLANIES.":—(Pp. 178-179) "MISCELLANIES."; (P. 180) "*To a Swallow building neare the* | *Statue of* Medea."—"Venus *armed*."; (P. 181) "*The Boares Head*."—"*To an Owle*."; (P. 182) "*Daphnis*."—"*The Beare of Love*."; (P. 183-185) "*Five Sonnets for* Galatea." [and another.]; (P. 186) "*An Epitaph of one named* | Margaret." | —"*Another Epitaph on a Lady*."; (P. 187) "*On a Drunkard*."—"Aretinus *Epitaph*."—"*Comparison of his thoughts to Pearls*."; (P. 188) "*All changeth*."—"Silenus *to King* Midas."—"*To his amorous thought*."; (P. 189) "*Verses on the late* William *Earle of* Pembrook."; (P. 190) "*A Reply*" [signed at foot] "*W. D.*"; (Pp. 191-194) "*A Translation*." (Pp. 195-196); "*Vpon* John *Earle of* Laderdale *his Death*."; (P. 197) "EPITAPHS. | *TO* | *The Obsequies of the blessed Prince*, | JAMES, *King of Great* Brittaine." | ; (Pp. 198-200) "*On the Death of a young Lady*"; (P. 201) "*Another on the same subject*."; [and another] (Pp. 202-206) "*On the Death of a Nobleman in* | Scotland, *buried at* Aithen." [and six others]; (P. 207) "*Rose*."; (P. 208) "*To Sir* W. A." [Ends] "FINIS."

This edition of Drummond's *Poems*, which, as we have seen, had been announced in the preface to the first edition of the *History of Scotland*, duly made its appearance, some months later, at the shop of the same bookseller, but this time the editor was not Mr. Hall, but Edward Phillips, Milton's elder nephew, who introduced the Scottish poet to the public in an interesting though some-

seventeenth century in spite of dates; from the first he represents an older school—the school of Petrarch, Ronsard, and Sidney. When he was first abroad, the *Pléiade*, as has already been pointed out, though seriously menaced and fast losing ground, was still a force; but on his second long visit to the Continent, between 1625 and 1630, he found the exact and "correct" Malherbe triumphant and reprobating Ronsard and his belated followers for their liberties. This ascendency of "prose and reason," and fault-finding with revered masters, appears to have roused the Scottish poet's indignation. In a letter addressed to his friend Dr. Arthur Johnston, the famous Latinist, he writes, in answer to some queries put to him about poetry, in a tone which leaves little doubt that he is aiming at Malherbe and his innovations: "In vain have some Men of late (Transformers of every Thing) consulted upon her Reformation, and endeavoured to abstract her to Metaphysical Ideas and Scholastical Quiddities, denuding her of her own Habits, and those Ornaments with which she has amused the World some Thousand Years. Poesy is not a Thing that is yet in the finding and search, or which may be otherwise found out. . . . Neither do I think that a good Piece of Poesy, which Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, Bartas, Ronsard, Boscan, Garcilasso (if they were alive, and had that Language) could not understand. . . . What is not like the Ancients and conform to those Rules which hath been agreed unto by all Times, may (indeed) be something like unto Poesy but it is no more Poesy than a Monster is a Man." His adherence to the last to a school that had seen its day helps to understand, though it does not explain altogether, why he did not write any more poetry after 1623. He seems to have felt unconsciously that his Muse was now a stranger in the land.

To Drummond's masters the whole poetic scheme was founded on imitation. Was not the basis of Du

Bellay's poetic evangel imitation ? They all preached and practised it, French and English, as well as Italian and Spanish, following in the wake of the Angevin's *Deffence*, which had sounded like a call to arms, at least on both sides of the Channel. Howbeit, it is essential to understand what this new school really meant by what they called "imitation." They did not attribute to the term the same meaning that we Moderns do, or the same value. The spokesman of the *Pléiade* has made his meaning plain in more than one passage of his celebrated manifesto. The poet was urged to imitate the Ancients,—and with hardly less emphasis the Italians,—but only in the sense that he must absorb and digest their ideas and forms to his own use, converting them into flesh and blood.[1] He might adopt the images, the turns,

[1] Du Bellay's exact words (*Deffence*, i. 7) are: "Se transformant en eux, les devorant, et, apres les avoir bien digerez, les convertissant en sang et nouriture." Estienne Pasquier, following Seneca (*Epist. LXXXIV.*), says the same thing, at greater length, in his thirty-seventh Letter: "Quand je vous parle de l'art, ce ne sont point les préceptes que je vous ai ci-devant touchés: la lecture d'un quart d'heure d'iceux peut rendre en ce sujet le lecteur aussi savant que je suis; mais bien une longue étude des auteurs grecs, latins, italiens, et de ceux qui ont quelque nom en notre vulgaire. Je veux que celui qui désire être bon poëte français alambique d'eux un bon suc, dont il façonnera ses écrits; je veux que, comme l'abeille, il suçotte leurs fleurs, pour en former son miel, non pas qu'il en soit quitte pour habiller à la française les inventions étrangères, comme j'en vois quelques-uns l'avoir fait avec une honte effacée (cela ne peut procéder que d'un esprit cacochyme); il faut qu'en lisant il se fasse riche aux dépens de celui qui, en lui prêtant, ne lui prêtera rien, même empruntera de lui telle chose à quoi l'auteur n'avait pensé, par une taisible suggestion et rencontre de leurs bons naturels; que ce soit une bonne digestion, dont il fera un corps solide, sans rendre les viandes indigestes, et ainsi qu'il les aura prises. S'il gagne cet avantage sur lui et sur nous qu'adonc il lui soit permis de mettre la main à la plume, et nous communiquer ses écrits." Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries* (ed. Castellain, p. 125), expresses his view in similar terms: "The third requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to bee able to convert the substance or Riches of another *Poet*, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very Hee; or so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallowes, what it takes in, crude, raw, or undigested; but that feeds with an Appetite, and hath a Stomacke to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch

editions he did possess, forgetful possibly at the time that the ? 1614 issue of the *Poems* differed materially from that of 1616, and could therefore not be held as representative.

In 1659 there was a new edition of Drummond's collected poems, or more probably only a sale of the remaining copies of this 1656 edition, with the dedication to Scotstarvet repeated, identical with the 1656 edition, except for a new title-page (inserted after the dedication to Scotstarvet), which runs as follows:

The most | ELEGANT | AND | ELABOVRATE | POEMS | Of that Great | COURT-VVIT, | Mr *Vvilliam Drummond.* | Whose Labours, both in Verse | and Prose, being heretofore so pre- | cious to Prince *Henry*, and to K. *Charles*, | Shal live and flourish in all Ages whiles there are men | to read them, or Art & Judgment to approve them. | [Rule] | Horat. *Carm.* Lib. I. | —*Multaq*; *pars mei* | *Vitabit Libitinam*— | [Rule] | *LONDON*, | Printed for *William Rands* Bookseller, at his House | over against the *Beare* Taverne in | *Fleetstreet*, 1659. |

XIII (=O) WORKS. EDINBURGH, 1711.

Description and collation according to a copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester:

THE | WORKS | OF | William Drummond, | OF | *HAWTHORNDEN.* | Consisting of | Those which were formerly Printed, | AND | Those which were design'd for the Press. | Now Published from the | *Author's Original Copies.* | [Rule] | [Ornament composed of initials of printer's name arranged as monogram] | [Rule] | *EDINBURGH*: | Printed by *James Watson*, in *Craig's*-Closs, 1711.

Folio (342-219 mm.). Pp. [4] + xlvi + [2] + 244 (Page 213 misnumbered 113, and 239 as 139) + IV + 60 (Pages 18 and 19 misnumbered 14 and 15). Two leaves unsigned, a–l^2, m^1, one leaf unsigned, B–Z^2, Aa–Zz^2, Aaa–Qqq^2, A^2, A–P^2. An oval engraved portrait: "William Drummond, of Hauthornden. | born 1585. dyed 1649." | has been inserted facing the title.

[Collation]: Inserted portrait. Title (verso blank);

"THE PREFACE." (2 pp.) Pp. i-xi "THE LIFE OF William Drummond Of *HAWTHORNDEN.*"; xi-xx. "POEMS In Commendation of the AUTHOR."; xxi-xxiii. "*The AUTHOR'S Dedication.*"; xxiv (blank); xxv-xliv. "The Introduction."; xlv "*A Catalogue of the Author's Works.*"; xlvi (blank). Title (unsigned and with verso blank): "THE | HISTORY | OF | The Lives and Reigns | OF | The Five JAMES's, | Kings of *Scotland*, | From the Year 1423, to the Year 1542. | With a New Introduction.| [Monogram Ornament] | . *EDINBURGH:* | Printed by *James Watson*, in *Craig's*-Closs, 1711." | Pp. 1-17 "THE HISTORY OF THE Reign of *JAMES* the First, KING of *SCOTLAND.*"; 18 (blank); 19-37 "THE HISTORY OF THE Reign of *JAMES* the Second, KING of *SCOTLAND.*"; 38 (blank); 39-61 "THE HISTORY OF THE Reign of *JAMES* the Third, KING of *SCOTLAND.*"; 62 (blank); 63-78 "THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE and REIGN OF *JAMES* the Fourth, King of *Scotland.*"; 79-116 "THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE and REIGN OF *JAMES* the Fifth, King of *Scotland.*"; 117-128 "A Cypress Grove."; 129-134 MEMORIALS OF STATE."; 135-162 "Familiar Epistles"; 163-173 "TRACTS Never before Printed. *IRENE*"; 174-176 "THE Magical Mirror:"; 177-178 "Queries of State."; 179-182 "A SPEECH (which may be called A Prophecy)"; 183-184 "THE *LOAD-STAR*,"; 185-187 CONSIDERATIONS TO THE PARLIAMENT *September* 1639."; 188-189 "*REMORA'S For the National League between* Scotland *and* England, 1642."; 190-205, "ΣKIAMAXIA:"; 206-211 "*A Declaration against a Cross Petition:*"; 212-215 "*Objections against the* Scots *answer'd.*"; 216-217 *A Speech for* Edinburgh *to the* KING."; 218-219 "*A Speech of the Author's, when he should have been questioned for some Papers before the Circular Tables.*"; 220-221 "*The IDEA.*"; 222 "*Bibliotheca Edinburgena Lectori.*"; 223 "*Of Libraries.*"; 224-227 *Heads of a Conversation betwixt the Famous Poet* Ben Johnson, *and* William Drummond *of* Hawthornden, January, 1619."; 228-231 "*A Short Discourse upon* Impresa's *and* Anagrams."; 231-234 "*The Challenge of the Knights Errant.*"; 235-236 "*Litera Magistri* Gulielmi Drummond *de fabrica Machinarum Militarium, Anno* 1627."; 237-240 "SOME NOTES By the AUTHOR, entitled, A

VINDICATION OF THE *HAMILTONS*;" ; 241-243 ". . . *Indenture of Agreement betwixt the* Drummonds *and the* Menteiths, anno 1360;" ; 244 (blank).

[Pages i-ii] Title (verso blank): "A | COLLECTION | Of all the | POEMS | Written by | William Drummond, | OF | *HAWTHORNDEN.* | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,* | *Cælo Musa beat.* . . . | Horat. Od. 8. lib. 4. | [Monogram ornament] | *EDINBURGH:* | Printed by *James Watson*, in *Craig's*-Closs, 1711." | ; iii-iv "To the Author." ; 1-10 "POEMS. The First Part." ; 10-14 "POEMS. The Second Part." ; 14-15 "URANIA." ; 15-17 "TEARS on the Death of *MOELIADES.*" ; 17-23 [Pp. 18-19 are wrongly numbered 14-15] "MADRIGALS and EPIGRAMS." ; 24-35 "Flowers of Sion: OR *SPIRITUAL POEMS.*" ; 35-38, "*The River of* Forth *Feasting:*" ; 38-41, "SPEECHES TO The High and Excellent Prince, CHARLES, . . ." ; 41-44 "MISCELLANIES." ; 44-47 "EPITAPHS." ; 48-49, *POLEMO-MIDDINIA* Inter Vitarvam & Nebernam." ; 49-56, "POEMS Never before Printed." ; 57-60, "THE INDEX OF THE HISTORY OF THE Five King *James's.*" ; [ending on p. 60 with seven lines of] "ERRATA.," [and] "*FINIS.*"

This edition, published by Bishop John Sage, the chief of the Scottish Episcopalian clergy of the time, with the assistance of the learned grammarian Thomas Ruddiman, then assistant keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is still the only collective edition of Drummond's whole works ; and in view of the small value of his prose, excepting, of course, *A Cypresse Grove*, which the poet himself published in his lifetime, is likely to remain so for a long time to come.

The editors printed a considerable amount of new matter in prose, and to the poetical works (apart from what Phillips had printed for the first time and which they incorporated in their edition) they added about 40 small pieces never before printed, chiefly scraps of political satire, and many religious hymns, the latter of which are of doubtful authenticity. They also included

two poems which are certainly not by Drummond. The brief life of Drummond which is prefixed was contributed by Bishop Sage, and scanty though it is, remains the principal early authority for the poet's life. Drummond's son, Sir William, then an old gentleman of seventy-five, would appear to have taken great interest in the publication, and allowed the editors the freest access to his father's manuscripts. In the general preface, which opens the volume, the editors claim that they made use for their text of the "second impression" of the *Poems*, and of the second edition of *Flowres of Sion*. This statement will not bear examination; the text of Drummond's poems in the edition of Sage and Ruddiman is substantially that of Phillips, and the early editions seem to have been but very rarely consulted by the Bishop and his learned coadjutor; so that when Corser (*op. cit.* p. 324) speaks of the present as a "large and accurate edition" of the works of Drummond, he is decidedly off the mark.

Copies of this edition being relatively plentiful, and obtainable in all the principal libraries, it has not been thought necessary to enumerate them.

XIV (=P) HAWTHORNDEN MANUSCRIPTS.

For facsimile of page see frontispiece of vol. i. of the present work.

Presumably the manuscripts placed at the disposal of Ruddiman and Sage by Sir William in 1711, lay undisturbed at the family seat of Hawthornden until the Rev. William Abernethy Drummond of Hawthornden, an indirect descendant of the poet, presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, in the year 1782, the "whole manuscripts," so read the Minutes of the Society, "of the celebrated Historian and Poet William Drummond of Hawthornden," containing, besides other matter, transcripts of the greater part of Drummond's prose works, and of some of his poems; various letters, extracts from other authors, both in

prose and verse, the whole in the poet's own handwriting. Forty-five years later these manuscripts, which during all the years they had remained in the Society's charge, had been allowed to lie in bundles or in loose sheets without being arranged in any way, were carefully sorted and bound in fifteen volumes by David Laing. The same distinguished antiquary published at the same time "A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; with Extracts, containing several unpublished Letters and Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden," in the fourth volume (1831) of the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*. To this account the reader is referred for a more detailed history of the Hawthornden manuscripts.

Since Laing's publication all the pieces discovered by him have been incorporated in subsequent editions of Drummond's poems, and, though few of them can be said to add to the Scottish poet's reputation, they are of interest in the light of his poetic development.

Having projected a new edition of Drummond's poetical works, it became our duty to investigate the Hawthornden Manuscripts afresh on our own account. The result of a careful examination revealed that by their help many corrections could be made in the poems already printed for the first time from the manuscripts in the editions of 1656 and 1711; and further, that the Hawthornden manuscripts in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland contain a not inconsiderable number of pieces by Drummond which escaped the attention of Laing.[1]

XV (=Q) POLEMO-MEDINIA. EDINBURGH, 1684.

For facsimile of title-page see vol. ii. plate 12, p. 319 of the present work.

[1] These unpublished poems from the Hawthornden MSS. were communicated for the first time by the present writer in the *Modern Language Review* (July 1911, and July 1912).

Description and collation according to the copy in the possession of Mr. Sutherland Ferguson:

Brevissula, & Compendiussula, Tallatie; | DE | Storia memorabili Fechtæ mervelabilis | Quæ fuit | Inter *Mackreillios* & *Horsicos*, atque *Ladæos*, &c. | In hoc Libellulo, cujus Inscriptio Famosa hæc est, | POLEMO-MEDINIA | INTER | Vitarvam & Nebernam, | Placidè & Jocosé tractatur. | [Rule] | [crown ornament] | [Rule] | *EDINBURGI*, | Re-printat 1684. |

4to. (188-144 mm.). Pp. 8 (1 and 2 are unnumbered). A^4 (signed only on the second leaf).

[Collation]: [A1]^a [P. 1] Title (as above); [A1]^b [P. 2] (blank); A2^a–[A4]^b (Pp. 3-8) [commencing on p. 3] [ornament composed of three rows of type ornaments] | "POLEMO-MEDINIA | INTER | VITARVAM | ET | NEBERNAM | Nymphæ quæ colitis hightissima Monta *Fifæa*, | "; [and ending on p. 8] "una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris. | [Rule] *FINIS*. | [Rule] | "

This is the earliest extant edition, bearing the date of publication, of this macaronic poem, generally attributed to Drummond, and published at Edinburgh in the year 1684.

It exists in a unique copy belonging to Mr. Sutherland Ferguson of Palmer's Green, Middlesex, who kindly placed it at our disposal.

XVI (=R) POLEMO-MEDINIA. Place?, Date?

From the word "Re-printat" which appears at the foot of the title-page of the 1684 edition, it is evident that that edition was not actually the first edition; and indeed the edition in the British Museum without any date, title-page, or colophon, of which the collation follows, may with good reason be considered as anterior to that of 1684, though the evidence is hardly strong enough to ascribe to it positive priority of publication. On the fly-leaf is written (? in Maidment's handwriting): "This is, I believe, the first edition of the *Polemo-Medinia*, and so far as I can learn it is unique. From the size,

type, and the ornament on the top it has the appearance of being printed at Edinburgh — certainly before Drummond's death, which took place in January 1649." Mr. Sutherland Ferguson, whose opinion in such matters cannot be passed over lightly, believes from his own consideration of the typography that this edition was probably printed by Evan Tyler, at Edinburgh, between the years 1642–1650.

[Ornament composed of three rows of type ornaments] POLEMO-MEDINIA | INTER | VITAR. VAM | ET | NEBERNAM. |

4to (180-135 mm.). Pp. 8 (Pp. 1-6 printed centrally within round brackets at the top of the page). A^4 (the first two leaves signed, the last leaf, probably blank, missing).

[Collation]: P. 1 [commences with ornament and title-heading (as above) in five lines, followed by text commencing] "Nymphæ quæ colitis hightissima Monta *Fifæa*,"; P. 6 [ends] "una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris" | [Rule] | "Finis" | [Rule] | .

XVII (=S) POLEMO-MEDINIA. Oxford, 1691.

Description and collation according to the Edinburgh University copy.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA. | CARMEN MACARONICUM. | AUTORE | GULIELMO DRUMMUNDO, | *SCOTO-BRITANNO.* | Accedit | JACOBI id nominis QUINTI, | REGIS SCOTORUM, | *CANTILENA RUSTICA* | VULGO INSCRIPTA | **Christs Kirk on the Green.** | [Rule.] | Recensuit, Notisque illustravit | *E. G.* | [Rule] | *OXONII*, | E Theatro Sheldonıano | *Anno Dom.* 1691. |

4to (219-163 mm.). Pp. [12]+22 (numbered). a^4, b^2, A–B^4,C^3 (C^4, probably blank, wanting).

[Collation]: Leaf 1 (unsigned) Title (verso blank); $a2^a$–$b2^b$ (Pp. [3-12]) LECTORI | XAIPEIN. | (P. [12], l. 8) [ends] "*fruere, Lector, & Salve.* | Kalendis Januariis | An. MDCXCI." | ; $A1^a$–$B1^b$ (Pp. 1-10) *POLEMO-*^{a}*MIDDINIA* | INTER | ^{b}VITARVAM & ^{c}NEBERNAM. | (P. 10, l. 2) [ends] "Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris." | ; $B2^a$–$C3^b$ (Pp. 11-22) *Christs Kirk* | ON THE

GREENE. | COMPOSED | (*As is supposed*) by King JAMES the Fifth. | . . . (P. 22) [ends] "*FINIS.*" | [Rule]; [C_4, probably blank, wanting.]

Drummond's name appears for the first time as the author of *Polemo-Medinia* in this edition, published at Oxford in 1691 by Edmund Gibson, subsequently and successively Bishop of Lincoln and of London, together with a new edition of the old Scottish poem, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, supposed to be by James V. of Scotland. To his edition Gibson prefixed a Latin essay on Macaronic poetry generally, and added an elaborate commentary, also in Latin, on both poems.

Copies of this edition are not so scarce, and may be found in the Bodleian, in the British Museum, at Britwell Court, at Chatsworth, in the library of the University of Edinburgh, and in the Advocates' Library.

Numerous editions of *Polemo-Medinia* were printed during the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, and a free and extended translation in Scottish verse appeared at Edinburgh in 1846, under the title *The Muckomachy; or The Midden-Fecht (Polemo-Middinia). A Poem, in three Cantos. By William Drummond, Esq., of Hawthornden. With Enlargements by the Moderns.*

The following is a list, also chronologically arranged, of the more recent editions of Drummond's poetical works up to date, as well as of *A Cypresse Grove.*

I. A Cypress Grove: or, Philosophical Reflections against the Fear of Death. Written by the late William Drummond, Esq., of Hawthornden. A new Edition corrected. Glasgow: Printed by Robert Urie, MDCCLI. 8vo. Pp. 102.

II. The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden. London: Printed for J. Jeffery, Pall Mall, M.DCC.XC. 8vo. Pp. viii + 326. Engraved portrait of Drummond as frontispiece, from the painting attributed to C. Jansen.

This edition follows fairly closely the folio edition of

1711, with the addition at the end of a few pieces from the *Poems* (1616).

It was reissued the following year (1791), without any change, by E. Jeffery.

III. The Poetical Works of William Drummond, Esq. (forming part of the fourth volume, pp. 619-698, of Anderson's "Works of the British Poets"). Edinburgh, 1793. 8vo.

IV. The Poems of William Drummond (forming part of the fifth volume, pp. 637-712, of Chalmers's "Works of the English Poets"). London, 1810. 8vo.

V. The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Printed at Edinburgh: MDCCCXXXII.

4to. Pp. xxiv + 418. Portrait of Drummond, as frontispiece, according to a miniature which was then at Hawthornden, but which has since disappeared.

This is the most complete of all previous editions of Drummond's poetical works, and was privately printed by the late Mr. Macdowall of Garthland, for presentation to his fellow-members of the Maitland Club. It was jointly edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland (afterwards Lord Dundrennan) and Mr. David Irving of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Besides all the poems printed in former editions, and *A Cypresse Grove*, this sumptuous volume contains certain commendatory verses by Drummond, now first collected from the works to which they were prefixed; the poems first published by Laing from the Hawthornden manuscripts; and "Lines on the Bischopes," from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library.

The Maitland Club publication, which is becoming very scarce, shows a great advance on previous editions, chiefly because its text reproduces that of the original editions, though with hardly sufficient care. No account however is taken of the variants, all critical apparatus is wanting, and there is a total absence of annotations.

The introduction, too, is quite inadequate, and the bibliography is of the scantiest.

VI. The Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden. With Life, by Peter Cunningham. London: Cochrane and McCrone, 1833.
8vo. Pp. viii + 336.

This edition contains selections only of Drummond's poems—such selections only, according to the editor, as are worth preserving.

It was reissued at Edinburgh in 1852, with the following title-page: "Poems by that most famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edinburgh: James Stillie, 1852." Both copies are otherwise identical, except that the later issue contains two engravings—one of Drummond and the other of Hawthornden Castle.

VII. The Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edited by William B. Turnbull. (Library of Old Authors). London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square, 1856.
8vo. Pp. xx + 346. Engraved portrait (the same as in the Maitland edition) of Drummond, as frontispiece.
Reissued without any alteration (London, 1890).

The arrangement and text adopted in this edition is that of the Maitland Club edition, with the exception that *A Cypresse Grove* is omitted, as are also the nine sonnets of *Flowres of Sion*, which figure with slight variations in *Vrania*. The orthography of the Maitland text is modernised.

VIII. The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edited with a Memoir and Notes by Wm. C. Ward. (Muses' Library). London (Lawrence and Bullen), New York (Chas. Scribner's Sons), 1894.
Two vols., 8vo, pp. cxxv + 245 + 348. Engraved portrait of Drummond by R. Gaywood, as frontispiece.

This edition contains all the matter printed in that of

the Maitland Club. The arrangement of Drummond's various poetical works, however, is somewhat different. The orthography is modernised, and not infrequently the form of the words also, to the detriment of rime and, occasionally, of sense. The text is not critically established and is perhaps the weakest part of an otherwise very serviceable edition, provided with a good introduction and interesting notes (notes are lacking in all the other editions), in which the editor for the first time has traced in part Drummond's large debt to the Italian poets. The bibliography, though not quite so worthless as that in the Maitland Club edition, is altogether inadequate.

IX. A Cypress Grove, by William Drummond of Hawthornden. London (E. Grant Richards), 1905.

8vo. Pp. 63. (Reprinted from the folio edition of 1711.)

X. A Cypress Grove, by Wm. Drummond of Hawthornden. The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, 1907.

8vo. Pp. [3] + 48. Engraved portrait, as frontispiece, of Drummond, according to the painting attributed to C. Jansen.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PLATE

1. Facsimile of Page from the Hawthornden *MSS.* . . . . . *Frontispiece*
2. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Teares on the Death of Meliades.* Edinburgh, 1613 . . . . . *Facing page* xlvi
3. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Mavsolevm.* Edinburgh, 1613 . . . „ xlviii
4. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Teares on the Death of Moeliades. The Third Edition.* Edinburgh, 1614 „ l
5. Facsimile of another Title-Page. *Teares on the Death of Moeliades. The Third Edition.* Edinburgh, 1614 . . . . . „ lii
6. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Poems.* ? Edinburgh, ? 1614 . . „ liv
7. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Poems.* Edinburgh, 1616 . . . „ lxiv
8. Facsimile of Frontispiece. *Poems.* Edinburgh, 1616 . . . „ lxvi
9. Facsimile of Title-Page. *The Muses Welcome.* Edinburgh, 1618 . „ lxx
10. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Flowres of Sion.* 1623 . . . . „ lxxii

PLATE

11. Facsimile of another Title-Page. *Flowres of Sion.* 1623 . . *Facing page* lxxiv

12. Facsimile of another Title-Page. *Flowres of Sion.* 1623 . . ,, lxxvi

13. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Flowres of Sion.* First issue. Edinburgh, 1630 . . . . . ,, lxxviii

14. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Poems. The Second Impression.* Edinburgh, 1616 . . . . ,, 1

15. Facsimile of Pyramid Poem. From the *Poems.* Edinburgh, 1616 . *On page* 84

16. Facsimile of Half-Title Page. *Madrigalls, and Epigrammes.* From the *Poems.* Edinburgh, 1616 . ,, 97

17. Facsimile of Title-Page. *Forth Feasting.* Edinburgh, 1617 . ,, 139

Poems in Commendation of the Author.

Poems in Commendation of the Author.

i.

[From the *Poems*. ? Edinburgh, ? 1614.]

Clorus.

SWanne *which so sweetly sings,*
By Aska's *Bancks, and pitifully plaines,*
That old Meander *neuer heard such Straines,*
Eternall Fame, thou to thy Countrie brings:
And now our Calidon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountaines, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountaines, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy Praise,
And though fierce Boreas *oft made pale her Bayes,*
And kill those Mirtills *with enraged Breath,*
Which should thy Browes enwreath;
Her Floods haue Pearles, Seas Amber doe send foorth,
Her Heauen hath golden Starres to crowne thy Woorth.

ii.

[From the *Poems, The Second Impression*. Edinburgh, 1616.]

To the Author.

WHile *thou dost praise the Roses, Lilies, Gold,*
Which in a dangling Tresse and Face appeare,
Still stands the Sunne in Skies thy Songs to heare,
A Silence *sweet each Whispering Wind doth hold;*
Sleepe *in* Pasitheas *Lap his Eyes doth fold,*

The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare,
The Heards to feede, the Birds to sing, forbeare,
Each Plant breathes Loue, each Flood and Fountaine cold :
And hence it is, that that once Nymphe, *now Tree,*
Who did th' Amphrisian Shepheards *Sighes disdaine,*
And scorn'd his Layes, mou'd by a sweeter Veine,
Is become pittifull, and followes Thee :
Thee loues, and vanteth that shee hath the Grace,
A Garland for thy Lockes to enterlace.

PARTHENIVS.

To the Author.

IN Waues of *Woe* thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse,
And doe burst vp the Conduits of my Teares,
Whose ranckling Wound no smoothing Baulme long beares,
But freshly bleedes when Ought vpbraides my Losse.
Then thou so sweetly *Sorrow* makes to sing,
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,
That more *Delight* thine *Anguish* doth afford,
Than others *Ioyes* can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits (when rauish'd) doe affect,
To force Affections, metamorphose Mindes,
Whilst *numbrous Power* the Soule in secret bindes,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect :
For neuer Plaints did greater Pittie moue,
The best Applause that can such Notes approue.

S^r. *W. Alexander.*

To the Author.

THe sister *Nymphes* who haunt the *Thespian* Springs,
Ne're did their Gifts more liberally bequeath
To them who on their Hills suck'd sacred Breath,
Than vnto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did *Apollo* raise on *Pegase* Wings

A *Muse* more neare himselfe, more farre from Earth,
Than thine; if Shee doe weepe thy Ladies Death,
Or sing those sweet-sowre Panges which *Passion* brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merite Praise,
But those our Verse to gild in *Fictions* Ore,
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserue much more,
As thou hast done these thy delicious Layes:
Thy *Muses Morning* (doubtlesse) doth bewray
The neare Approach of a more glistring *Day*.

D. Murray.

iii.

[From Phillips's edition of the *Poems*. London, 1656.]

Vpon the incomparable Poems of Mr. *William Drummond*.

TO praise these Poems well, there doth require
The selfe-same spirit, and that sacred fire
That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose
But pay an admiration to a Muse
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
From Climes so neare the Beare, *so bright a worth;*
And I beleeve the Caledonian *Bow'rs*
Are full as pleasant, and as rich in flow'rs
As Tempe *e're was fam'd, since they have nourish'd*
A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
But such an ardour as creates the spring,
And throws a chearfulnesse on every thing;
Such a sweet calmnesse runs through every verse
As shews how he delighted to converse
With silence, and his Muse, among those shades
Which care, nor busie tumult, e're invades;
There would he oft, the adventures of his loves

Relate unto the Fountaines, and the groves,
In such a straine as Laura *had admir'd*
Her Petrarch *more, had he been so inspir'd.*
Some, Phœbus *gives, a smooth and streaming veine,*
A great and happy fancy some attaine,
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
But here he hath so crouded all his gifts,
As if he had design'd in one *to try,*
To what a pitch he could bring Poetry;
For every grace should he receive a Crown,
There were not Bays enough in Helicon:
Fame courts his Verse, and with immortall wings
Hovers about his Monument, and brings
A deathlesse trophy to his memory;
Who, for such honour, would not wish to dye?
Never could any times afford a Story
Of one so match'd unto great Sidney's *glory;*
Or Fame so well divided, as between
Penhurst's *renowned shades, and* Hawthornden.

Edw: Phillips.

De Gulielmo Drummondo.

QUæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine Laudem,
Et patrios dura respuit aure modos;
Cum possit Latiis Buchananum vincere Musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui:
Major ut est, primas hinc defert Scotia, vates,
Vix inter Latios ille secundus erat.

[Arturus Jonstonus.]

To W. D.

SOme will not leave that Trust to Friend, nor Heire,
But their own winding-Sheet themselves prepare;
Fearing, perhaps some courser Cloath might shroud
The wormes descended from their noble Bloud:

And shalt not thou (that justlier maist suspect
Far courser stuffe, in such a dull neglect
Of all the Arts, and dearth of Poetry)
Compose before hand thine own Elegy ?
Who but thyself is capable to write
A Verse, or, if they can, to fashion it
Unto thy Praises ? None can draw a Line
Of thy perfections, but a hand divine.
If thou wilt needs impose this Task on us,
(A greater Work than best Wits can discusse)
We will but only so far Embleme Thee,
As in a circle, men, the Deity.
A wreath of Bayes we'll lay upon thy Herse ;
For that shall speake Thee better than our Verse :
That art in number of those Things, whose end,
Nor whose beginning we can comprehend.
A Star, which did the other Day appeare,
T'enlighten up our dark'ned Hemispheare :
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,
Yet feele the heat of thy admired flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our North, 'twas thou didst cleare
The eternall mists which had beset us here,
Till by thy golden Beames and powerfull Ray
Thou chas'd hence darknesse, and brought out the Day.
But as the Sun, though he bestow all Light
On us, yet hinders by the same our sight
To gaze on him ; So thou, though thou dispence
Far more on us by thy bright influence,
Yet such is thy transcendent brightnesse, we
Thereby are dazled, and cannot reach thee ;
Then art thou less'ned, should we bound thy Praise
T'our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raise
Themselves beyond a vulgar Theame, nor flye
A pitch like unto thine in Poesie ;
Yet (as the greatest Kings have sometimes dain'd
The smallest Presents from a poore man's hand ;
When pure devotion gave them) it may be

Your Genius *will accept a mite from me:*
It speaks my Love, although it reach not you;
And you are praised, when I would so do.

John Spotswood.

To William Drummond of Hawthornden.

I *Never rested on the Muses bed,*
Nor dipt my Quill in the Thessalian *Fountaine,*
My rustick Muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountaine.

Then do not sparkes with your bright Suns compare,
Perfection in a Womans work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should Verses flow;
My discontents make mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of houshold care;
Where these remaine, the Muses ne're repaire.

If thou dost extoll her Haire,
Or her Ivory Forehead faire,
Or those Stars whose bright reflection
Thrals thy heart in sweet subjection:
Or when to display thou seeks
The snow-mixt Roses on her Cheekes,
Or those Rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty Rows that meet.
The Chian *Painter as asham'd*
Hides his Picture so far fam'd;
And the Queen he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye,

Since those Lines do limne a Creature
That so far surpast her Feature.
When thou shew'st how fairest Flora
Prankt with pride the banks of Ora,
So thy Verse her streames doth honour,
Strangers grow enamoured on her,
All the Swans that swim in Po
Would their native brooks forgo,
And, as loathing Phœbus *beames,*
Long to bath in cooler streames.
Tree-turn'd Daphne *would be seen*
In her Groves to flourish green,
And her Boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for thy haire,
That fairest Nymphs with finest fingers
May thee crown the best of singers.

But when thy Muse dissolv'd in show'rs,
Wailes that peerlesse Prince of ours,
Cropt by too untimely Fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senselesse things to see thee moane,
Stones do weep, and Trees do groane,
Birds in aire, Fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The Nymphs forgoing all their Bow'rs
Teare their Chaplets deckt with Flow'rs;
Sol *himselfe with misty vapor*
Hides from earth his glorious Tapor,
And as mov'd to heare thee plaine
Shews his griefe in show'rs of raine.

Mary Oxlie of Morpet.

iv.

[From the folio edition of the *Works*. Edinburgh, 1711.]

DAMON:

OR

A PASTORAL ELEGY, on the Death of his Honoured Friend WILLIAM DRUMMOND of HAWTHORNDEN.

By G. LAUDER.

Tu decus omne tuis, postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales *agros, atque ipse reliquit* Apollo.
Virgil.

THE lonely *Lysis*, whom a froward Fate
Full Twenty Summers in a sober State,
Had seen a Stranger to his Native Soil,
In Foreign Fields, worn with the weary Toil
Of wandring, waiting on a wayward Flock
Which neither hois'd his Hopes, nor swell'd his Stock;
One Day went pensive o're a pleasant Plain,
Near where old *Maes* doth fall into the Main:
His Heart was heavy, and he knew not why,
His Lambs did bleeting go, the surly Sky
Seem'd to presage a Storm, which to prevent
Unto his old Retreat he swiftly went.
An Aged Elme there was, whose spreading Arms
Had shelter'd him from many Showers and Storms,
And on whose wrinkl'd Rind in such Distress
His Knife his younger Fancies did express,
In Love-Knots, Letters, Ciphers; which could shew
The Story of his Life to them who knew
His former Loves. There scarce he was well set,
When o're the Plain came posting, panting, wet,
The young *Alcydon*, who not long before
Was from his Native *Albany* come o're.

Lysis, who lov'd him (since he had not seen
His Face in many Years) thought it had been
Some Ghost or Shadow that did fool his Sense,
Until his Smile did check that Fear's Offence:
Then falling on his Neck in kind Embrace,
Dear Son, said he, my Soul this Hap doth bless
That brought thee hither, welcome with my Heart,
Come sit by me, and freely now impart
The State and Story of the Herds and Swains
That Graze on *Caledonia*'s Hills and Plains.
Alcydon sigh'd, and with a downcast Look,
Eyes swoln with Tears, thus staring, softly spoke.
Heaven's Anger long hath blaz'd into a Flame,
And scorch'd that Land, whose Sin hath brought on Shame;
Since *Sion*'s *Shepherd*'s sweet and saving Song
Was slighted there, the Sheep have all gone wrong:
Strange Schism the Sacrifices hath defac'd,
New Ways of Worship purblind *Zeal* hath plac'd,
And planted in the People's giddy Pates,
Where each will have his own, all other hates:
These Frenzies from the Neighbour Country came,
Where Sects have shuffl'd all things out of Frame,
And (which with Horrour all the World doth hear)
Rebellion choak'd *Religion, Treason Fear;*
So far that Clowns conspir'd against the Crown,
And hew'd Heaven's sacred Image Headless down.
Which heinous Crime hath call'd a Curse from high,
That yet upon the Land doth heavy ly.
And *We*, whose tender Hearts were ta'en with Tears
At first, to be made Fools, (tho' promis'd Shares,
In that pretended Happiness they Preach'd,
When with joint Powers their Point they should have reach'd)
Now reap for Thanks, Disdain, Contempt and Scorn,
Hostility and Hate of Knaves forsworn;
And were it not the Hope they have at Home,

To see their Prince, to save his People, come,
The Swains would all for Sorrow faint and fly,
As many do for Grief and Anguish die,
Of which, alace! old *Damon* was the First,
Whose Royal, Loyal, Noble Heart did burst,
To see these Stirrs, the Stars with sad Aspects
Had shown him long with all their dire Effects;
For he was well acquainted with the Spheres,
And knew how they inclin'd, whose Power sways theirs.
When *Lysis*, list'ning, heard of *Damon*'s Death,
A deep fetcht Sigh well nigh drew out his Breath,
Tears drown'd his Eyes, his hoary Head he hung,
And in that Posture had not Pulse nor Tongue,
But, like a Lifeless Statue, senseless sat;
So deep these Words did wound as Thunder-shot:
Till with *Alcydon*'s loud and frighted Cry
(Who call'd for Help, tho' none there was near by)
Awak'd, he lifted up his heavy Head,
And softly said, Ay me, is *Damon* dead?
Then as reviving, fetching Breath again,
In scalding Sighs, Tears trickling down amain,
Am I awake? said he, or do I dream?
To hear that *Damon* now is but a *Name*,
And his fair Soul to Heaven hath ta'en her Flight,
For lasting Sun-shine leaving this weak Light!
The Glory then of *Grampian* Swains is gone:
Let Fields and Flocks his Loss for ever moan.
Burst forth my Soul in Sorrows saddest Strain,
Sigh Heart, and break, and wish no more again
Those Home-bred Haunts and Flow'ry Fields to see,
Whose Love and Longing late possessed thee.
Farewell those Fancies, since the Herdsmen's Head
(*Apollo*'s *Priest*, whose Learned Lays did lead
The lovely *Nymphs*, enchanted with his Song,
O're *Ochil*'s Snowy Tops in pompous Throng,
And brought these Beauteous Girles, in gawdy Train,
Home dancing to his *Hawthornden* again.)

Is now no more the Wonder of our *Woods*,
The *Valley*'s Wish, the *Fav'rite* of our *Floods*,
Since *He*, O Grief! hath left these *Lawnes* and *Hills*,
These silver Streams, and soft *Meandring* Rills,
Which often stray'd and swell'd for Joy to hear
His Roundelays, and did their Burden bear
To *Thetis* Court, where all the *Tritons* rounded
About to learn, and straight the Tunes resounded.
Ah! when I call to Mind that happy Time,
When my fresh *Youth* was in her Flow'ry *Prime*,
Ere Beauty's Force I found, or felt Love's Flame,
And first a Stripling 'mongst the *Shepherds* came,
Kind *Damon* was the *Peer* of all the *Plains*,
The *Valley*'s Honour, Glory of the *Swains*;
And when his Reed or sweet Rebeck was heard,
Our Flocks forgot to Feed, they stood and star'd,
The *Nightingales* came near new Notes to learn,
The Stags were roused from the brushy Fairn,
The wanton *Wood-Nymphs* were no longer wild,
But danc'd about, and on him sweetly smil'd:
Or did he Sing, the *Shepherds* all were still,
The *Birds* were hush'd, *Brooks* sleept, from *Dale* nor *Hill*
No Noise was heard, soft *Silence* shut up all,
To Muse on his Melodious Madrigal.
His Matchless Muse had such a swelling Vein,
In rich Expressions, and so sweet a Strain,
That Sun, Stars, Season's Glory, Nature's Treasure,
All that is rich and rare for Pomp and Pleasure,
Could scarcely serve his Subject to set forth
Or fit his Fancy's Force, his Brain's huge Birth,
Gold, Saphyres, Roses, Rubies, Azure Skies,
Al'baster, Amber, Diamonds wanted Dyes,
To limm his *Auristella* to the Life,
Whose Beauty brav'd the *Lemnian*'s lovely Wife;
Nor *Ochil*'s Snows, nor Lilly of the Brook,
Nor *Tyrian* Purple, nor that Flower that took
His Blush from that fair *Boy Apollo* slew,

Had Colours fine enough for her fair Hue,
While by fair *Ora*'s Flow'ry Banks *She* sported,
Where Swans did sweetly sing, and Swains resorted.
In what sweet Sighs did *He* his Sorrows sing,
And all *Bodotria*'s weeping Beauties bring
Like *Niobe*'s, to wash the sacred Urn,
With *Tears* the brave *Mœliades* to mourn ?
That from the swelling Banks of *Tweed* and *Thame*,
He made deaf *Nilus* Dwellers hear his Name,
And gawdy *Ganges* Nymphs in sad Despair,
To rend their Vails and tear their golden Hair,
Blew *Doris* and her Daughters were so taken
With *Grief*, that they all Songs have since forsaken ;
The *Dryade* in his *Cave* that closely dwells,
Did fright the Neighbouring *Woods* with woful Yells,
And make the fainting *Esk* for Fear look black
To keep that Colour for her *Henry*'s sake.
And how did he from black *Benlowmond* bring
Old Father *Forth*, to *Feast* his Lord and King ?
With all these famous *Floods* so well attended,
(A Train that *Tiber* envy'd, but commended)
And to his Prince a *Panegyrick* sung,
That *Mantua*'s Muse, and *Ascra*'s both had hung
Their Heads for shame, his Heavenly Strains to hear ;
For *Po* ne're had a Nymph that could come near
His high and hardy Note, nor *Helicon*
A more Majestick Muse ne'r sat upon.
O how could he with more than Mortal Measure
Transport the Soul into that Height of Pleasure ?
In sacred *Ext'sy* when he sung the Wonders
Of him that fram'd the World, and forg'd the Thunders ?
And soaring high on *Contemplation*'s Wings,
Show how the *Earth* below Self-ballanc'd hings,
By Heaven alike embrac'd on every side,
And sees here Snow, there Summer's painted Pride ?
Or when in Raptures ravish'd he would rise
To reach a Strain beyond the Stars and Skies,

In what transcendent Terms could he set forth
Heav'ns Glory (tho' no Words can weigh their Worth)
And of the choicest *Flowers of Sion* frame
For Angels Brows a fragrant Anadem ?
How could his Soul in sacred Silence steal
Into these blessed Bounds, and thence reveal
The State and Splendour of the Court above,
So sweetly shadow'd in his *Cypress Grove* ?
Had he not had his *Urany* for Guide,
Her holy Ways to walk, her Paths to tread ?
What Heathen hath a Heart so hard, to hear
His sacred Song, and would not faint for Fear ?
While he the *Shadow of the Judgment* sings,
That Court of Conscience, where the King of Kings
The wicked World shall from the Four Winds call,
Before His Throne, both rich, poor, great and small,
To hear a *Happy* or a *Horrid Doom*,
Where ah ! too many never think to come,
But dally out their Days in vain Delight,
Delaying still, till *Death* blows out their *Light*,
And *Darkness* drown them in a Dungeon deep,
Where damned Ghosts still dying wail and weep.
But when my *Soul* with *Wonder* and *Delight*
Those holy *Numbers* weighs : where ravish'd quite
Beyond himself, above the *Heavens* as far,
As from *Earth*'s Surface to old *Saturn*'s Star,
He sings that smooth *Hymn of the Fairest Fair*,
In sweet *Seraphick* Stile, high swelling rare,
My Thoughts transported in a Trance outfly
The Reach of *Reason* and *Mortality ;*
And humbly falling *Heaven*'s high Throne before,
With *Sighs* and *Fear* that *Majesty* adore,
Whose glorious Grandeur there he seeks to limn
As bright as *Art* can draw with Eyes so dimm ;
(Tho' all *Her* Skill come far far short alace !)
As one would with a Coal the Sun-shine trace :
Yet never *Mortal* more *Divinely* sung

Those Marvels that best suit an Angel's Tongue.
His youthful Fancies, tho' he term'd them Toys,
Were rich Conceits, beyond the common Poise
Of vulgar *Wits*, which could not value them
At half the Worth, for few did find *His Aim;*
And nothing had more handsomely been said,
Than in those *Flashes* when *He* freely Play'd.
When old Gray Hairs began grave Thoughts to suit,
Chaste *Clio* charm'd his Fancies with her Flute,
To leave the Mountains, *Fields* and *Flocks* forsake
And to a Nobler Task himself betake,
Soft shelter'd in *His Grove*, wrapt in *His* Gown,
Which with more Glory might *His Name* renown:
The *Stuart*'s *Story* was a Subject fit,
And both requir'd his Pen, and crav'd his Wit,
Those Five Great JAMES'S, to the World well-known,
At *Home* were *Strangers* still unto their own:
And he must set them on the Stage again,
To speak their *Country*'s *Language* smooth and plain,
So sweetly flowing in a flourish'd Phrase,
That *Tully*'s Soul his *Stile* doth lead and raise;
And such *Remarks*, wise *Sentences*, *Advices*,
Good *Counsels*, *Precepts*, his whole Labour graces,
That on *Parnassus* he may claim his Seat
Next that great *Roman* rich in Rules of *State*.
Dear *Damon*! Is it true that thou art dead?
And *Lysis* lives a loathed Life to lead?
My Thoughts alace! were always set on *Thee*,
With Hope at last thy long wish'd Look to see,
That my poor *Muse* might do *Thee* Homage due,
And, after *Absence* long, old *Love* renew;
Which since *Thou* hast born hence to Heav'n with *Thee*
Thy *Lysis* still shall love *Thy Memory*,
And make both *Maes* and *Rhine* thy *Name* resound,
As far as *Shepherds* by their Banks are found.
Ay me! why have not I old *Ayton*'s Vein?
Or great *Alexis* stately Tragick Strain?

To sound thy *Vertues*, sing thine *Obsequies*
In *Panegyricks* and sad *Elegies*?
Earth's farthest *Climates* with thy *Worth* should ring,
And worship *Thee*, where Fame can stretch a Wing.
Yet with that Vigour, my poor Verse can fly,
It shall record to after-times that I
So dearly lov'd thy *Worth*, thy Name ador'd,
Thy Friendship honour'd, and thy Death deplor'd;
That wheresoe're the *World* my Rhimes shall read,
There *Damon*'s Love shall live, when we're both dead:
Nor shall I fear *Antiquity* to wrong,
With our own home-bred Haunts to stuff my Song,
And say our *Forth*, which doth so winding wander,
As famous is by *Thee*, as old *Mœander*:
Thy murmuring *Esk* and *Ora*'s rushy Hair,
With *Mincius* and old *Tiber* to compare?
And why shall I not freely venture then
To match with *Helicon* thy *Hawthornden*?
Thy *Grotte*, in which grim *Saturn* still remains,
Bound to the Rock with mighty Metal'd Chains;
The same *Prophetick Spirit* doth inspire
That in *Trophonius* Cave set Souls on Fire;
And if the *Earth* from hence a Passage yields,
It is the Entry to th' *Elysian* Fields:
A fitter Place the Fates could never find
To lay thy sacred Reliques up enshrin'd;
There all the *Nymphs* and Shepherd Swains can come
And Yearly sing sad *Hymns* before thy Tomb,
Which on the Marble cold these Lines shall keep,
For Pilgrims all to read, and parting weep,
That once thy Care commanded should be cut
Upon thy Grave, if I have not forgot,
HERE DAMON LIES, WHOSE SONGS DID SOMETIMES GRACE
THE MURMURING ESK; MAY ROSES SHADE THE PLACE.
But soft my Sorrow, now the setting Sun,
To *Thetis* kind Embrace doth posting run;
Good-night *Alcydon*, all good Luck attend thee,

And what thy Soul doth wish, thy Fortune send Thee.
This said, they parted, and poor *Lysis* Grief
So seis'd his Soul, which look'd for no Relief,
That while he Careless and Cross-armed went,
With staggering Steps his Loss for to lament,
He often stood to Sigh, and at the *Name*
Of Damon Fainted : So he lov'd his Fame.

Sunt artibus arma decori.

G. LAUDER.

Sir George Mackenzie, *His Majesty's Advocate, being in* Hawthornden's *Closet, wrote down this Elogy of him.*

HERE liv'd that Poet, whose Immortal Name
Was Crown'd by Lawrels, and adorn'd by Fame ;
Whom every Man next to himself did love ;
Who durst be Loyal, and, what's more, reprove
The Vices of that base rebellious Age ;
His was a Poet's, theirs a Tyrant's Rage.
Each Man him then his Neighbour wish'd to be,
And we now grieve that we did not him see.
They did his Wit, we do his Works admire,
And each young Spark does kindle at his Fire :
Or, which is more, he Poems can beget
On my old Muse, tho' now much past the Date.

To the Memory of William Drummond *of* Hawthornden.

HE who endeavours *Damon*'s Worth to raise,
Does not the *Bards*, but his own Merit praise.
Here Ours, and *England*'s Wits, in vain have strove
To write his Merit, and express their Love.
For Poets now to Sound enslave their Sense,

And Gild, where they shou'd Paint true Excellence;
And who in duller Prose can hope to shew,
What's to his Name or to his Labours due?
I own no Art can *Drummond*'s Worth proclaim;
So vast his Merit, and so loud his Fame.

DAVID CRAWFORD of *Drumsoy*.

By the same Hand.

HERE *Damon* liv'd, a Man by Heav'n inspir'd,
At Home ador'd, by Foreigners admired:
Vast was his Muse, his Thoughts by Art refin'd;
His Judgment, like his Fancy, unconfin'd;
His Country's Honour, and his Friends Delight;
Great *Britain*'s Wonder, and the Age's Light.
In ev'ry thing we find the *Bard* excel,
And his Five JAMESES, and his *Poems* tell,
No Man e're thought, and spoke his Thoughts so well.
Heav'n guard the Place, and may his Race maintain
That Stock of Fame which he did justly gain.

Upon Hawthornden*'s Muse. By the Same.*

HERE Mighty *Damon* often sat,
When he in heav'nly Numbers writ.
The Place seems pointed out by Fate,
And for a Muse, like his, made fit.

His *Cypress Grove*, and easy *Poems* show,
What Shades like these on Souls like his can do.
This was his Muse. This rais'd the God-like Thought,
Which Art and Judgment to Perfection brought.

April 30th, 1702.

ALPHABETICAL EQUIVALENTS.

A. *Teares on the Death of Meliades.* Edinburgh, 1613.

B. *Mavsolevm.* Edinburgh, 1613.

C. *Teares on the Death of Moeliades.* Edinburgh, 1614.

D. *Poems.* ? Edinburgh, ? 1614.

E. } *Poems.* Edinburgh, 1616.
F. }

G. *Forth Feasting.* Edinburgh, 1617.

H. *Forth Feasting* in *The Muses Welcome.* Edinburgh 1618.

I. *Flowres of Sion.* 1623.

J. *Flowres of Sion.* Edinburgh, 1630.

K. *The Entertainment,* etc. Edinburgh, 1633.

L. *To the Exequies,* etc. Edinburgh, 1638.

M. *The History of Scotland.* London, 165$\frac{4}{5}$.

N. *Poems.* Ed. Phillips. London, 1656 and 1659.

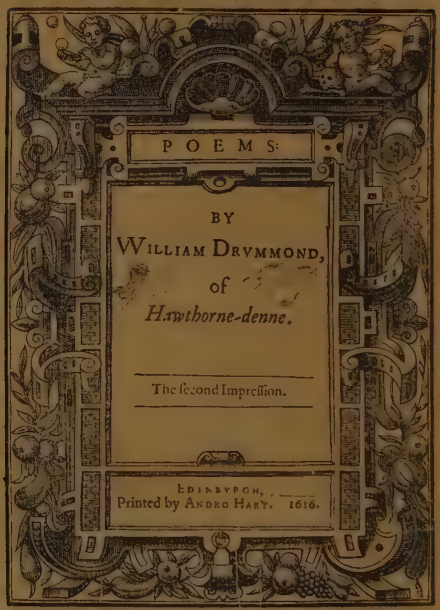
O. *Works.* Edinburgh, 1711.

P. Hawthornden Manuscripts.

Q. *Polemo-Medinia.* Edinburgh, 1684.

R. *Polemo-Medinia.* ? Place. ? Date.

S. *Polemo-Medinia.* Oxford, 1691.



POEMS:

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND,

of

Hawthorne-denne.

The second Impression.

EDINBVRGH,

Printed by ANDRO HART. 1616.

Given to the Collodge of King James Edenbrough by the Autho. 1624

p: D: Sh: 2: No: 19

PLATE 14.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Facing page 1.

To the Author.

While thou dost praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,
Which in a dangling Tresse and Face appeare,
Still stands the Sunne in Skies thy Songs to heare,
A Silence *sweet each Whispering Wind doth hold ;*
Sleepe *in* Pasitheas *Lap his Eyes doth fold,*
The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare,
The Heards to feede, the Birds to sing, forbeare,
Each Plant breathes Loue, each Flood and Fountaine cold :
And hence it is, that that once Nymphe, *now Tree,*
Who did th' Amphrisian Shepheards *Sighes disdaine,*
And scorn'd his Layes, mou'd by a sweeter Veine,
Is become pittifull, and followes Thee :
Thee loues, and vanteth that shee hath the Grace,
A Garland for thy Lockes to enterlace.

PARTHENIVS.

In D and N, this sonnet is entitled "Parthenivs," and bears no signature.

POEMS:

BY *W. D.*

THE FIRST PART.

SONNET. [i]

N my first Yeeres, and *Prime* yet not at Hight,
When sweet Conceits my Wits did entertaine,
Ere *Beauties* Force I knew or false Delight,
Or to what Oare shee did her Captiues chaine;
Led by a sacred Troupe of *Phœbus* Traine,
I first beganne to reade, then Loue to write,
And so to praise a perfect Red and White,
But (God wot) wist not what was in my Braine:
Loue smylde to see in what an awfull Guise
I turn'd those *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,
And that I might moe *Mysteries* behold,
Hee set so faire a *Volumne* to mine Eyes,
That I [quires clos'd which (dead) dead Sighs but breath]
Ioye on this *liuing Booke* to reade my Death.

I. [1] DNO. In my first Prime, when childish Humours fed [2] DNO. My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Blisse [3] DNO. Lies in a louing Eye, or amorous Kisse [4] DNO. Or with what Sighes a Louer warmes his Bed [5] DNO. By the sweet *Thespian* Sisters Error led [6] D. I first begouth to read, then loue to write NO. I had more mind to read than lov'd to write [8] D. But [God wote] wist not what was in my Head NO. But [God wote] knew not what was in my Head [9] DNO. *Loue* smil'd to see me take so great Delight [10] DNO. To turne [11] DNO. more [12] DNO. to my Sight [13] D. That I *all Ephemerides laid aside* NO. That I *Ephemerides laid aside* [14] D. Ioye on this blushing Booke my Death to read NO. Glad on this blushing Book my Death to read

SON. [ii]

I Know that all beneath the *Moone* decayes,
And what by Mortalles in this World is brought,
In *Times* great Periods shall returne to nought,
That fairest States haue fatall Nights and Dayes:
I know how all the *Muses* heauenly Layes,
With Toyle of Spright which are so dearely bought,
As *idle Sounds* of few, or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airie Praise.
I know fraile *Beautie* like the purple Flowre,
To which one Morne oft Birth and Death affords,
That Loue a Iarring is of Mindes Accords,
Where *Sense* and *Will* inuassall *Reasons* Power:
Know what I list, this all can not mee moue,
But that (*ô mee!*) I both must write, and loue.

SON. [iii]

YEe who so curiously doe paint your Thoughts,
Enlightning eu'rie Line in such a Guise,
That they seeme rather to haue fallen from Skies,
Than of a humane Hand bee mortall Draughts;
In one Part *Sorrow* so tormented lies,
As if his Life at eu'ry Sigh would parte,
Loue here blindfolded stands with Bow and Dart,
There *Hope* lookes pale, *Despaire* with rainie Eyes:
Of my rude Pincell looke not for such *Arte*,
My Wit I finde now lessened to deuise
So high Conceptions to expresse my Smart,
And some thinke Loue but fain'd, if too too wise:
These troubled Words and Lines confus'd you finde,
Are like vnto their Modell *my sicke Minde.*

II. [5] NO. I know that all [8] DNO. That there is nothing lighter than [D then] vaine Praise [10] *In some copies of* F, (*as, for example, in the Edinburgh University copy*) *the* t *of* oft *is added in ink* [12] DNO bring vnder *Reasons* Power [13] O. all this [14] DNO. But that (*alas*)

III. [4] DNO. by mortall Draughts [8] DNO. flaming Eyes [10] D. My Wit I finde growne lesse for to deuise NO. My Wit I find too little to devise [12] DNO. And some say *Loue* is faign'd that's too too wise

Son. [iv]

FAire is my Yoke, though grieuous bee my Paines,
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,
My Bit is Gold, though shortned bee the Raines,
My Bondage braue, though I may not depart:
Although I burne, the Fire which doth impart
Those Flames, so sweet reuiuing Force containes,
That (like *Arabias* Bird) my wasted Heart
Made quicke by Death, more liuely still remaines.
I joye, though oft my waking Eyes spend Teares,
I neuer want Delight, euen when I grone,
Best companied when most I am alone,
A Heauen of Hopes I haue midst Hells of Feares:
Thus euery Way Contentment strange I finde,
But most in Her rare Beautie, my rare Minde.

Son. [v]

HOw that vaste Heauen intitled *First* is rold,
If any other *Worlds* beyond it lie,
And *People* liuing in Eternitie,
Or *Essence* pure that doth this *All* vphold:
What Motion haue those *fixed Sparkes* of Gold,
The *wandring Carbuncles* which shine from hie,
By Sprights, or Bodies, contrare-Wayes in Skie
If they bee turn'd, and mortall Things behold:
How *Sunne* postes Heauen about, how *Nights pale Queene*
With borrowed Beames lookes on this hanging *Round*,
What Cause faire *Iris* hath, and Monsters seene
In Aires large Fields of Light, and Seas profound,
Did hold my wandring Thoughts; when thy sweet Eye
Bade mee leaue all, and only thinke on Thee.

V. ² DN. If any glancing *Towres* O. If any glancing Tow'rs beyond it be ⁷ NO. crosse-waies in the Skie

SON. [vi]

VAunt not, faire *Heauens*, of your two glorious Lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining, cannot shew their Beames diuine
Both in one Place, but parte by Dayes and Nights,
Earth, vaunt not of those Treasures yee enshrine,
Held only deare because hidde from our Sights,
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,
Snow-passing Iuorie that the Eye delights:
Nor *Seas* of those deare Wares are in you found,
Vaunt not, rich Pearle, red Corrall, which doe stirre
A fond Desire in Fooles to plunge your Ground;
Those all (more faire) are to bee had in Her:
Pearle, Iuorie, Corrall, Diamond, Sunnes, Gold,
Teeth, Necke, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Haire, are to behold.

SON. [vii]

THat learned *Græcian* (who did so excell
In Knowledge passing Sense, that hee is nam'd
Of all the after-Worlds *Diuine*) doth tell,
That at the Time when first our Soules are fram'd,
Ere in these Mansions blinde they come to dwell,
They liue bright Rayes of that *Eternall Light*,
And others see, know, loue, in Heauens great Hight,
Not toylde with ought to *Reason* doth rebell;
Most true it is, for straight at the first Sight
My Minde mee told, that in some other Place
It elsewhere saw the *Idea* of that Face,
And lou'd a Loue of heauenly pure Delight.
No Wonder now I feele so faire a Flame,
Sith I Her lou'd ere on this *Earth* shee came.

VI. [5] O. you enshrine
VII. [4] O. all the Time [8] NO. do rebell [9] DNO. It is most true [11] NO. th' *Idea* [13] O. What wonder now [14] O. Since

SON. [viii]

NOw while the *Night* her sable Vaile hath spred,
And silently her restie Coach doth rolle,
Rowsing with Her from TETHIS azure Bed
Those starrie *Nymphes* which dance about the Pole.
While CYNTHIA, in purest Cipres cled,
The *Latmian* Shepheard in a Trance descries,
And whiles lookes pale from hight of all the Skies,
Whiles dyes her Beauties in a bashfull Red,
While *Sleepe* (in Triumph) closed hath all Eyes,
And Birds and Beastes a Silence sweet doe keepe,
And PROTEVS monstrous People in the Deepe,
The Winds and Waues (husht vp) to rest entise,
I wake, muse, weepe, and who my Heart hath slaine
See still before me to augment my Paine.

SON. [ix]

SLeepe, *Silence* Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortalls brings,
Indifferent Host to Shepheards and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds with Griefe opprest.
Loe, by thy charming Rod all breathing things
Lie slumbring, with forgetfulnesse possest,
And yet o're me to spred thy drowsie Wings
Thou spares (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to show,
With fained Solace ease a true felt Woe,
Or if *deafe God* thou doe denie that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kisse the *Image of my Death.*

VIII. [7] NO. And looking pale from [8] NO. She dies D. in a blushing Red [13] DNO. I wake, I turne, I weepe opprest with Paine [14] D. Toilde in the wayles Labyrinthes of my Braine NO. Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Braine

IX. [4] DNO. which are opprest [8] NO. Thou spar'st

SON. [x]

FAire *Moone* who with thy Cold and Siluer Shine
Makes sweet the Horrour of the dreadfull *Night*,
Delighting the weake Eye with Smiles diuine,
Which PHEBVS dazells with his too much Light.
Bright Queene of the *first Heauen*, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heauens eternall Might,
Thou hast not yet that *once sweet Fire* of thine
ENDEMION, forgot, and Louers Plight?
If Cause like thine may Pitie breede in thee,
And Pitie somewhat els to it obtaine,
Since thou hast Power of Dreames as well as Hee
Who paints strange Figures in the slumbring Braine:
Now while She sleepes in dolefull Guise her Show
These Teares, and the blacke *Mappe* of all my Woe.

SON. [xi]

LAmpe of Heauens Christall Hall that brings the Hours,
Eye-dazaler who makes the vglie *Night*
At thine Approach flie to her slumbrie Bowrs,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight:
Life of all Lifes, Death-giuer by thy Flight
To Southerne Pole from these sixe Signes of ours,
Gold-smith of all the Starres, with Siluer bright
Who *Moone* enamells, *Apelles* of the Flowrs.
Ah, from those watrie Plaines thy golden Head
Raise vp, and bring the so long lingring *Morne*,
A Graue, nay Hell, I finde become this Bed,
This Bed so grieuously where I am torne:
But (woe is me) though thou now brought the Day,
Day shall but serue more Sorrowe to display.

X. [12] DN. That holds the golden Rod, and Morell Chaine
XI. [3] DNO. thy [6] NO. To the south Pole [9] O. Ah from these [14] DNO. moe

SONG. [i]

IT *was the time when to our Northerne Pole*
The brightest Lampe of Heauen beginnes to rolle,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And scorning Skies her Flowrs in Raine-bowes beareth,
On which the Aire moist Saphires doth bequeath,
Which quake to feele the kissing Zephires *breath :*
When Birds from shadie Groues their Loue foorth warble,
And Sea like Heauen, Heauen lookes like smoothest Marble,
When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddie Worlds captiuing Snares,
By Oras *flowrie Bancks alone did wander,*
Ora *that sports her like to old* Meander,
A Floud more worthie Fame and lasting Praise
Than that which Phaetons *Fall so high did raise :*
Into whose moouing Glasse the Milk-white Lillies
Doe dresse their Tresses and the Daffadillies.
Where Ora *with a Wood is crown'd about*
And seemes forget the Way how to come out,
A Place there is, where a delicious Fountaine
Springs from the swelling Paps of a proud Mountaine,
Whose falling Streames the quiet Caues doe wound,
And make the Ecchoes *shrill resound that Sound.*
The Lawrell there the shining Channell graces,
The Palme her Loue with long-stretch'd Armes embraces,
The Poplar spreds her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from sight that azure Cannopie.
The Streames the Trees, the Trees their leaues still nourish,
That Place graue Winter *finds not without Flourish.*
If liuing Eyes Elysian *fields could see*
This little Arden *might* Elysium *bee.*
Here Diane *often vsed to repose Her,*

I. [5] DNO. *moist Diamonds* [6] D. *Which tremble to feele* [10] NO. *inslaving snares* [14] DNO. *Then that so high which* Phaëtons *fall did raise* [15] NO. *By whose pure moving Glasse* [18] NO. *And (seems) forgets* [20] NO. *swelling brest* [21] NO. *the quiet Cavernes wound* [31] D. *Her* Diane *was wont for to repose Her* NO. *Oft did* Diana *there her selfe repose*

And Acidalias *Queene with* Mars *reioyce her :*
The Nymphes *oft here doe bring their Maunds with Flowres,*
And Anadeames weaue for their Paramours,
The Satyres *in those Shades are heard to languish,*
And make the Shepheards Partners of their Anguish,
The Shepheards who in Barkes of tender Trees
Doe graue their Loues, Disdaines, and Ielousies,
Which Phillis *when there by Her Flockes she feedeth*
With Pitie whyles, sometime with laughter reedeth.
Neare to this place when Sunne in midst of Day,
In highest top of Heauen his Coach did stay,
And (as aduising) on his Carier glanced
The way did rest, the space he had aduanced
His panting Steeds along those Fields of light,
Most princely looking from that gastly hight :
When most the Grashoppers are heard in Meadowes,
And loftie Pines haue small, or els no Shadowes,
It was my hap, O wofull hap ! *to bide*
Where thickest Shades me from all Rayes did hide
Into a shut-vp-place, some Syluans *Chamber,*
Whose Seeling spred was with the Lockes of Amber
Of new-bloom'd Sicamors, Floore wrought with Flowres,
More sweete and rich than those in Princes Bowres.
Here Adon *blush't, and* Clitia *all amazed*
Lookt pale, with Him who in the Fountaine gazed,
The Amaranthus *smyl'd, and that sweet Boy*
Which sometime was the God of Delos *joy :*
The braue Carnation, speckled Pinke here shined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a drowsie Chasbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her leaues did here vnfold.
Now while that rauish'd with delight and wonder,

32 D. *And th'* Acidalian *Queene* NO. *And* Mars *the* Acidalian *Queen enclose* 33 NO. *here their baskets bring* 40 NO. *With Pitty now, anon, with* 44 NO. *As all along, that morne he had advanced* 46 NO. *glorious height* 48 DNO. *And loftiest Pines or small, or haue no Shadowes* 51 NO. *In a faire Arbor, 'twas* 61 DNO. *sleepie Chasbow*

Halfe in a trance I lay those Arches vnder,
The season, silence, place, did all entise
Eyes heauie lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which softly hauing stollen themselues together
(*Like Euening Clouds*) *me plac'd I wote not whether.*
As Cowards leaue the Fort which they should keepe
My senses one by one gaue place to Sleepe,
Who followed with a Troupe of golden Slombers
Thrust from my quiet Braine all base Encombers,
And thrise me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heauen of Visions in my Temples roll'd,
To countervaile those Pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.
Me thought through all the Neighbour Woods a noyce
Of Quiristers, *more sweet than Lute or voyce,*
(*For those harmonious sounds to IOVE are giuen*
By the swift touches of the nyne-string'd Heauen,
Such are, and nothing else) *did wound mine Eare,*
No Soule, that then became all Eare to heare:
And whilst I listning lay O gastly wonder!
I saw a pleasant Mirtle cleaue asunder,
A Mirtle great with birth, from whose rent wombe
Three naked Nymphes *more white than snow foorth come.*
For Nymphes *they seem'd, about their heauenly Faces*
In Waues of Gold did flow their curling Tresses,
About each Arme, their Armes more white than milke,
Each weare a blushing Armelet of silke,
The Goddesses such were that by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander,
Aglaia, *and her Sisters such perchance*
Be, when about some sacred Spring they dance.
But scarce the Groue their naked Beauties graced,

[64] *Some copies of* F (*as, for example, the Aberdeen University copy*) *have the misprint "Archers"* [65] DNO. *began t'entise* [66] DNO. *drowsie lids* [78] D. *then Lute or voice* [80] O. soft Touches [81] O. Such Airs [82] NO. *No Soule but would become* [83] NO. *O lovely wonder!* [86] D. *then Snow* [88] DNO. *floted* [89] D. *Each bout each Arme* NO. *About their armes* [90] D. *A blushing Armelet weare of crimsin Silke* NO. *They blushing Armlets wore of crimson Silke* [91] NO. *were such* [94] O. Are

And on the amorous Verdure had not traced,
When to the Floud they ran, the Floud in Robes
Of curling Christall to brests Yuorie Globes
Who wrapt them all about, yet seem'd take pleasure
To showe warme Snowes throughout her liquid Azure.
Looke howe Prometheus *Man when heauenly Fire*
First gaue him Breath Dayes Brandon did admire,
And wondred of this Worlds Amphitheater,
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the Water.
All three were faire, yet one excell'd as farre
The rest, as Phebus *doth the* Cyprian *Starre,*
Or Diamonds small Gemmes, or Gemmes doe other,
Or Pearles that shining shell is call'd their Mother.
Her haire more bright than are the Mornings Beames
Hang in a golden shower aboue the Streames,
And (sweetly tous'd) her forehead sought to couer,
Which seene did straight a Skie of Milke discouer,
With two faire Browes, Loues *Bowes, which neuer bend*
But that a Golden Arrow foorth they send.
Beneath the which two burning Planets *glancing*
Flasht Flames of Loue, for Loue *there still is dancing.*
Her either Cheeke resembl'd a blushing Morne,
Or Roses Gueules *in field of Lillies borne:*
Betwixt the which a Wall so faire is raised,
That it is but abased euen when praised.
Her Lips like Rowes of Corrall soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excell:
The Tyrian *Fish lookes pale, pale looke the Roses,*
The Rubies pale, when Mouths sweet Cherrie closes.
Her Chinne like siluer Phebe *did appeare*
Darke in the midst to make the rest more cleare:
Her Necke seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias *Master,*

[96] NO. *And on the Verdure had each other traced* [98] N. *Christall all their brests Ivory Globes* O. Christall their Breaste Ivory Globes [99] NO. *Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure* [100] DNO. *white Snows* [103] NO. *at this Worlds* [109] D. *then are* [110] NO. *Hung* [111] DNO. *And dangling sought her fore-head for to couer* [117] O. blushing Morn [119] DNO. *Twixt which an Yuory Wall so faire is raised* [120] DNO. *abased when it's praised* [124] N. *mouth*

Most smooth, most white, a piece of Alabaster.
Two foaming Billowes flow'd vpon her Brest,
Which did their tops with Corrall red encrest:
There all about as Brookes them sport at leasure,
With Circling Branches veines did swell in Azure:
Within those Crookes are only found those Isles
Which Fortunate *the dreaming old World Stiles.*
The rest the Streames did hide, but as a Lillie
Suncke in a Christalls faire transparent Bellie.
I, who yet humane weaknesse did not know
(For yet I had not felt that Archers Bow,
Ne could I thinke that from the coldest Water
The winged Youngling burning Flames could scatter)
On euery part my vagabounding Sight
Did cast, and drowne mine Eyes in sweet Delight.
What wondrous Thing is this that Beautie's *named*
(Said I) I finde I heretofore haue dreamed?
And neuer knowne in all my flying Dayes
Good vnto this, that only merites Praise.
My Pleasures haue beene Paines, my Comforts Crosses,
My Treasure Pouertie, my Gaines but Losses.
O precious Sight! which none doth els descrie
Except the burning Sunne, and quiuering I.
And yet O deare bought Sight! O would for euer
I might enioy you, or had ioy'd you never!
O happie Floud! if so yee might abide,
Yet euer glorie of this Moments Pride,
Adjure your Rillets all now to beholde Her,
And in their Christall Armes to come and fold Her:
And sith yee may not ay your Blisse embrace,
Draw thousand Pourtraits of Her on your Face,
Pourtraits which in my Heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my Brest but were transparent.

139 NO. *Nor* 143 DNO. *O wondrous Thing (said I) that Beautie is named!* 144 DNO. *Now I perceiue I heretofore haue dreamed* 145 DNO. *neuer found* 146 D. *Ioy unto this, that onlie's worthy praise* NO. *Ioy unto this, which* 155 DNO. *all for to* 157 N. *not long* O. And since ye may not long this Bliss embrace 159 O. are 160 O. were but

O that I were while she doth in you play,
A Daulphine to transport Her to the Sea,
To none of all those Gods I would Her rander
From Thule *to* Inde *though I should with Her wander.*
Oh! what is this? the more I fixe mine Eye,
Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espie,
The more I spie, the more in vncouth fashion
My Soule is rauish'd in a pleasant Passion.
But looke not Eyes, as more I would haue said
A Sound of whirling Wheeles me all dismayde,
And with the Sound foorth from the timorous Bushes
With storme-like Course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,
A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheeles were Gold,
The Nailes, and Axetree Gold on which it roll'd:
The vpmost Part a Scarlet Vaile did couer,
More rich than Danaes *Lap spred with her Louer:*
In midst of it in a triumphing Chaire,
A Ladie sate miraculously faire,
Whose pensiue Countenance, and Lookes of Honor,
Doe more allure the Mind that thinketh on Her,
Than the most wanton Face and amorous Eyes,
That Amathus *or flowrie* Paphos *sees.*
A Crue of Virgins made a Ring about Her,
The Diamond shee, they seeme the Gold without Her.
Such Thetis *is when to the Billowes rore*
With Mermaids nyce shee danceth on the Shore:
So in a sable Night the Sunnes bright Sister
Among the lesser twinckling Lights doth glister.
Faire Yoakes of Ermelines, whose Colour passe
The whitest Snowes on aged Grampius *Face,*
More swift than Venus *Birds this Chariot guided*
To the astonish'd Bancke where as it bided.
But long it did not bide, when poore those Streames
Aye me! *it made, transporting those rich Gemmes,*
And by that Burthen lighter, swiftly driued

[170] NO. *ratling Wheeles* [171] DNO. *trembling Bushes* [174] NO. *Axel* [176] D. *then* [181] D. *Then*

Till (as me thought) it at a Towre arriued.
Vpon a Rocke of Christall shining cleare
Of Diamonds this Castle did appeare,
Whose rising Spires of Gold so high them reared
That Atlas-*like it seem'd the Heauen they beared.*
Amidst which Hights on Arches did arise
(Arches which guilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
Of sparking Topaces, Prowde, Gorgeous, Ample,
(Like to a litle Heauen) a sacred Temple :
Whose Walls no Windowes haue, nay all the Wall
Is but one Window, Night there doth not fall
More when the Sunne to Westerne Worlds declineth,
Than in our Zenith *when at Noone He shineth.*
Two flaming Hills the Passage strait defend
Which to this radiant Building doth ascend,
Vpon whose Arching tops on a Pilastre
A Port stands open, rais'd in Loues *Disastre,*
For none that narrow Bridge and Gate can passe,
Who haue their Faces seene in Venus *Glasse.*
If those within, but to come foorth doe venter,
That stately Place againe they neuer enter.
The Precinct strengthened with a Ditch appeares,
In which doth swell a Lake of Inkie Teares
Of madding Louers, who abide there moning,
And thicken euen the Aire with piteous Groning.
This Hold (to braue the Skies) the Destines *fram'd,*
The World the Fort of Chastitie *it nam'd.*
The Queene of the third Heauen once to appall it,
The God of Thrace *here brought who could not thrall it,*
For which he vow'd ne're Armes more to put on,
And on Riphean *Hills was heard to grone.*
Here Psyches *Louer hurles his Darts at randon,*
Which all for nought him serue as doth his Brandon.

198 D. *Of Diamonds wrought* NO. *With Diamonds wrought* 205 DNO. *The Walls* 208 D. *Then to our Zenit* 217 DNO. *The Precinct's strengthened with a Ditch of Feares* 219 N. *their moaning* 222 DNO. *And then the Fort of Chastitie it* [NO. *is*] *nam'd*

What bitter Anguish did inuade my Minde,
When in that Place my Hope I saw confinde,
Where with high-towring Thoughts I onely reacht Her,
Which did burne vp their Wings when they approacht Her?
Mee thought I set me by a Cypresse *Shade,*
And Night and Day the Hyacinthe *there reade:*
And that bewailing Nightingalles did borrow
Plaints of my Plaint, and Sorrowes of my Sorrow.
My Food was Wormewood, mine owne Teares my Drinke,
My Rest on Death, and sad Mishaps to thinke.
And for such Thoughts to haue my Heart enlarged,
And ease mine Eyes with brinie Tribute charged,
Ouer a Brooke (me thought) my pining Face
I laid, which then (as grieu'd at my Disgrace)
A Face Me shew'd againe so ouer-clouded,
That at the Sight mine Eyes afray'd them shrowded.
This is the guerdon Loue, *this is the Gaine*
In end which to thy Seruants doth remaine,
I would haue said, when Feare made Sleepe *to leaue me,*
And of those fatall Shadowes did bereaue me.
But ah alas! *in stead to dreame of Loue,*
And Woes, mee made them in effect to proue,
For what into my troubled Braine was painted,
I waking found that Time, and Place presented.

229 DNO. *What grieuous Agony* 241 DNO. *Ouer a Brooke I laid my pynning Face* 242 DNO. *But then the Brooke as grieu'd at my Disgrace* 243 DNO. *A Face Me shew'd so pyn'd, sad, ouer-clowded* 244 DNO. *afray'd mine Eyes* 247 NO. *More would I say; when Feare* 250 NO. *And Woes, I now them in effect did prove* 252 DNO. *Awak'd I found*

SON. [xii]

AH burning Thoughts now let me take some Rest,
And your tumultuous Broyles a while appease,
Is't not enough, *Starres, Fortune, Loue* molest
Me all at once, but yee must to displease?
Let *Hope* (though false) yet lodge within my Brest,
My high Attempt (though dangerous) yet praise,
What though I trace not right Heauens steppie Wayes?
It doth suffice, my Fall shall make me blest.
I doe not doate on Dayes, nor feare not *Death*,
So that my Life be braue, what though not long?
Let me Renown'd liue from the vulgare Throng,
And when yee list (Heauens) take this borrowed Breath.
Men but like Visions are, *Time* all doth claime,
He liues, who dies to winne a lasting Name.

MADRIGALL. [i]

A DEDALE *of my Death,*
Now I resemble that subtile Worme on Earth
Which prone to its owne euill can take no rest.
For with strange Thoughts possest,
I feede on fading Leaues
Of Hope, *which me deceaues,*
And thousand Webs doth warpe within my Brest.
And thus in end vnto my selfe I weaue
A fast-shut Prison, no, but euen a Graue.

XII. [9] O. I fear not Death [10] DNO. So that my Life be braue [NO. good], I wishe't not long [11] D. the Mondaine Throng N. the Worldly Throng [12] DNO. And when Heauen lists, recall

I. In DNO, this piece is placed among the "Madrigals and Epigrammes."

[2] NO. *slie worme* [3] D. *doth take* NO. *Which prone to its own harme doth take no rest* [4] DNO. *For Day and Night opprest* [7] NO. *do weepe.* [8] D. *waue.* [9] NO. *Prison, or a closer Grave.*

SEXTAIN. [i]

THe *Heauen doth not containe so many* Starres,
So many Leaues not prostrate lie in Woods,
When Autumne *'s old, and* Boreas *sounds his* Warres,
So many Waues haue not the Ocean Floods,
As my rent Mind hath Torments all the Night,
And Heart spends Sighes, when PHEBVS *brings the* Light.

Why should I beene a Partner of the Light ?
Who crost in Birth by bad Aspects of Starres,
Haue neuer since had happie Day nor Night,
Why was not I a Liuer in the Woods,
Or Citizen of THETIS *Christall* Floods,
Than made a Man, for Loue *and* Fortunes Warres ?

I looke each Day when Death should ende the Warres,
Vnciuill Warres, twixt Sense *and* Reasons Light,
My Paines I count to Mountaines, Meads, and Floods,
And of my Sorrow Partners makes the Starres,
All desolate I haunt the fearfull Woods
When I should giue my selfe to Rest at Night.

With watchfull Eyes I ne're beholde the Night,
Mother of Peace, but ah *to me of* Warres,
And CYNTHIA *Queene-like shining through the* Woods,
When straight those Lamps come in my Thought, whose Light
My Iudgement dazel'd, passing brightest Starres,
And then mine Eyes en-isle themselues with Floods.

Turne to their Springs againe first shall the Floods,
Cleare shall the Sunne the sad and gloomie Night,
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Starres,
The Elements renew their ancient Warres

I. [2] NO. *Nor levell'd lye so many leaves in* Woods [3] NO. *When* Autumne *and cold* Boreas *sound their* Wars [5] NO. *torn Mind* [7] NO. *Why was I made a Partner* [8] DNO. *aspect* [12] D. *Then fram'd a Man* NO. *But fram'd a Man* [22] NO. *But straight*

Shall first, and bee depriu'd of Place and Light,
Ere I finde Rest in Citie, Fields, or Woods.

Ende these my Dayes Endwellers of the Woods,
Take this my Life yee deepe and raging Floods,
Sunne neuer rise to cleare mee with thy Light,
Horror *and* Darknesse *keepe a lasting* Night,
Consume me Care with thy intestine Warres,
And stay your Influence o're me bright Starres.

In vaine the Starres, *Endwellers of the* Woods,
Care, Horror, Warres *I call and raging* Floods,
For all haue sworne no Night *shall dimme my* Sight.

Son. [xiii]

O Sacred Blush impurpling Cheekes pure Skies,
With crimson Wings which spred thee like the *Morne,*
O bashfull Looke sent from those shining Eyes,
Which (though cast down on Earth) couldst Heauen adorne!
O Tongue in which most lushious Nectar lies,
That can at once both blesse and make forlorne,
Deare Corrall Lip which *Beautie* beautifies,
That trembling stood ere that her words were borne.
And you her Words, Words no, but Golden Chaines
Which did captiue mine Eares, ensnare my Soule,
Wise Image of her Minde, Minde that containes
A Power all Power of *Senses* to controule:
Yee all from Loue disswade so sweetly mee,
That I loue more, if more my Loue could bee.

[31] NO. *you Inmates of the* Woods [37] D. *th' Endwellers* N. *th' Inhabitants o' th'* Woods O. the Inhabitants o' th' *Woods*

XIII. [4] NO. Which though slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorne [8] DNO. before her words [10] NO. inslave my eares [12] D. all Power of *Sense* [13] D. So sweetly yee from Loue dissuade all me NO. So sweetly you from Love disswade do me [14] DNO. can be

SON. [xiv]

NOr *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor stately *Tyber*,
Sebethus, nor the Floud into whose Streames
He fell who burnt the World with borrow'd Beames,
Gold-rolling *Tagus*, *Munda*, famous *Iber*;
Sorgue, *Rosne*, *Loire*, *Garron*, nor prowd-banked *Seine*,
Peneus, *Phasis*, *Xanthus*, humble *Ladon*,
Nor *Shee* whose Nymphes excell her who lou'd *Adon*
Faire *Tamesis*, nor *Ister* large, nor *Rheine*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Indus*, *Hermus*, *Gange*,
Pearlie *Hydaspes*, Serpent-like *Meander*,
The Golfe bereft sweet *Hero* her *Leander*,
Nile that farre farre his hidden Head doth range,
Haue euer had so rare a Cause of Praise,
As *Ora*, where this *Northerne Phenix* stayes.

SON. [xv]

TO heare my Plaints faire Riuer Christalline
Thou in a silent Slumber seemes to stay,
Delicious Flowrs, Lillie and Columbine,
Yee bowe your Heades when I my Woes display.
Forrests, in you the *Mirtle*, *Palme*, and *Bay*,
Haue had compassion listning to my Grones,
The Winds with Sighes haue solemniz'd my Mones
Mong Leaues, which whisper'd what they could not say.
The Caues, the Rockes, the Hills the *Syluans* Thrones
(As if euen Pitie did in them appeare)
Haue at my Sorrowes rent their ruethlesse Stones,
Each thing I finde hath sense except my Deare
Who doth not thinke I loue, or will not know
My Griefe, perchance delighting in my Woe.

XIV. [7] DNO. excell her loued *Adon* [11] NO. The Floud which robbed *Hero* of *Leander*
XV. [11] DNO. sorrow

SON. [xvi]

SWeet Brooke, in whose cleare Christall I mine Eyes
Haue oft seene great in Labour of their Teares,
Enamell'd Banke, whose shining Grauell beares
These sad Characters of my Miseries.
High Woods, whose mounting Tops menace the Spheares,
Wild Citizens, *Amphions* of the Trees,
You gloomie Groues at hottest Noones which freeze,
Elysian Shades which *Phebus* neuer cleares,
Vaste solitarie Mountaines, pleasant Plaines,
Embrodred Meads that *Ocean*-wayes you reach,
Hills, Dales, Springs, all that my sad Cry constraines
To take part of my Plaints, and learne Woes Speach,
Will that remorselesse Faire e're Pitie show,
Of Grace now answere if yee ought know? *No.*

SON. [xvii]

WIth flaming Hornes the *Bull* now brings the Yeare,
Melt doe the horride *Mountaines* Helmes of Snow,
The siluer Flouds in pearlie Channells flow,
The late-bare Woods greene Anadeams doe weare.
The Nightingall forgetting Winters Woe,
Calls vp the lazie *Morne* her Notes to heare,
Those Flowrs are spred which *Names of Princes beare,*
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there *bea*-wailing strayes
A harmelesse Lambe, not farre a Stag rebounds,
The Sheepe-heards sing to grazing Flockes sweet Layes,
And all about the Ecchoing Aire resounds.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Flouds, & euery thing doth change,
But *Shee* in *Rigour, I* in *Loue* am strange.

XVI. [1] DNO. my eyes [11] NO. all whom
XVII. [2] D. Melt do the *Mountains* hideous heaulmes of Snow NO. Melt do the *Mountains* rouling flouds of Snow [3] N. in smooth Channels O. The silver Rivers in smooth Channels [7] DNO. Spread are those Flowres [9] N. be-wailing [11] NO. The Shepheards

SON. [xviii]

WHen *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All AVRISTELLAS Parts, except her Eyes,
To make those Twinnes two Lamps in *Beauties* Skies,
Shee Counsell of her *starrie Senate* sought.
Mars and *Apollo* first did Her aduise
In Colour Blacke to wrappe those Comets bright,
That *Loue* him so might soberly disguise,
And vnperceiued Wound at euery Sight.
Chaste PHEBE spake for purest azure Dyes,
But IOVE and VENVS greene about the Light
To frame thought best, as bringing most Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for ay arise:
Nature (all said) a *Paradise* of Greene
There plac'd, to make all loue which haue them seene.

MAD. [ii]

TO the delightfull Greene
Of you faire radiant Eine,
Let each Blacke yeeld beneath the starrie Arche.
Eyes, burnisht Heauens of Loue,
Sinople Lampes of Ioue,
Saue that those Hearts which with your Flames yee parche
Two burning Sunnes you proue,
All other Eyes compar'd with you (*deare Lights*)
Bee Hells, or if not Hells yet dumpish Nights.
The Heauens (*if we their Glasse*
The Sea beleeue) *bee greene, not perfect blew.*
They all make faire what euer faire yet was,
And they bee faire because they looke like you.

XVIII. [6] DNO. To wrappe in Colour Blacke
II. [2] O. Of your [6] NO. Saue all those hearts [9] NO. Are Hells [11] NO. are green D. perfite [13] NO. are faire

SON. [xix]

IN vaine I haunt the colde and siluer Springs,
To quench the Feuer burning in my Vaines,
In vaine (*Loues* Pilgrime) Mountaines, Dales, and Plaines,
I ouer-runne, vaine Helpe long Absence brings.
In vaine (my Friends) your Counsell me constraines
To flie, and place my Thoughts on other Things,
Ah! like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more I moue, the greater are my Paines.
Desire (alas) *Desire* a *Zeuxis* new,
From *Indies* borrowing Gold, from *Westerne* Skies
Most bright Cynoper, sets before mine Eyes
In euery Place, her Haire, sweet Looke and Hew:
That flie, runne, rest I, all doth proue but vaine,
My Life lies in those Lookes which haue me slaine.

SON. [xx]

ALl other Beauties how so e're they shine
In Haires more bright than is the golden Ore,
Or Cheekes more faire than fairest *Eglantine*,
Or Hands like Hers who comes the Sunne before:
Match'd with that Heauenly Hue, and Shape diuine,
With those deare Starres which my weake Thoughts adore,
Looke but like Shaddowes, or if they bee more,
It is in that that they are like to thine.
Who sees those Eyes, their Force and doth not proue,
Who gazeth on the Dimple of that Chinne,
And findes not *Venus* Sonne entrench'd therein,
Or hath not Sense, or knowes not what is Loue.
To see thee had *Narcissus* had the Grace,
Hee sure had died with wondring on thy Face.

XIX. [10] DNO. From th' *Orient* [11] DNO. Heauenly Cinabre O. my Eyes.
XX. [2] D. then is [3] D. then fairest [4] O. that comes [7] DNO. Looke but as [8] NO. It is in this [9] NO. that doth [14] DNO. He would haue died

SON. [xxi]

MY Teares may well *Numidian* Lions tame,
And Pitie breede into the hardest Hart
That euer *Pirrha* did to Maide impart,
When Shee them first of blushing Rockes did frame.
Ah Eyes which only serue to waile my Smart,
How long will you mine inward Woes proclaime?
Let it suffice you beare a weeping Part
All Night, at Day though yee doe not the same:
Cease idle Sighes to spend your Stormes in vaine,
And these calme secret Shades more to molest,
Containe you in the Prison of my Brest,
You not doe ease but aggrauate my Paine,
Or (if burst foorth you must?) that Tempest moue
In Sight of Her whome I so dearely loue.

SON. [xxii]

NYmphes, Sister *Nymphes* which haunt this christall Brooke,
And (happie) in these Floting Bowrs abide,
Where trembling Roofes of Trees from Sunne you hide,
Which make *Ideall Woods* in euery Crooke,
Whether yee Garlands for your Lockes prouide,
Or pearlie Letters seeke in sandie Booke,
Or count your Loues when *Thetis* was a Bride?
Lift vp your golden Heads and on mee looke.
Read in mine Eyes mine agonizing Cares,
And what yee read recount to Her againe:
Faire Nymphes, say all these Streames are but my Teares,
And if Shee aske you how they sweet remaine,
Tell that the bittrest Teares which Eyes can powre,
When shed for Her doe cease more to be sowre.

XXI. [6] DNO. my inward Woes [7] DNO. May 't not suffice [8] DNO. at Day but you must doe the same [10] D. And these sweet silent Groues for to molest NO. And these sweet silent thickets to molest [12] DNO. You doe not ease

XXII. [4] D. Which makes NO. *Idæan* woods [9] DNO. my agonizing Cares [14] NO. can be no longer sowre

MAD. [iii]

LIke *the* Idalian *Queene*
Her Haire about her Eyne,
With Necke and Brests ripe Apples to be seene,
At first Glance of the Morne
In Cyprus *Gardens gathering those faire Flowrs*
Which of her Bloud were borne,
I saw, but fainting saw, my Paramours.
The Graces *naked danc'd about the Place,*
The Winds *and* Trees *amaz'd*
With Silence on Her gaz'd,
The Flowrs did smile, like those vpon her Face,
And as their Aspine Stalkes those Fingers band,
(*That Shee might read my Case*)
A Hyacinth *I wisht mee in her Hand.*

SON. [xxiii]

THen is Shee gone? O Foole and Coward I!
O good Occasion lost, ne're to bee found!
What fatall Chaines haue my dull Senses bound
When best they may that they not *Fortune* trie?
Here is the flowrie Bed where Shee did lie,
With Roses here *Shee* stellified the Ground,
Shee fix'd her Eyes on this (yet smyling) Pond,
Nor Time, nor courteous Place seem'd ought denie.
Too long, too long (*Respect*) I doe embrace
Your Counsell, full of Threats and sharpe Disdaine;
Disdaine in her sweet Heart can haue no Place,
And though come there, must straight retire againe:
Hencefoorth *Respect* farewell, I oft heare tolde
Who liues in Loue can neuer bee too bolde.

III. [8] NO. *on brests* [11] D. *The flowres seemde smyle* [13] NO. *bind* [14] DNO. *I wish'd to be a* Hyacinth

XXIII. [4] D. that they ne're *Fortune* trie NO. When best they might, did not *Fortune* try [5] DNO. Here is the fainting Grasse where [8] DNO. Nor Time, nor Place seemde ought for to denie [13] NO. I've heard it told

Son. [xxiv]

IN Minds pure Glasse when I my selfe behold,
And viuely see how my best Dayes are spent,
What Clouds of Care aboue my Head are roll'd,
What comming Harmes, which I can not preuent:
My begunne Course I (wearied) doe repent,
And would embrace what *Reason* oft hath told,
But scarce thus thinke I, when Loue hath controld
All the best Reasons *Reason* could inuent.
Though sure I know my Labours End is Griefe,
The more I striue that I the more shall pine,
That only Death can be my last Reliefe:
Yet when I thinke vpon that Face diuine,
Like one with Arrow shot in Laughters Place,
Malgre my Heart I ioye in my Disgrace.

Son. [xxv]

DEare Quirister, who from those Shaddowes sends
(Ere that the blushing Dawne dare show her Light)
Such sad lamenting Straines, that *Night* attends
Become all Eare, *Starres* stay to heare thy Plight.
If one whose Griefe euen Reach of Thought transcends,
Who ne're (not in a Dreame) did taste Delight,
May thee importune who like Case pretends,
And seemes to ioy in Woe, in *Woes* Despight?
Tell me (so may thou *Fortune* milder trie,
And long long sing) for what thou thus complaines?
Sith (*Winter* gone) the *Sunne* in dapled Skie
Now smiles on Meadowes, Mountaines, Woods and Plaines:
The Bird, as if my questions did her moue,
With trembling Wings sobb'd foorth *I loue, I loue.*

XXIV. ² D. And vively sees NO. And lively see ⁴ D. What comming euils NO. What comming ill ⁵ O. My Course begun ¹¹ DNO. shall be my last reliefe ¹⁴ NO. Maugre

XXV. ² NO. blushing Morne ¹¹ DNO. Sith [NO. Since] *Winter*'s gone, and *Sune* ¹² DNO. Enamour'd smiles on Woods and flowrie Plaines ¹⁴ NO. sigh'd forth

SON. [xxvi]

TRust not sweet Soule those curled Waues of Gold
With gentle Tides which on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples spread with Flackes of Virgine Snow,
Nor Snow of Cheekes with *Tyrian* Graine enroll'd.
Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my Woe,
When first I did their burning Rayes beholde,
Nor Voyce, whose Sounds more strange Effects doe show
Than of the *Thracian* Harper haue beene tolde:
Looke to this dying *Lillie*, fading *Rose*,
Darke *Hyacinthe*, of late whose blushing Beames
Made all the neighbouring Herbes and Grasse reioyce,
And thinke how litle is twixt Lifes Extreames:
The cruell Tyrant that did kill those Flowrs,
Shall once (*aye mee*) not spare that Spring of yours.

SON. [xxvii]

THat I so slenderly set foorth my Minde,
Writing I wote not what in ragged Rimes,
And charg'd with Brasse into these golden Times
When others towre so high am left behinde:
I craue not PHEBVS leaue his sacred Cell
To binde my Browes with fresh *Aonian* Bayes,
Let them haue that who tuning sweetest Layes
By *Tempe* sit, or *Aganippe* Well,
Nor yet to *Venus* Tree doe I aspire,
Sith *Shee* for whome I might affect that Praise,
My best Attempts with cruell Words gainsayes,
And I seeke not that Others me admire.
Of weeping *Myrrhe* the Crowne is which I craue,
With a sad *Cypresse* to adorne my Graue.

XXVI. [2] O. Tides that [6] DNO. azure Rayes [8] D. Then of
XXVII. [3] NO. Orecharg'd with brasse in these so golden Times
[7] DNO. But leaues't [NO. leave't] to those who [8] NO. *Aganippes*
[10] O. Since

SON. [xxviii]

SOund hoarse sad *Lute*, true Witnesse of my Woe,
And striue no more to ease selfe-chosen Paine
With Soule-enchanting Sounds, your Accents straine
Vnto these Teares vncessantly which flow.
Shrill Treeble weepe, and you dull Basses show
Your Masters Sorrow *in a deadly Vaine*,
Let neuer ioyfull Hand vpon you goe,
Nor Consort keepe but when you doe complaine.
Flie *Phœbus* Rayes, nay, hate the irkesome Light,
Woods solitarie Shades for thee are best,
Or the blacke Horrours of the blackest Night,
When all the *World* (saue Thou and I) doth rest:
Then sound sad Lute, and beare a mourning Part,
Thou *Hell* may'st mooue, though not a Womans *Heart*.

SON. [xxix]

YOu restlesse Seas, appease your roaring Waues,
And you who raise hudge Mountaines in that Plaine
Aires Trumpeters, your blustring Stormes restraine,
And listen to the Plaints my Griefe doth cause.
Eternall *Lights*, though adamantine Lawes
Of Destinies to mooue still you ordaine,
Turne hitherward your Eyes, your Axetree pause,
And wonder at the Torments I sustaine.
Earth (if thou bee not dull'd by my Disgrace,
And senselesse made?) now aske those Powers aboue
Why they so crost a Wretch brought on thy Face?
Fram'd for Mis-hap, th' *Anachorite* of Loue,
And bid them if they would moe ÆTNAS burne,
In *Rhodopee* or *Erimanthe* mee turne.

XXVIII. [4] DNO. incessantlie [5] DNO. Sad Treeble [6] NO. *in a dolefull straine* [9] NO. Flie *Phœbus* Raies, abhor the irkesome Light [12] NO. do rest [14] NO. canst move

XXIX. [3] DNO. your hideous Sounds containe [7] DNO. Turne hither all your Eyes, your Axeltre [NO. Axele] pause [9] DNO. Sad Earth, if thou made dull by my Disgrace [10] DNO. Be not, and [NO. as] senselesse, aske those Powers aboue [13] NO. And bid them (that no more *Etnaes* may burne) [14] D. *Rhodope* NO. To *Erimanth'* or *Rhodope*

SON. [XXX]

WHat cruell *Starre* into this World mee brought?
What gloomie Day did dawne to giue mee Light?
What vnkinde Hand to nourse mee (Orphane) sought,
And would not leaue mee in eternall Night?
What thing so deare as I hath Essence bought?
The Elements, drie, humid, heauie, light,
The smallest liuing things by *Nature* wrought,
Bee freed of Woe if they haue small Delight.
Ah only I, abandon'd to *Despaire*,
Nail'd to my Torments, in pale *Horrours* Shade,
Like wandring Clouds see all my Comforts fled,
And Euill on Euill with Hours my Life impaire:
The Heauen and *Fortune* which were wont to turne,
Fixt in one Mansion staye to cause mee mourne.

SON. [XXXI]

DEare Eye which daign'st on this sad *Monument*
The *sable Scroule* of my Mis-haps to view,
Though with the mourning *Muses* Teares besprent,
And darkly drawne, which is not fain'd, but true,
If thou not dazell'd with a Heauenly Hue,
And comely Feature, didst not yet lament?
But happie liu'st vnto thy selfe content,
O let not *Loue* thee to his Lawes subdue.
Looke on the wofull Shipwracke of my Youth,
And let my Ruines for a *Phare* thee serue
To shunne this Rocke *Capharean* of Vntrueth,
And serue no God who doth his Church-men sterue:
His Kingdome is but Plaints, his Guerdon Teares,
What hee giues more are Iealousies and Feares.

XXX. 7 DNO. which *Nature* wrought 11 D. sees 12 NO. And Ill on Ill 13 DNO. The Heauens 14 DNO. Staye in one Mansion fix't

XXXI. 3 NO. Though it with mourning *Muses* be spent 7 DNO. liues 10 NO. ruines thee for Beacon serve 12 DNO. which doth O. starve 13 DNO. His Kingdome's but of plaints 14 DNO. more is

SON. [xxxii]

IF crost with all Mis-haps bee my poore Life,
If one short Day I neuer spent in Mirth,
If my Spright with it selfe holds lasting Strife,
If Sorrowes Death is but new Sorrowes Birth?
If this vaine World bee but a sable Stage
Where slaue-borne Man playes to the scoffing Starres,
If Youth bee toss'd with Loue, with Weaknesse Age,
If Knowledge serue to holde our Thoughts in Warres?
If *Time* can close the hundreth Mouths of *Fame*,
And make what long since past, like that to bee,
If *Vertue* only bee an *idle Name*,
If I when I was borne was borne to die?
Why seeke I to prolong these loathsome Dayes,
The fairest *Rose* in shortest time decayes?

SON. [xxxiii]

LEt *Fortune* triumph now, and *Iö* sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this Load of Care,
Let Her what most I prize of eu'rie Thing
Now wicked Trophees in her Temple reare.
Shee who high Palmie Empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the Dust the prowdest King,
Let Her vaunt how my Blisse Shee did impaire,
To what low Ebbe Shee now my Flow doth bring.
Let Her count how (*a new Ixion*) Mee
Shee in her Wheele did turne, how high nor low
I neuer stood, but more to tortur'd bee:
Weepe Soule, weepe plaintfull Soule, thy Sorrowes know,
Weepe, of thy Teares till a blacke Riuer swell,
Which may *Cocytus* be to this thy Hell.

XXXII. [5] DNO. mournefull Stage [6] DNO. laughing Starres [8] DNO. setues [9] NO. hundred [10] DNO. And make what's long since past, like that's to be [12] NO. If being borne I was but borne to dye

XXXIII. This sonnet is wanting in D and N.
[7] O. Bless

SON. [XXXIV]

O Cruell Beautie, Meekenesse inhumaine,
That Night and day contend with my Desire,
And seeke my Hope to kill, not quench my Fire,
By Death, not Baulme to ease my pleasant Paine.
Though yee my Thoughts tread downe which would aspire,
And bound my Blisse, doe not (*alas*) disdaine
That I your matchlesse Worth and Grace admire,
And for their Cause these Torments sharpe sustaine.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his Death
Found in the midst of those *Sicylian* Flames,
And *Phaëton* that Heauen him reft of Breath,
And *Dædals* Sonne He nam'd the *Samian* Streames:
Their Haps I enuie not, my Praise shall bee,
The fairest *Shee that liu'd* gaue Death to mee.

SON. [XXXV]

THe *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaspus* (cruell) first thee bred,
The *Caspian* Tigers with their Milke thee fed,
And *Faunes* did humane Bloud on thee bestow.
Fierce *Orithyas* Louer in thy Bed
Thee lull'd asleepe, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didst not drinke the Flouds which here doe flow,
But Teares, or those by ycie *Tanais* Hed.
Sith thou disdaines my Loue, neglects my Griefe,
Laughs at my Grones, and still affects my Death,
Of thee, nor Heauen I'll seeke no more Reliefe,
Nor longer entertaine this loathsome Breath,
But yeeld vnto my *Starre*, that thou mayst proue,
What Losse thou hadst in losing such a Loue.

XXXIV. [1] DNO. sweetnesse inhumane [2] DNO. contends [3] DNO. seekes [12] NO. who nam'd. [13] DNO Their haps I not enuie [14] D. The fairest *She that liues* did cause me *die* NO. That the most faire that lives mov'd me to dye

XXXV. [9] O. Since [13] NO. *Stars*

SONG. [ii]

PHoebus *arise,*
And paint the sable Skies
With azure, white, and Red :
Rowse Memnons *Mother from her* Tythons *Bed,*
That Shee thy Cariere may with Roses spred,
The Nightingalles thy Comming each where sing,
Make an eternall Spring,
Giue Life to this darke World which lieth dead.
Spreade foorth thy golden Haire
In larger Lockes than thou wast wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diademe of Pearle thy Temples faire :
Chase hence the vglie Night
Which serues but to make deare thy glorious Light.
This is that happie Morne,
That Day long wished Day,
Of all my Life so darke,
(*If cruell Starres haue not my Ruine sworne,*
And Fates *not Hope betray ?*)
Which (*only white*) *deserues*
A Diamond *for euer should it marke :*
This is the Morne should bring vnto this Groue
My Loue, to heare, and recompense my loue.
Faire King who all preserues,
But show thy blushing Beames,
And thou two sweeter Eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus *Streames*
Did once thy Heart surprise :
Nay, Sunnes, *which shine as cleare*
As thou when two thou did to Rome *appeare.*
Now Flora *decke thy selfe in fairest Guise,*
If that yee, Winds, *would heare*
A Voyce surpassing farre Amphions *Lyre,*

II. [4] *Some copies of* F, (*as, for example, the Edinburgh University copy*) *have the misprint* Memmon [10] D. *then thou was wont* [19] DNO. *my hopes betraye* [20] NO. (*purely white*) [21] DNO. *An euerlasting Diamond* [27] DN. *Shall see then those* [30] NO. *thou did'st*

Your stormie chiding stay,
Let Zephyre *only breath,*
And with her Tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple Ports of Death.
The Windes *all silent are,*
And Phœbus *in his Chaire*
Ensaffroning Sea and Aire,
Makes vanish euery Starre :
Night *like a Drunkard reeles*
Beyond the Hills to shunne his flaming Wheeles.
The Fields with Flowrs are deckt in euery Hue,
The Clouds bespangle with bright Gold their Blew :
Here is the pleasant Place
And eu'ry thing, saue Her, *who all should grace.*

Son. [xxxvi]

WHo hath not seene into her saffron Bed
The Mornings Goddesse mildly Her repose,
Or Her of whose pure Bloud first sprang the Rose,
Lull'd in a Slumber by a Mirtle Shade.
Who hath not seene that sleeping White and Red
Makes *Phœbe* looke so pale, which Shee did close
In that *Iönian* Hill, to ease her Woes,
Which only liues by Nectare Kisses fed :
Come but and see my Ladie sweetly sleepe,
The sighing Rubies of those heauenly Lips,
The *Cupids* which Brests golden Apples keepe,
Those Eyes which shine in midst of their Ecclipse,
And Hee them all shall see (perhaps) and proue
Shee waking but perswades, now forceth Loue.

[34] DNO. *furious chyding* [37] DNO. *those purple ports* [45] D. *The clowds spangle with bright Orient Gold their blew* NO. *The Clouds with Orient Gold spangle their blew* [47] DNO. *And nothing wanting is saue* Shee *alace*
XXXVI. [8] DNO. by her deare kisses fed

SON. [xxxvii]

OF *Cithereas* Birds that milke-white paire
On yonder leauie *Mirtle* Tree which grone,
And waken with their kisses in the Aire
Enamour'd *Zephyres* murmuring one by one,
If thou but Sense hadst like *Pigmalions* Stone?
Or hadst not seene *Medusas* snakie haire,
Loues Lessons thou mightst learne? and learne sweete Faire,
To *Summers* Heat ere that thy *Spring* bee growne.
And if those kissing Louers seeme but Cold,
Looke how that *Elme* this *Iuie* doth embrace,
And bindes, and claspes with many a wanton Fold,
And courting Sleepe o'reshadowes all the Place:
Nay seemes to say, deare Tree we shall not parte,
In Signe whereof loe in each Leafe a *Heart.*

SON. [xxxviii]

THe *Sunne* is faire when hee with crimson Crowne,
And flaming Rubies leaues his Easterne Bed,
Faire is *Thaumantias* in her christall Gowne
When Clouds engemm'd hang azure, greene, and Red.
To Westerne Worlds when wearied Day goes downe,
And from Heauens Windowes each *Starre* showes her Hed,
Earths silent Daughter *Night* is faire, though browne,
Faire is the *Moone* though in *Loues* Liuerie cled.
Faire *Chloris* is when Shee doth paint Aprile,
Faire are the *Meads*, the *Woods*, the *Flouds* are faire,
Faire looketh *Ceres* with her yellow Haire,
And *Apples* Queene when *Rose*-cheekt Shee doth smile.
That Heauen, and Earth, and Seas are faire is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

XXXVII. [1] NO. See *Cithereas* Birds [4] DNO. Th' enamour'd *Zephires* [11] O. clasp

XXXVIII. [4] NO. shew azure [9] DNO. The *Spring* is faire when it doth paint Aprile

MAD. [iv]

WHen as shee smiles I finde
More light before mine Eyes,
Nor when the Sunne from Inde
Brings to our World a flowrie Paradise :
But when shee gently weepes,
And powres foorth pearlie Showres,
On Cheekes faire blushing Flowres,
A sweet Melancholie my Senses keepes.
Both feede so my Disease,
So much both doe me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my Heart doth burne,
Like Loue *to see her smile, or* Pitie *mourne.*

SON. [xxxix]

SLide soft faire FORTH, and make a christall Plaine,
Cut your white Lockes, and on your foamie Face
Let not a Wrinckle bee, when you embrace
The Boat that *Earths Perfections* doth containe.
Windes wonder, and through wondring holde your Peace,
Or if that yee your Hearts cannot restraine
From sending Sighes, *mou'd by a Louers Case,*
Sigh, and in her faire Haire your selues enchaine :
Or take these Sighes which Absence makes arise
From mine oppressed Brest and waue the Sailes,
Or some sweet Breath new brought from *Paradise :*
Flouds seeme to smile, *Loue* o're the Winds preueails,
And yet hudge Waues arise, the Cause is this,
The *Ocean* striues with FORTH the Boate to kisse.

IV. [3] NO. *Than when* [12] NO. Love *to behold her smile*
XXXIX. [5] DN. pace [7] DNO. *fealing a Louers Case* [10] DNO. From my oppresed brest, and fill the sailes [O. and the Sails fill] [12] D. The *Flood* seemes smile NO. The flouds do smile

SON. [xl]

AH! who can see those Fruites of *Paradise*,
Celestiall Cherries which so sweetly swell
That *Sweetnesse* selfe confinde there seemes to dwell,
And all those sweetest Parts about despise?
Ah! who can see and feele no Flame surprise
His hardened Heart? for mee (*alas*) too well
I know their Force, and how they doe excell,
Now burne I through Desire, now doe I freeze:
I die (deare Life) vnlesse to mee bee giuen
As many Kisses as the *Spring* hath Flowrs,
Or as the siluer Drops of *Iris* Showrs,
Or as the Starres in all-embracing Heauen,
And if displeas'd yee of the Match complaine,
Yee shall haue leaue to take them backe againe.

SON. [xli]

IS't not enough (aye mee) mee thus to see
Like some Heauen-banish'd Ghost still wailing goe?
A *Shadow* which your Rayes doe only show,
To vexe mee more, vnlesse yee bid mee die?
What could yee worse allotte vnto your Foe?
But die will I, so yee will not denie
That Grace to mee which mortall Foes euen trie,
To chuse what sort of Death should ende my Woe.
One Time I found when as yee did mee kisse,
Yee gaue my panting Soule so sweet a Touch,
That halfe I sown'd in midst of all my Blisse,
I doe but craue my Deaths Wound may bee such:
For though by Griefe I die not and Annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much Ioy?

XL. [8] NO. Now through desire I burne, and now I freeze [11] NO. Or there be silver drops in *Iris* Show'rs [12] D. Or as their Starres NO. Or stars there be

XLI. [4] O. you bid [8] NO. shall end [9] D. while as NO. Once did I find that whiles you did me kisse [11] O. I swoon'd

MAD. [v]

SWeete Rose whence is this Hue
Which doth all Hues excell?
Whence this most fragrant Smell?
And whence this Forme and gracing Grace in you?
In flowrie Paestums *Field* (*perhaps*) *yee grew,*
Or Hyblas *Hills you bred,*
Or odoriferous Ennas *Plaines you fed,*
Or Tmolus, *or where Bore yong* Adon *slew,*
Or hath the Queene of Loue you dy'd of new
In that deare Bloud, which makes you looke so red?
No, none of those, but Cause more high you blist,
My Ladies Brest you bare, and Lips you kist.

SON. [xlii]

SHee whose faire flowrs no *Autumne* makes decay,
Whose Hue celestiall, earthly Hues doth staine,
Into a pleasant odòriferous Plaine
Did walke alone, to braue the Pride of *Maye:*
And whilst through chekred Lists shee made her Way,
Which smil'd about her Sight to entertaine,
Loe (vnawares) where *Loue* did hid remaine
Shee spide, and sought to make of him her Prey:
For which of golden Lockes a fairest Haire
(To binde the Boy) shee tooke, But hee afraid
At her Approach sprang swiftly in the Aire,
And mounting farre from Reach look'd backe and said,
Why shouldst thou (Sweet) me seeke in Chaines to binde,
Sith in thine Eyes I dayly am confinde.

V. [2] O. does [5] DN. In faire *Paestanas* fields O. Fields perhaps you grew [12] D. you bore NO. you bore, her Lips
XLII. [5] DNO. flowrie Lists [6] NO. That proudly smil'd her sight to entertaine [14] DNO. thy eyes

MAD. [vi]

ON *this colde World of Ours,*
Flowre of the Seasons, Season of the Flowrs,
Sonne of the Sunne sweet Spring,
Such hote and burning Dayes why doest thou bring?
Is this for that those high Eternall Pow'rs
Flash downe that Fire this All *enuironing?*
Or that now Phœbus *keepes his Sisters Spheare?*
Or doth some Phaëton
Enflame the Sea and Aire?
Or rather is it (*Vsher of the Yeare*)
For that last Day amongst thy Flowrs alone
Vnmask'd thou saw'st my Faire?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd shee did thee burne,
And in thy Brother Summer *doth thee turne.*

SON. [xliii]

DEare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place,
Where from the vulgare I estranged liue,
Contented more with what your Shades mee giue,
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snakie Eye growne iealous of my Peace,
Now from your silent Horrours would mee driue?
When Sunne progressing in his glorious Race
Beyond the *Twinnes*, doth neare our Pole arriue.
What sweet Delight a quiet Life affords,
And what it is to bee of Bondage free,
Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords,
Sweet flowrie Place I first did learne of thee:
Ah! if I were mine owne, your deare Resorts
I would not change with *Princes stately Courts.*

VI. [5] NO. *Is it because* [6] NO. *this World environing* [10] DNO. *is't not* [11] NO. *Or that last day among the Flow'rs alone* [12] D. thou saw [14] NO. *And to thy brother*

XLIII. [2] DNO. Where I estranged from the vulgar [4] D. Then if I had all *Thetis* [5] D. pace [7] NO. advancing [10] NO. from bondage [14] N. *stateliest* O. stateli'st

Sextain. [ii]

SIth gone is my Delight and only Pleasure,
The last of all my Hopes, the chearfull Sunne
That clear'd my Lifes darke Day, Natures sweet Treasure,
More deare to mee than all beneath the Moone,
What resteth now, but that vpon this Mountaine
I weepe, till Heauen transforme mee in a Fountaine ?

Fresh, faire, delicious, christall, pearlie Fountaine,
On whose smoothe Face to looke shee oft tooke Pleasure,
Tell mee (so may thy Streames long cheare this Mountaine,
So Serpent ne're thee staine, nor scorch the Sunne,
So may with gentle Beames thee kisse the Moone)
Doest thou not mourne to want so faire a Treasure ?

While shee her glass'd in thee, rich Tagvs Treasure
Thou enuie needed not, nor yet the Fountaine
In which that Hunter saw the naked Moone,
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy Wealth and Pleasure,
And I remaine like Marigold *of* Sunne
Depriu'd, that dies by Shadow of some Mountaine.

Nymphes of the Forrests, Nymphes who on this Mountaine
Are wont to dance, shewing your Beauties Treasure
To Goate-feete Syluans, *and the wondring* Sunne,
When as you gather Flowres about this Fountaine,
Bid Her Farewell who placed here her Pleasure,
And sing her Praises to the Starres and Moone.

Among the lesser Lights as is the Moone,
Blushing through Scarfe of Clouds on Latmos Mountaine,

II. [3] DNO. *lifes darke Spheare* [4] D. *then all* [6] NO. *to a* Fountaine [11] DNO. *watrie beames* [13] NO. *While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus* Treasure [14] DNO. *Thou needed* [NO. *neededst*] *not enuy* [20] NO. *Blushing through muffling clouds*

Or when her siluer Lockes shee lookes for Pleasure
In Thetis *Streames, prowde of so gay a* Treasure,
Such was my Faire when Shee *sate by this* Fountaine
With other Nymphes, to shunne the amorous Sunne.

As is our Earth in Absence of the Sunne,
Or when of Sunne *depriued is the* Moone,
As is without a verdant Shade a Fountaine,
Or wanting Grasse, a Mead, a Vale, a Mountaine,
Such is my State, bereft of my deare Treasure,
To know whose only Worth was all my Pleasure.

Ne're thinke of Pleasure *Heart, Eyes shunne the* Sunne,
Teares be your Treasure, *which the wandring* Moone
Shall see you shed by Mountaine, *Vale, and* Fountaine.

Son. [xliv]

THou Window, once which serued for a Spheare
To that deare Planet of my Heart, whose Light
Made often blush the glorious Queene of Night,
While *Shee* in thee more beautious did appeare,
What mourning Weedes (alas) now do'st thou weare ?
How loathsome to mine Eyes is thy sad Sight ?
How poorely look'st thou, with what heauie cheare,
Since that Sunne set, which made thee shine so bright ?
Vnhappie now thee close, for as of late
To wondring Eyes thou wast a Paradise,
Bereft of Her who made thee fortunate,
A Gulfe thou art, whence Cloudes of Sighes arise :
But vnto none so noysome as to mee,
Who hourly see my murth'red Ioyes in thee.

[27] NO. *Or when she views her silver Locks for* Pleasure

XLIV. [1] DNO. Window sometime which [5] NO. dost thou now weare [6] DNO. my eyes [7] DO. lookes thou [8] DNO. Since sets [O. set's] that Sunne [10] D. thou was NO. thou wert [14] DN. sees O. sees my murdered

SON. [xlv]

ARe these the flowrie Bankes? is this the *Mead*
Where *Shee* was wont to passe the pleasant hours?
Did here her Eyes exhale mine Eyes salt Showrs,
When on her Lap I laide my wearie Head?
Is this the goodly *Elme* did vs o'respread,
Whose tender Rine cut out in curious Flowrs
By that white Hand, containes those Flames of Ours?
Is this the rusling *Spring* vs Musicke made?
Deflourish'd *Mead* where is your heauenly Hue?
Banke, where that *Arras* did you late adorne,
How looke yee *Elme* all withered and forlorne?
Onely sweet *Spring* nought altered seemes in you:
But while here chang'd each other thing appeares,
To sowre your Streames take of mine Eyes these Teares.

SON. [xlvi]

A *Lexis*, here *shee* stay'd among these Pines
(*Sweet Hermitresse*) *shee* did alone repaire,
Here did *shee* spreade the Treasure of her Haire,
More rich than that brought from the *Colchian* Mines.
Shee set Her by these musket Eglantines,
The happie Place the Print seemes yet to beare,
Her Voyce did sweeten here thy sugred Lines,
To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds did lend their Eare.
Mee here *shee* first perceiu'd, and here a Morne
Of bright *Carnations* did o'respreade her Face,
Here did *shee* sigh, here first my Hopes were borne,
And I first got a Pledge of promis'd Grace:
But (*ah*) what seru'd it to bee happie so?
Sith passed Pleasures double but new Woe.

XLV. [3] DNO. Was't here her Eyes exhalld [4] DNO. And on her lap did lay [5] D. vs did [6] DN. cut forth O. Rind, cut forth [7] O. these [8] DNO. murmuring *Spring* [10] DNO. And Banke, that *Arras* [11] NO. How look'st thou [14] NO. To salt

XLVI. [2] DNO. Sweet Hermitresse did [NO. she did] all alone [O. alone] repaire [4] D. More rich then [5] NO. Here sate *she* [6] DNO. The happie flowres seeme yet the print to beare [8] NO. an Eare [9] NO. *She* here me first perceiv'd [12] NO. Here first I got a Pledge [13] DNO. But *ah* what serues't to haue [NO. to have] beene made happie so

Son. [xlvii]

O Night, cleare Night, O darke and gloomie Day!
O wofull Waking! O Soule-pleasing Sleepe!
O sweet Conceits which in my Braines did creepe!
Yet sowre Conceits which went so soone away.
A Sleepe I had more than poore Words can say,
For clos'd in Armes (mee thought) I did thee keepe,
A sorie Wretch plung'd in Mis-fortunes deepe
Am I not wak'd? when Light doth Lies bewray.
O that that Night had euer still bene blacke!
O that that Day had neuer yet begunne!
And you mine Eyes would yee no time saw Sunne!
To haue your *Sunne* in such a *Zodiacke:*
Loe, what is good of Life is but a Dreame,
When Sorrow is a neuer-ebbing Streame.

Son. [xlviii]

HAire, precious Haire which *Midas* Hand did straine,
Part of the Wreathe of Gold that crownes those Browes
Which *Winters* whitest White in Whitenesse staine,
And Lillie, by *Eridans* Banke that growes.
Haire (fatall Present) which first caus'd my Woes,
When loose yee hang like *Danaës* golden Raine,
Sweet Nettes, which sweetly doe all Hearts enchaine,
Strings, deadly Strings, with which *Loue* bends his Bowes.
How are yee hither come? tell me, O Haire,
Deare Armelet, for what thus were yee giuen?
I know a Badge of Bondage I you weare,
Yet Haire for you, ô that I were a *Heauen!*
Like *Berenices Locke* that yee might shine
(But brighter farre) about this Arme of mine.

XLVII. This sonnet is wanting in D, and in N.
[5] O. more then
XLVIII. [4] DNO *read "Eridans"* F *reads "Eridians," but in some copies of* F (*as, for example, in the Aberdeen University copy of* F, *presented by the author himself*) *the "i" of "Eridians" is erased in ink.*
[10] O. were thus [13] NO. *Locks*

MAD. [vii]

VNhappie Light,
Doe not approach to bring the wofull Day,
When I must bid for ay
Farewell to Her, and liue in endlesse Plight.
Faire Moone, *with gentle Beames*
The Sight who neuer marres,
Long cleare Heauens sable Vault, and you bright Starres
Your golden Lockes long glasse in Earths pure Streames,
Let Phœbus *neuer rise*
To dimme your watchfull Eyes:
Prolong (alas) prolong my short Delight,
And if yee can, make an eternall Night.

SON. [xlix]

WIth Griefe in Heart, and Teares in sowning Eyes,
When I to Her had giu'n a sad Fare-well,
Close sealed with a Kisse, and Dew which fell
On my else-moystned Face from *Beauties* Skies.
So strange Amazement did my Minde surprise,
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd againe,
Like One whome a *Torpedo* stupifies,
Not feeling *Honours* Bit, nor *Reasons* Raine.
But when fierce Starres to parte mee did constraine,
With backe-cast Lookes I enui'd both and bless'd
The happie Walles and Place did Her containe,
Till that Sights Shafts their flying Obiect miss'd,
So wailing parted *Ganamede* the faire,
When Eagles Talents bare him through the Aire.

VII. [7] NO. *Cleare long* [8] NO. *long view*
XLIX. [1] DNO. swelling Eyes [10] DNO. I both enui'd and bliss'd [NO. bless'd] [12] D. Untill Sights Shafts that flying NO. Untill my eyes that flying [14] DNO. bore

MAD. [viii]

I *Feare not hencefoorth Death,*
Sith after this Departure yet I breath,
Let Rocks, and Seas, and Wind,
Their highest Treasons show,
Let Skie and Earth combinde
Striue (if they can) to ende my Life and Woe:
Sith Griefe can not, mee nothing can o'rethrow,
Or if that ought can cause my fatall Lot,
It will bee when I heare I am forgot.

SON. [1]

HOw many times *Nights silent Queene* her Face
Hath hid, how oft with Starres in siluer Maske
In Heauens great Hall shee hath begunne her Taske,
And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place:
How oft the *Sunne* hath made by Heauens swift Race
The happie Louer to forsake the Brest
Of his deare Ladie, wishing in the West
His golden Coach to runne had larger Space:
I euer count, and number, since alas
I bade Farewell to my Hearts dearest Guest,
The Miles I compasse, and in Minde I chase
The Flouds and Mountaines holde mee from my Rest:
But (woe is mee) long count and count may I,
Ere I see Her whose Absence makes mee die.

VIII. This piece is wanting in D, and in N.
L. [9] DNO. and tell since I alas [10] DNO. Did bidde Farewell.
[11] DNO. The Miles I number

SON. [li]

SO grieuous is my Paine, so painefull *Life*,
That oft I finde mee in the Armes of *Death*,
But (Breath halfe gone) that Tyrant called *Death*
Who others killes, restoreth mee to *Life*:
For while I thinke how Woe shall ende with *Life*,
And that I quiet Peace shall ioye by *Death*,
That Thought euen doth o'repowre the Paines of *Death*,
And call mee home againe to lothed *Life*:
Thus doth mine euill transcend both *Life* and *Death*,
While no *Death* is so bad as is my *Life*,
Nor no *Life* such which doth not ende by *Death*,
And *Protean* Changes turne my *Death* and *Life*:
O happie those who in their Birth finde *Death*,
Sith but to languish Heauen affordeth *Life*.

SON. [lii]

FAme, who with golden Pennes abroad dost range
Where *Phœbus* leaues the Night, and brings the Day,
Fame, in one Place who (restlesse) dost not stay
Till thou hast flowne from *Atlas* vnto *Gange*:
Fame, Enemie to *Time* that still doth change,
And in his changing Course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his Way,
Euen making *Vertue* to her selfe looke strange.
Daughter of Heauen; Now all thy Trumpets sound,
Raise vp thy Head vnto the highest Skie,
With Wonder blaze the Gifts in Her are found,
And when *shee* from this mortall Globe shall flie,
In thy wide Mouth, keepe long long keepe her Name,
So thou by Her, shee by thee liue shall *Fame*.

LI. This sonnet is wanting in D, and in N.
LII. [1] DNO. doth range [2] DNO. or brings [3] O. doth not stay
[7] D. All here below [13] NO. keep long, keep long

MAD. [ix]

THe *Iuorie, Corrall, Gold,*
Of Brest, of Lips, of Haire,
So liuely Sleepe *doth show to inward Sight,*
That wake I thinke I hold
No Shadow, but my Faire:
My selfe so to deceaue
With long-shut Eyes I shunne the irkesome Light.
Such Pleasure thus I haue
Delighting in false Gleames,
If Death Sleepes *Brother bee?*
And Soules relieu'd of Sense haue so sweete Dreames?
That I would wish mee thus to dreame and die.

SON. [liii]

I Curse the Night, yet doth from Day mee hide,
The *Pandionian* Birds I tyre with Mones,
The *Ecchoes* euen are weari'd with my Grones,
Since Absence did mee from my Blisse diuide.
Each Dreame, each Toy, my Reason doth affright,
And when Remembrance reades the curious Scroule
Of pass'd Contentments caused by her Sight,
Then bitter Anguish doth inuade my Soule.
While thus I liue ecclipsed of her Light
(*O mee!*) what better am I than the Mole?
Or those whose *Zenith* is the only Pole,
Whose Hemispheare is hid with so long Night?
Saue that in Earth he rests, they hope for Sunne,
I pine, and finde mine endlesse Night begunne.

IX. [8] NO. *here I haue* [11] NO. *And Soules bereft of sense* [12] D. *me so to dreame* NO. *How could I wish thus still to dreame and dye*
LIII. This sonnet is wanting in D, and in N.
[10] O. then the mole

Son. [liv]

OF Death some tell, some of the cruell Paine
Which that bad Crafts-man in his Worke did trie,
When (a new Monster) Flames once did constraine
A humane Corps to yeeld a brutish Crie.
Some tell of those in burning Beds who lie,
For that they durst in the *Phlegræan* Plaine
The mightie Rulers of the Skie defie,
And siege those christall Towres which all containe.
An other countes of *Phlegcthons* hote Floods
The Soules which drinke, *Ixions* endlesse Smart,
And his to whom a Vulture eates the Heart,
One telles of Specters in enchanted Woods:
Of all those Paines he who the worst would proue,
Let him bee absent, and but pine in Loue.

Mad. [x]

TRitons, *which bounding diue*
Through Neptunes *liquide Plaine,*
When as yee shall arriue
With tilting Tides where siluer Ora *playes,*
And to your King his watrie Tribute payes,
Tell how I dying liue,
And burne in midst of all the coldest Maine.

LIV. [4] NO. a bellowing Cry [6] DNO. Because they durst [7] NO. Ruler [11] NO. who feedes a Vulture with his heart [13] DNO. Paines th' extreamest who would proue [14] DNO. burne in Loue

X. This piece is wanting in D, and in N.

Son. [lv]

PLace mee where angry *Titan* burnes the *More*,
And thirstie *Africke* firie Monsters brings,
Or where the new-borne *Phœnix* spreades her Wings,
And Troupes of wondring Birds her Flight adore.
Place mee by *Gange*, or *Indes* empampred Shore,
Where smyling Heauens on Earth cause double Springs,
Place mee where *Neptunes* Quire of *Syrens* sings,
Or where (made hoarse through Cold) hee leaues to roare.
Mee place where *Fortune* doth her Darlings crowne,
A *Wonder*, or a *Sparke* in *Enuies* Eye,
Or late outragious *Fates* vpon mee frowne,
And *Pittie* wailing see disastred *Mee*,
Affections Print my Minde so deepe doth proue,
I may forget my Selfe, but not my Loue.

LV. [5] NO. enammell'd shore [9] NO. Place me [11] NO. Or you outragious *Fates* [13] NO. Till *Pitty*

Poems
The Second Part

POEMS:

BY *W. D.*

THE SECOND PART.

SONNET. [i]

F mortall Glorie ô soone darkned Raye!
O posting Ioyes of Man! more swift than Winde,
O fond Desires! which wing'd with Fancies straye,
O traitrous Hopes! which doe our Iudgements blinde:
Loe, in a Flash that Light is gone away,
Which dazell did each Eye, Delight each Minde,
And with that *Sunne* (from whence it came) combinde,
Now makes more radiant Heauens eternall Day.
Let *Beautie* now be blubbred Cheekes with Teares,
Let widow'd *Musicke* only roare, and plaine,
Poore *Vertue* get thee Wings, and mount the Spheares,
And let thine only Name on Earth remaine.
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, *Loues* Empire foylde,
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetnesse spoylde.

I. [2] DNO. O winged Ioyes [3] DNO. which in our fancies straye [5] D. is went away [9] NO. Let *Beauty* now bedew her cheeks [10] DNO. roare and grone [12] DNO. For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none

SON. [ii]

THose Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,
Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on fire,
Which made that Eye of Heauen that brings the Light
(Oft jealous) staye amaz'd them to admire.
That liuing Snow, those crimson Roses bright,
Those Pearles, those Rubies, which did breede Desire,
Those Lockes of Gold, that Purple faire of *Tyre*,
Are wrapt (*aye mee !*) vp in eternall Night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched World ?
Sith *shee* (who cursed thee made blest) is gone ?
Thine euer-burning Lamps, Rounds euer whorld,
Can vnto thee not modell such a one :
For if they would such Beautie bring on Earth,
They should be forc'd againe to make Her breath.

SON. [iii]

O *Fate !* conspir'd to powre your Worst on mee,
O rigorous Rigour, which doth all confound !
With cruell Hands yee haue cut downe the Tree,
And Fruit and Flowre dispersed on the Ground.
A litle Space of Earth my Loue doth bound,
That Beautie which did raise it to the Skie,
Turn'd in neglected Dust, now low doth lie,
Deafe to my Plaints, and senslesse of my Wound.
Ah ! did I liue for this, *ah !* did I loue ?
For this and was it shee did so excell ?
That ere shee well Lifes sweet-sowre Ioyes did proue,
Shee should (too deare a Guest) with *Horrour* dwell ?
Weake Influence of Heauen ! what faire yee frame,
Falles in the Prime, and passeth like a Dreame.

II. [3] DNO. Of which that Eie of Heauen which brings [4] DNO. stayed [6] D. which did kindle Desire NO. which enflam'd Desire [10] NO. Sith *she* who caused all thy blisse is gone [11] DNO. Thy [12] DNO. Can not vnto thee [13] DN. Or if O. Or if they should

III. [1] DNO. O *Fate* conjur'd [4] D. And fruit and flowrish scattred NO. And fruit with leaves have scattered [7] DNO. disdained Dust [10] DNO. And was't for this (fierce powers) shee did excell [11] DNO. the sweets of life did proue [12] NO. with *Darknesse* dwell [13] DNO. what faire is wrought [14] DNO. like a Thought

SON. [iv]

O Woefull Life! Life, no, but liuing Death,
Fraile Boat of Christall in a rockie Sea,
A Sport expos'd to *Fortunes* stormie Breath,
Which kept with Paine, with Terrour doth decay:
The false Delights, true Woes thou dost bequeath,
Mine all-appalled Minde doe so affraye,
That I those enuie who are laid in Earth,
And pittie them that runne thy dreadfull Waye.
When did mine Eyes behold one chearefull Morne?
When had my tossed Soule one Night of rest?
When did not hatefull Starres my Projects scorne?
O! now I finde for Mortalls what is best:
Euen, sith our voyage shamefull is, and short,
Soone to strike Saile, and perish in the Port.

SON. [v]

MIne Eyes, dissolue your Globes in brinie Streames,
And with a Cloud of Sorrow dimme your Sight,
The Sunnes bright *Sunne* is set, of late whose Beames
Gaue Luster to your Day, Day to your Night.
My Voyce now deafen Earth with Anatheames,
Roare foorth a Challenge in the Worlds Despight,
Tell that disguised Griefe is her Delight,
That Life a Slumber is of fearfull Dreames.
And woefull Minde abhorre to thinke of Ioy,
My Senses all now comfortlesse you hide,
Accept no Object but of blacke Annoy,
Teares, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graues gaping wide,
I haue nought left to wish, my Hopes are dead,
And all with Her beneath a Marble laide.

IV. [3] NO. A Gem expos'd [6] DNO. My all-appalled Minde so doe [8] D. such should runne NO. those who run [11] DNO. Angrie Starres my Designes [D *has the misprint* Sarres] [12] NO. what is for Mortalls best [13] NO. Even, since

V. [1] NO. Dissolve my Eyes [5] D. now deaue the Earth NO. now cleave the Earth [7] NO. Till [10] DNO. My Senses all from comforts all you hide

Son. [vi]

SWeet Soule, which in the Aprill of thy Yeares
So to enrich the Heauen mad'st poore this Round,
And now with golden Rayes of Glorie crown'd
Most blest abid'st aboue the Spheare of Spheares;
If heauenly Lawes (*alas*) haue not thee bound
From looking to this Globe that all vpbeares?
If Rueth and Pittie there aboue bee found?
O daigne to lend a Looke vnto those Teares.
Doe not disdaine (deare Ghost) this sacrifice,
And though I raise not Pillars to thy Praise
Mine Offerings take, let this for mee suffice,
My Heart *a liuing Piramide* I raise:
And whilst Kings Tombes with Lawrels flourish greene,
Thine shall with Mirtles, and these Flowrs bee seene.

Madrigall. [i]

THis *Life which seemes so faire,*
Is like a Bubble blowen vp in the Aire,
By sporting Childrens Breath,
Who chase it euery where,
And striue who can most Motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seeme of its owne Might
(Like to an Eye of gold) to be fix'd there,
And firme to houer in that emptie Hight,
That only is because it is so light,
But in that Pompe it doth not long appeare;
For euen when most admir'd, it in a Thought
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolue in nought.

VI. [2] DNO. For to enrich [3] DNO. with flamming Rayes [4] DNO. abides [8] DNO. these Teares [11] DNO. My offrings [12] NO. I'll raise

I. [11] D. For when it most admir'd is NO. For when 'tis most admired [12] DNO. Because it earst was nought, it turnes to nought

SON. [vii]

O! It is not to mee bright Lampe of Day,
That in the East thou shew'st thy rosie Face,
O! it is not to mee thou leau'st that Sea,
And in these azure Lists beginst thy Race.
Thou shin'st not to the Dead in any Place,
And I (dead) from this World am gone away,
Or if I seeme (a Shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bemone my Case.
My Mirth is lost, my Comforts are dismay'd,
And vnto sad Mis-haps their Place doe yeeld;
My Knowledge doth resemble a bloudie field,
Where I my Hopes, and Helps see prostrate layd.
So painefull is Lifes Course which I haue runne,
That I doe wish it neuer had begunne.

SONG. [i]

SAd Damon *beeing come*
To that for-euer lamentable Tombe,
Which those eternall Powers that all controule
Vnto his liuing Soule
A melancholie Prison had prescriu'd:
Of Hue, of Heate, of Motion quite depriu'd
In Armes wake, trembling, cold,
A Marble, hee the Marble did infold:
And hauing made it warme with many a Showre,
Which dimmed Eyes did powre,
When Griefe had giuen him leaue, and Sighes them stay'd,
Thus with a sad alas *at last he said.*
Who would haue thought to mee
The Place where thou didst lie could grieuous bee?

VII. [2] DNO. thou showes [NO. show'st] thy golden Face [3] D. thou leaues [4] DNO. those azure Lists begins [NO. began'st] [5] D. thou shines not [6] DNO. am past away [8] NO. bewaile my Case [11] NO. represents a bloudy Field [13] DNO. So plaintfull

I. [3] O. these [6] D. *of motion depriu'd* NO. *Of Colour, Heat, and motion depriv'd* [7] DNO. *weake* [N. *wake*], *Fainting, Cold* [9] DNO. *And hauing warme it made* [14] D. *thou did lie*

And that (deare Body) long thee hauing sought
(O mee!) who would have thought?
Thee once to finde it should my Soule confound,
And giue my Heart than Death a deeper Wound?
Thou didst disdaine my Teares,
But grieue not that this ruethfull Stone them beares,
Mine Eyes serue only now for thee to weepe,
And let their Course them keepe,
Although thou neuer wouldst them Comfort show,
Doe not repine, they haue Part of thy Woe.
Ah *Wretch! too late I finde,*
How Vertues *glorious Titles proue but Winde;*
For if shee any could release from Death,
Thou yet enioy'd hadst Breath;
For if shee ere appear'd to mortall Eine,
It was in thy faire Shape that shee was seene.
But ô! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why doe outragious Fates *which dimm'd thy Sight,*
Let mee see hatefull Light?
They without mee made Death *thee to surprise*
Tyrants (perhaps) *that they might kill mee twise.*
O Griefe! and could one Day
Haue Force such Excellence to take away?
Could a swift-flying Moment (ah) *deface*
Those matchlesse Gifts, that Grace
Which Art *and* Nature *had in thee combinde,*
To make thy Body paragone thy Minde?
Haue all past like a Cloud,
And doth eternall Silence now them shroud?
Is what so much admir'd was nought but Dust,
Of which a Stone hath trust?
O Change! ô cruell Change! thou to our Sight

[18] DNO. *then death* [19] D. *Thou did disdaine* [21] DNO. *Mine Eies for nothing serue, but thee to weepe* [22] NO. *that course* [27] NO. *For if that Vertue could* [35] DNO. *Death thee surprise* [36] NO. *Tyrants (no doubt) that* [43] DNO. *Hath all pass'd* [45] NO. *Is that, so much admir'd, now nought but Dust*

Shewes Destines *Rigour equall doth their Might.*
When thou from Earth didst passe
(Sweet Nymph) Perfections Mirrour broken was,
And this of late so glorious World of ours,
Like Meadow without Flowrs,
Or Ring of a rich Gemme made blind, appear'd,
Or Night, by Starre nor Cynthia *neither clear'd.*
Loue *when hee saw thee die,*
Entomb'd him in the Lidde of either Eye,
And left his Torch within thy sacred Vrne,
There for a Lampe to burne:
Worth, Honour, Pleasure, with thy Life expir'd,
Death since (growne sweet) beginnes to bee desir'd.
Whilst thou to vs wast giuen,
The Earth her Venus *had as well as Heauen:*
Nay and her Sunne, *which burnt as many Hearts,*
As hee doth Easterne Parts;
Bright Sunne, which forc'd to leaue these Hemispheares,
Benighted set into a Sea of Teares.
Ah Death! *who shall thee flie?*
Sith the most worthie bee o'rethrowne by thee?
Thou spar'st the Rauens, and Nightingalles dost kill,
And triumphes at thy will:
But giue thou canst not such an other Blow,
Because like Her Earth can none other show.
O bitter-Sweets of Loue!
How better is 't at all you not to proue?
Than when wee doe your Pleasure most possesse,
To find them then made lesse?
O! that the Cause which doth consume our Ioy

[48] NO. *Show'st the* Fates *Rigour equall to their Might* [49] D. *did passe* [53] N. *which blind appear'd* [54] NO. *Or Starless night, or* Cynthia *nothing clear'd* [61] D. *was giuen* NO. *wert given* [63] NO. Suns [65] NO. *Suns* [68] NO. *Since the most mighty are* [69] D. *Thou spares the Rauens and Nightingalls doth kill* NO. *the Crow, and Nightingall* [70] NO. *triumphst* [71] D. *thou can not* O. thou cannot [72] D. *Because Earth can not one like her thee show* NO. *Because Earth cannot such another show* [75] DN. *Nor when wee doe your pleasures* O. pleasures [76] O. thus made

Remembrance of it too, would too destroy!
What doth this Life bestow
But Flowrs on Thornes which grow?
Which though they sometime blandishing delighte,
Yet afterwards vs smite?
And if the rising Sunne them faire doth see,
That Planet setting, too beholdes them die.
This World is made a Hell,
Depriu'd of all that in it did excell.
O Pan, Pan, *Winter is fallen in our May,*
Turn'd is in Night our Day;
Forsake thy Pipe, a Scepter take to thee,
Thy Lockes disgarland, thou blacke Ioue *shalt bee.*
The Flockes doe leaue the Meads,
And loathing three-leaf'd Grasse, hold vp their Heads.
The Streames not glide now with a gentle Rore,
Nor Birds sing as before,
Hilles stand with Clouds like Mourners, vail'd in Blacke,
And Owles on Caban Roofes fore-tell our Wracke.
That Zephyre *euerie Yeere*
So soone was heard to sigh in Forrests heere,
It was for Her: that wrapt in Gownes of Greene,
Meads were so earelie seene,
That in the saddest Months oft sung the Mearles,
It was for Her: for her Trees dropt foorth Pearles.
That prowde, and statelie Courts,
Did enuie those our Shades, and calme Resorts,
It was for Her: and she is gone, ô Woe!
Woods cut, againe doe grow,
Budde doth the Rose, and Dazie, Winter done,
But wee once dead no more doe see the Sunne.
Whose Name shall now make ring
The Ecchoes? *of whom shall the Nymphettes sing?*

[78] NO. *Would the remembrance of it too destroy!* [81] NO. *sometime blandish soft delight* [84] NO. *setting doth behold* [86] O. did in it [87] N. *in May* [88] NO. *to night* [90] DO. *shall be* [95] D. *Hills stands* [*In the Oxford copy of* D, *the "s" of "stands" is erased in ink.*] [101] D. *song* N. *sang* [104] DNO. *these* [108] DNO. *doe no more see*

Whose heauenlie Voyce, whose Soule-inuading Straines,
Shall fill with Ioy the Plaines?
What Haire, what Eyes, can make the Morne *in East*
Weepe, that a fairer riseth in the West?
Faire Sunne, poste still away,
No Musicke heere is found thy Course to stay.
Sweet Hybla *Swarmes with Wormewood fill your Bowrs,*
Gone is the Flowre of Flowrs,
Blush no more Rose, nor Lillie pale remaine,
Dead is that Beautie which yours late did staine.
Aye mee! *to waile my Plight*
Why haue not I as many Eyes as Night?
Or as that Shepheard which Ioues *Loue did keepe?*
That I still still may weepe:
But though I had, my Teares vnto my Crosse
Were not yet equall, nor Griefe to my Losse,
Yet of you brinie Showrs,
Which I heere powre, may spring as many Flowrs,
As came of those which fell from Helens *Eyes,*
And when yee doe arise,
May euerie Leafe in sable Letters beare
The dolefull Cause for which yee spring vp heere.

116 DNO. *is left* 117 O. Hybla's 128 O. Which here I 129 NO. *As come*

MAD. [ii]

DEare Night, *the Ease of Care,*
Vntroubled Seate of Peace,
Times *eldest Childe, which oft the Blinde doe see,*
On this our Hemispheare,
What makes thee now so sadly darke to bee?
Comm'st thou in funerall Pompe her Graue to grace?
Or doe those Starres which should thy Horrour cleare,
In Ioues *high Hall aduise,*
In what Part of the Skies,
With them, or Cynthia *shee shall appeare?*
Or (ah alas!) *because those matchlesse Eyes*
Which shone so faire, below thou dost not finde,
Striu'st thou to make all other Eyes looke blinde?

SON. [viii]

MY Lute, bee as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy greene Mother in some shadie Groue,
When immelodious *Windes* but made thee moue,
And *Birds* on thee their Ramage did bestow.
Sith that deare Voyce which did thy Sounds approue,
Which vs'd in such harmonious Straines to flow,
Is reft from Earth *to tune those Spheares aboue,*
What art thou but a Harbenger of Woe?
Thy pleasing Notes, be pleasing Notes no more,
But orphane Wailings to the fainting Eare,
Each Stoppe a Sigh, each Sound drawes foorth a Teare,
Bee therefore silent as in Woods before,
Or if that any Hand to touch thee daigne,
Like widow'd Turtle, still her Losse complaine.

II. [6] DO. Comes thou [13] D. Striues thou
VIII. [1] DNO. as thou was [NO. wert] when thou did grow [4] D. their ramage on thee did NO. their ramage did on thee [5] NO. Since [6] DNO. Which wont [*In the Oxford copy of* D, *the misprint* Sraines *is corrected in ink to* Straines] [10] NO. But Orphans [11] DNO. Each Stroke [12] D. For which thou silent [*In the Oxford copy of* D, thou *is corrected in ink to* be] NO. For which be silent

SON. [ix]

SWeet *Spring*, thou turn'st with all thy goodlie Traine,
Thy Head with Flames, thy Mantle bright with Flowrs,
The *Zephyres* curle the greene Lockes of the Plaine,
The Cloudes for Ioy in Pearles weepe downe their Showrs.
Thou turn'st (sweet Youth) but *ah* my pleasant Howres,
And happie Dayes, with thee come not againe,
The sad Memorialls only of my Paine
Doe with thee turne, which turne my Sweets in Sowres.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, faire,
But *shee*, whose Breath embaulm'd thy wholesome Aire,
Is gone: nor Gold, nor Gemmes Her can restore.
Neglected *Vertue*, Seasons goe and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a Tombe.

SON. [x]

WHat doth it serue to see Sunnes burning Face?
And Skies enamell'd with both the *Indies* Gold?
Or Moone at Night in jettie Charriot roll'd?
And all the Glorie of that starrie Place?
What doth it serue Earths Beautie to behold?
The Mountaines Pride, the Meadowes flowrie Grace,
The statelie Comelinesse of Forrests old,
The Sport of Flouds which would themselues embrace?
What doth it serue to heare the *Syluans* Songs,
The wanton Mearle, the Nightingalles sad Straines,
Which in darke Shades seeme to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth serue all that this World containes,
Sith shee for whome those once to mee were deare,
No Part of them can haue now with mee heere?

IX. [1] D. thou turnes [5] D. Thou turnes N. Dost returne sweet Youth? O. Turn thou, sweet Youth? [8] NO. to Sow'rs [9] D. thou was NO. thou wert [10] NO. Delicious, lusty [12] NO. can her [14] DNO. When thine

X. [1] NO. the Suns bright Face [2] D. And *Skies* enembl'd NO. with the *Indian* gold [3] N. Or the Moone in a fierce Chariot rold O. Or jetty Moon at Night in Chariot roll'd [10] NO. The cheerefull Thrush [11] DNO. seems [13] NO. Since *she* [14] DNO. Can haue no part of them now

MAD. [iii]

THe Beautie, and the Life,
Of Lifes, *and* Beauties *fairest Paragon,*
(O Teares! & Griefe!) hang at a feeble Thread,
To which pale Atropos *had set her Knife,*
The Soule with many a Grone
Had left each outward Part,
And now did take his last Leaue of the Heart,
Nought else did want, saue Death, *euen to be dead:*
When the afflicted Band about her Bed
(*Seeing so faire him come in Lips, Cheekes, Eyes*)
Cried, ah! *and can* Death enter Paradise?

SON. [xi]

AH Napkin, ominous Present of my Deare,
Gift miserable, which doth now remaine
The only Guerdon of my helpelesse Paine,
When I thee got thou shew'd my State too cleare:
I neuer since haue ceased to complaine,
Since, I the Badge of *Griefe* did euer weare,
Ioy on my Face durst neuer since appeare,
Care was the Food which did mee entertaine.
Now (since made mine) deare *Napkin* doe not grieue
That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eine,
And that (these posting Houres I am to liue)
I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine:
No, I must yet euen begge of thee the Grace,
That thou wouldst daigne in Graue to shrowde my Face.

III. [3] NO. hung [8] DNO. for to be dead [9] NO. When the sad company [10] NO. Seeing Death invade her lips
XI. [1] NO. Ah *Handkercher* [O. Handkercheif], sad present [4] DNO. thou shewst [*In the Oxford copy of* D, to *is corrected in ink to* too] [6] NO. I since [7] NO. *Ioy* in [9] D. But sith thou mine art (*Napken*) doe not grieue NO. But since thou art mine, O do not grieve [11] DNO. And that I (this short Time I am to liue) [12] DNO. Laundre thy silken Figures [14] D. In Graue that thou wouldst daigne to NO. That in my Grave thou daigne to

MAD. [iv]

POore Turtle, thou bemones
The Losse of thy deare Loue,
And I for mine send foorth these smoaking Grones,
Vnhappie widow'd Doue,
While all about doe sing,
I at the Roote, Thou on the Branche aboue,
Euen wearie with our Mones the gaudie Spring.
Yet these our Plaints wee doe not spend in vaine,
Sith sighing Zephyres *answere vs againe.*

SON. [xii]

AS in a duskie and tempestuous Night,
A Starre is wont to spreade her Lockes of Gold,
And while her pleasant Rayes abroad are roll'd,
Some spitefull Cloude doth robbe vs of her Sight:
(Faire Soule) in this blacke Age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all Eyes with Wonder thee beholde,
Till vglie *Death* depriuing vs of Light,
In his grimme mistie Armes thee did enfolde.
Who more shall vaunt true Beautie heere to see?
What Hope doth more in any Heart remaine,
That such Perfections shall his *Reason* raine?
If Beautie with thee borne too died with thee?
World, plaine no more of *Loue*, nor count his Harmes,
With his pale Trophees *Death* hath hung his Armes.

XII. [14] O. has hung

SON. [xiii]

SIth it hath pleas'd that First and *onlie Faire*
To take that Beautie to himselfe againe,
Which in *this World of Sense* not to remaine,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repaire,
The Loue which to that Beautie I did beare
(Made pure of mortall Spots which did it staine,
And endlesse, which euen *Death* cannot impaire)
I place on him who will it not disdaine.
No shining Eyes, no Lockes of curling Gold,
No blushing Roses on a virgine Face,
No outward Show, no, nor no inward Grace,
Shall Force hereafter haue my Thoughts to hold:
Loue heere on Earth hudge Stormes of Care doe tosse,
But plac'd aboue, exempted is from Losse.

MAD. [v]

MY Thoughts hold mortall Strife,
I doe detest my Life,
And with lamenting Cries
(Peace to my Soule to bring)
Oft calles that Prince which here doth Monarchise,
But Hee grimme-grinning King,
Who Catiues scornes, and doth the Blest surprise,
Late hauing deckt with Beauties *Rose his Tombe,*
Disdaines to croppe a Weede, and will not come.

XIII. [1] NO. Since DNO. supreme *Faire* [12] NO. Shall power haue my thoughts henceforth to hold [13] NO. doth tosse [14] D. eximed is from losse

V. This piece is wanting in D, and in N.

[5] O. Oft call

SONG. [ii]

IT Autumne *was, and on our Hemispheare*
Faire Ericyne *began bright to appeare,*
Night *West-ward did her gemmie World decline,*
And hide her Lights, that greater Light might shine :
The crested Bird had giuen Alarum twise
To lazie Mortalls, to vnlocke their Eyes,
The Owle had left to plaine, and from each Thorne
The wing'd Musicians did salute the Morne,
Who (while shee glass'd her Lockes in Ganges *Streames)*
Set open wide the christall Port of Dreames :
When I, whose Eyes no drowsie Night could close,
In Sleepes *soft Armes did quietly repose,*
And, for that Heauens to die mee did denie,
Deaths *Image kissed, and as dead did lie.*
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my Cares,
And slaked scarce my Sighes, scarce dried my Teares,
Sleepe *scarce the vglie Figures of the Day*
Had with his sable Pincell put away,
And left mee in a still and calmie Mood,
When by my Bed (me thought) a Virgine stood,
A Virgine in the blooming of her Prime,
If such rare Beautie measur'd bee by Time ?
Her Head a Garland ware of Opalls bright,
About Her flow'd a Gowne as pure as Light,
Deare amber Lockes gaue Vmbrage to her Face,
Where Modestie *high* Majestie *did grace,*
Her Eyes such Beames sent foorth, that but with Paine
Here, weaker Sights their sparckling could sustaine :
No Deitie faign'd which haunts the silent Woods
Is like to Her, nor Syrene *of the Floods :*
Such is the golden Planet of the Yeare,

II. 4 O. greater Lights 5 O. Alarm 9 NO. *she dress'd her Locks* 13 NO. *did me* 23 NO. *wore* 24 DNO. *like purest Light* 25 NO. *Pure Amber Locks* 28 N. *Her weaker Sights* O. Sparklings 29 DNO. *No faigned Deitie which haunts the Woods*

When blushing in the East hee doth appeare.
Her Grace did Beautie, Voyce yet Grace did passe,
Which thus through Pearles and Rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou (said shee) estrang'd from Ioy,
Paint Shadowes to thy selfe of false Annoy?
How long thy Minde with horride Shapes affrighte,
And in imaginarie Euills delighte?
Esteeme that Losse which (well when view'd) is Gaine,
Or if a Losse, yet not a Losse to plaine?
O leaue thy tyred Soule more to molest,
And thinke that Woe when shortest then is best.
If shee for whom thou deafnest thus the Skie
Bee dead? what then? was shee not borne to die?
Was shee not mortall borne? if thou dost grieue
That Times should bee, in which shee should not liue,
Ere e're shee was, weepe that Dayes Wheele was roll'd,
Weepe that shee liu'd not in the Age of Gold:
For that shee was not then, thou may'st deplore
As duely as that now shee is no more.
If onely shee had died, thou sure hadst Cause
To blame the Destines *and Heauens yrone Lawes:*
But looke how many Millions Her aduance,
What numbers with Her enter in this Dance,
With those which are to come: shall Heauens them staye,
And Alls *faire Order breake, thee to obaye?*
Euen as thy Birth, Death which thee doth appall,
A Piece is of the Life of this great All.
Strong Cities die, die doe high palmie Raignes,
And (weakling) thou thus to bee handled plaines.
If shee bee dead? then shee of lothsome Dayes
Hath past the Line, whose Length but Losse bewrayes;
Then shee hath left this filthie Stage of Care,

[39] O. (when well view'd) [40] N. *too plaine* [41] DNO. *plaintfull Soule* [43] DNO. *thou thus dost deaue* [NO. *deafe*] [50] DNO. *As well as that she now can be no more* [52] D. *and their irone Lawes* NO. *To blame the Fates, and their too iron Laws* [56] NO. *And th' Universe dissolve thee to obey* [57] DNO. *As Birth, Death, which so much thee apall* [60] DNO. *And fondling thou thus to be treat* [NO. *us'd*] *complaines*

Where Pleasure seldome, Woe doth still repaire:
For all the Pleasures which it doth containe,
Not conteruaile the smallest Minutes Paine.
And tell mee, Thou who dost so much admire
This litle Vapour, Smoake, this Sparke, or Fire,
Which Life *is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath,*
But some few Yeeres which Birth drawes out to Death?
Which if thou paragone, with Lusters runne,
And them whose Carriere is but now begunne,
In Dayes great Vaste they shall farre lesse appeare,
Than with the Sea when matched is a Teare.
But why wouldst thou Here longer wish to bee?
One Yeere doth serue all Natures *Pompe to see,*
Nay, euen one Day, and Night: This Moone, that Sunne,
Those lesser Fires about this Round which runne,
Bee but the same which vnder Saturnes *Raigne*
Did the serpenting Seasons *enterchaine.*
How oft doth Life grow lesse by liuing long?
And what excelleth but what dieth yong?
For Age which all abhorre (yet would embrace)
Whiles makes the Minde as wrinckled as the Face:
And when that Destinies *conspire with Worth,*
That Yeeres not glorie Wrong, Life soone goes forth.
Leaue then Laments, and thinke thou didst not liue,
Lawes to that first eternall Cause to giue,
But to obey those Lawes which hee hath giuen,
And bow vnto the just Decrees of Heauen,
Which can not erre, what euer foggie Mists
Doe blinde Men in these sublunarie Lists.
But what if shee for whom thou spend'st those Grones,
And wastest Lifes deare Torch in ruethfull Mones,

[64] O. Pleasures [65] D. *For all the Pleasures which it intertaine* [68] D. *This little Vapour, Recke, this Sparke or Fire* NO. *This little Vapour, this poore Sparke of Fire* [71] NO. *if thou paralell* [72] NO. *Or those whose courses are* [73] NO. *In daies great Numbers* [O. Number] *they shall lesse appeare* [74] D. *Then with* [75] O. shouldst [84] NO. *Doth make* [85] D. *And when that Destines doe conspire* [85] *and* [86] *are wanting in* N *and* O. [87] DNO. *Then leaue* [93] DO. *thou spends* [94] DNO. *And wastes thy*

Shee for whose sake thou hat'st the joyfull Light,
Court'st solitarie Shades, and irkesome Night,
Doth liue? ô! (if thou canst) through Teares a Space
Lift thy dimm'd Lights, and looke vpon this Face,
Looke if those Eyes which (foole) thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before?
Looke if those Roses Death *could ought impaire,*
Those Roses to thee once which seem'd so faire?
And if these Lockes haue lost ought of that Gold,
Which earst they had when thou them didst behold?
I liue, and happie liue, but thou art dead,
And still shalt bee, till thou be like mee made.
Alas! *whilst wee are wrapt in Gownes of Earth,*
And blinde, heere sucke the Aire of Woe beneath,
Each thing in Senses Ballances wee wie,
And but with Toyle, and Paine the Trueth descrie.
Aboue this vaste and admirable Frame,
This Temple visible, which World *wee name,*
Within whose Walles so many Lamps doe burne,
So many Arches opposite doe turne,
Where Elementall Brethren nurse their Strife,
And by intestine Warres maintaine their Life,
There is a World, a World of perfect Blisse,
Pure, immateriall, bright, more farre from this,
Than that high Circle which the rest enspheares
Is from this dull ignoble Vale of Teares,
A World, where all is found, that heere is found,
But further discrepant than Heauen and Ground:
It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,
With Creatures peopled, stor'd with Trees, and Flowrs,
It hath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle cast,
Which decketh of harmonious Shores the Waste,

95 D. *thou hates* 96 DO. *Courts* 97 O. ah! 102 DNO. *which thou once said* [NO. *saidst*] *were* 104 NO. *Which once* 107 NO. *while* 111 *In the copies of* F *presented by Drummond, "waste" is corrected in ink to "vaste" by Drummond himself.* 114 NO. *Arches with crosse motions turne* 115 DNO. *the* [O. th'] *Elementall Brothers* 118 N. *as brighter far from this* O. bright as, far from this 119 NO. *As that* 122 D. *farder* 124 NO. *and adorned with Flow'rs* 126 DNO. *decks of the harmonious*

It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Aire,
Moone, Sunne, and Starres, Heauens wonderfully faire:
But there Flowrs doe not fade, Trees grow not olde,
The Creatures doe not die through Heat nor Colde,
Sea there not tossed is, nor Aire made blacke,
Fire doth not nurse it selfe on others Wracke;
There Heauens bee not constrain'd about to range,
For this World hath no neede of any Change:
The Minutes grow not Houres, Houres rise not Dayes,
Dayes make no Months, but euer-blooming Mayes.
Heere I remaine, and hitherward doe tend
All who their Spanne of Dayes in Vertue spend:
What euer Pleasure this low Place containes,
It is a Glance but of what high remaines.
Those who (perchance) thinke there can nothing bee
Without this wide Expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts Starres Circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their Sense,
Feele such a Case, as one whom some Abisme
Of the Deepe Ocean *kept had all his Time:*
Who borne and nourish'd there, can scarcely dreame
That ought can liue without that brinie Streame,
Can not beleeue that there be Temples, Towres,
Which goe beyond his Caues and dampish Bowres,
Or there bee other People, Manners, Lawes,
Than them hee finds within the roaring Waues,
That sweeter Flowrs doe spring than grow on Rockes,
Or Beasts bee which excell the skalie Flockes,
That other Elements bee to bee found,
Than is the Water, and this Ball of Ground.

[129] NO. *Flow'rs never there do fade* [130] NO. *No Creature dieth there* [132] NO. *Fire doth not greedy feed on* [135] NO. *Minutes mount not to Houres, nor Houres to Daies* [139] DNO. *What euer Pleasant* [140] DNO. *Is but a glance of what aboue remaines* [142] NO. *Beyond this* [146] NO. *In the deep* [147] DNO. *cannot belieue* [148] DNO. *That elsewhere Ought without those waues can liue* [152] D. *the churlish Waues* NO. *Than what he finds within the churlish Waves* [154] NO. *Or Beasts there are* [155] NO. *are to be found*

But thinke that Man from those Abismes were brought,
And saw what curious Nature *here hath wrought,*
Did see the Meads, the tall and shadie Woods,
The Hilles did see, the cleare and ambling Floods,
The diuerse Shapes of Beasts which Kinds foorth bring,
The feathred Troupes, that flie and sweetly sing:
Did see the Palaces, the Cities faire,
The Forme of humane Life, the Fire, the Aire,
The brightnesse of the Sunne that dimmes his Sight,
The Moone, the gastly Splendors of the Night:
What vncouth Rapture would his Minde surprise?
How would hee his (late-deare) Resort despise?
How would hee muse how foolish hee had beene
To thinke nought bee, but what hee there had seene?
Why did wee get this high and vaste Desire,
Vnto immortall things still to aspire?
Why doth our Minde extend it beyond Time,
And to that highest Happinesse *euen clime?*
If wee be nought but what to Sense wee seeme,
And Dust, as most of Worldlings vs esteeme?
Wee bee not made for Earth, though here wee come,
More than the Embryon *for the Mothers Wombe:*
It weepes to bee made free, and wee complaine
To leaue this loathsome Iayle of Care and Paine.
But thou who vulgare Foot-steps dost not trace,
Learne to raise vp thy Minde vnto this Place,
And what Earth-creeping Mortalles most affect,
If not at all to scorne, yet to neglect:
O chase not Shadowes vaine, which when obtain'd,

157 NO. *from this Abisme being brought* 158 NO. *Did see* 159 NO. *Did view* 160 NO. *And mark'd the hills, and the cleare rowling flouds* 161 NO. *And all the Beasts that Nature forth doth bring* 162 O. flee 163 NO. *Observ'd the Palaces, and Cities faire* 164 DNO. *Mens Fashion of Life* 166 NO. *The Moone, and splendors of the painted Night* 167 NO. *sudden rapture* 170 NO. *To thinke all nothing but what there was seen* 171 NO. *Why do we* 175 N. *For we are more than what* O. If we are 176 NO. *And more than Dust us Worldlings do esteeme* 177 O. We are 178 O. Embryo 182 N. *to rowse up thy mind to view this place* 184 N. *yet not to neglect* 185 NO. *Seek not vaine shadows, which when once obtain'd*

Were better lost, than with such Trauell gain'd.
Thinke that, on Earth which Humanes Greatnesse *call,*
Is but a glorious Title to liue thrall:
That Scepters, Diadems, and Chaires of State,
Not in themselues, but to small Mindes are great:
How those who loftiest mount, doe hardest light,
And deepest Falls bee from the highest Hight;
How Fame *an* Eccho *is, how all Renowne*
Like to a blasted Rose, ere Night falles downe:
And though it something were, thinke how this Round
Is but a litle Point, which doth it bound.
O leaue that Loue which reacheth but to Dust,
And in that Loue eternall *only trust,*
And Beautie, *which when once it is possest,*
Can only fill the Soule, and make it blest.
Pale Enuie, jealous Emulations, Feares,
Sighs, Plaints, Remorse, here haue no Place, nor Teares,
False Ioyes, vaine Hopes, here bee not, Hate nor Wrath,
What ends all Loue, here most augments it, Death.
If such Force had the dimme Glance of an Eye,
Which some few Dayes thereafter was to die,
That it could make thee leaue all other things,
And like the Taper-flie there burne thy Wings?
And if a Voyce, of late which could but waile,
Such Power had, as through Eares thy Soule to steale?
If once thou on that only Faire *couldst gaze,*
What Flames of Loue would hee within thee raise?
In what a mazing Maze would it thee bring,
To heare but once that Quire celestiall sing?
The fairest Shapes on which thy Loue did sease,
Which earst did breede Delight, then would displease,
Then Discords hoarse were Earths entising Sounds,
All Musicke but a Noyse which Sense confounds.

186 NO. *Are better los'd* 187 NO. *what worldlings* 191 NO. *That those* 193 NO. *That* Fame, *an Eccho is, and all Renown* 206 NO. *Which but some few daies afterwards did die* 208 NO. *And like a* 211 N. poorely Faire O. purely Fair could 212 NO. *would this* 213 N. *In what a musing Maze* O. In what amazing Maze 217 O. But Discords

This great and burning Glasse that cleares all Eyes,
And musters with such Glorie in the Skies,
That siluer Starre which with its sober Light,
Makes Day oft enuie the eye-pleasing Night,
Those golden Letters which so brightly shine
In Heauens great Volume gorgeously diuine,
The Wonders all in Sea, in Earth, in Aire,
Bee but darke Pictures of that Soueraigne Faire,
Bee Tongues, which still thus crie into your Eare,
(*Could yee amidst Worlds* Cataracts *them heare*)
From fading things (*fond Wights*) *lift your Desire,*
And in our Beautie, his vs made admire,
If wee seeme faire? ô thinke how faire is Hee,
Of whose faire Fairnesse, Shadowes, Steps, we bee.
No Shadow can compare it with the Face,
No Step with that deare Foot which did it trace;
Your Soules immortall are, then place them hence,
And doe not drowne them in the Must of Sense:
Doe not, ô doe not by false Pleasures Might
Depriue them of that true, and sole Delight.
That Happinesse yee seeke is not below,
Earths sweetest Ioy is but disguised Woe.
Heere did shee pause, and with a milde Aspect
Did towards mee those lamping Twinnes direct:
The wonted Rayes I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answere make, thrice faultring Tongue it stay'd.
And while vpon that Face I fed my Sight,
Mee thought shee vanish'd vp in Titans *Light,*
Who guilding with his Rayes each Hill and Plaine,
Seem'd to haue brought the Gold-smiths World againe.

[219] DNO. *which cleares* [221] D. *with her sober Light* NO. *with her purer Light* [225] NO. *All wonders in the Sea, the Earth, the Aire* [227] NO. *And Tongues* [229] NO. (*fond Men*) [232] NO. *great Fairenesse* [233] NO. *compare unto the Face* [236] NO. *Mist of Sense* [237] O. O do not, do not [248] NO. *the Golden World*

TEARES,
ON THE DEATH
of *Mœliades.*

To the Author.

IN Waues of *Woe* thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse,
And doe burst vp the Conduits of my Teares,
Whose ranckling Wound no smoothing Baulme long beares,
But freshly bleedes when Ought vpbraides my Losse.
Then thou so sweetly *Sorrow* makes to sing,
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,
That more *Delight* thine *Anguish* doth afford,
Than others *Ioyes* can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits (when rauish'd) doe affect,
To force Affections, metamorphose Mindes,
Whilst *numbrous Power* the Soule in secret bindes,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect:
For neuer Plaints did greater Pittie moue,
The best Applause that can such Notes approue.

S^r. *W. Alexander.*

[2] NO. *And make run out the floud-gates of my teares* [4] NO. *But freely bleeds* [5] NO. *'Tis thou so sweetly* Sorrow *makest* [7] ACDNO. *Thy* Anguish [8] A. *Then others Ioyes* [11] O. numerous Power

TEARES,

ON THE DEATH

of Mœliades.

Heauens! *then is it true that Thou art gone,*
And left this woefull Ile *her Losse to mone,*
Mœliades? *bright* Day-Starre *of the* West,
A Comet, *blazing Terrour to the* East:
And neither that thy Spright *so heauenly wise,*
Nor Bodie (*though of* Earth) *more pure than* Skies,
Nor royall Stemme, *nor thy sweet tender* Age,
Of adamantine Fates *could quench the* Rage?
O fading Hopes! *O short-while-lasting* Ioy!
Of Earth-borne Man, which one Houre can destroy!
Then euen of Vertues *Spoyles* Death *Trophees reares,*
As if hee gloried most in many Teares.
Forc'd by grimme Destines, Heauens *neglect our Cryes,*
Starres *seeme set only to acte* Tragœdies:
And let them doe their Worst, *since thou art gone,*
Raise whom they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,
Staine Princely Bowres *with* Blood, *and euen to* Gange,
In Cypresse *sad, glad* Hymens Torches *change.*
Ah! *thou hast left to liue, and in the Time,*
When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant Prime,
So falles by Northerne Blast a virgine Rose,
At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close:

THE *Name* which in these Verses is giuen Prince HENRIE, is that which he himselfe in ẽy Challenges of his Martial Sports, & Mascarads, was wont to vse, *Mœliades Prince of the Isles* which in *Anagramme* maketh *Miles A DEO*

[6] ACD. then Skies [8] ACDNO. Of cruell Destinies [10] ACDNO. that one houre [13] ACDNO. Forc'd by [A. be] hard Fates, doe Heauens [14] ACDNO. Are Starres set onely [15] NO. Then let them [16] N. thou list [19] ACD. *Ah* thou hath [20] NO. blossom'd'st

So a sweet Flourish *languishing decayes,*
That late did blush when kist by Phœbus *Rayes:*
So Phœbus *mounting the* Meridians *Hight,*
Choack'd by pale Phœbe, *faints vnto our Sight,*
Astonish'd Nature *sullen stands to see*
The Life *of all this* All, *so chang'd to bee,*
In gloomie Gownes the Starres *about deplore,*
The Sea *with murmuring Mountaines beates the Shore,*
Blacke Darknesse *reeles o're all, in thousand Showres*
The weeping Aire, *on* Earth *her Sorrow powres,*
That (in a Palsey) quakes to finde so soone
Her Louer *set, and* Night *burst foorth ere* Noone.
If Heauen (alas) *ordain'd thee young to die,*
Why was it not where thou thy Might did'st trie?
And to the hopefull World *at least set forth*
Some litle Sparke of thine expected Worth?
Mœliades, *ô that by* Isters *Streames,*
Amongst shrill-sounding Trumpets, flaming Gleames
Of warme encrimson'd Swords, and Cannons Roare,
Balls thicke as Raine pour'd by the Caspian *Shore,*
Amongst crush'd Lances, ringing Helmes, and Shields,
Dismembred Bodies rauishing the Fields,
In Turkish Blood *made red like* Marses Starre,
Thou ended hadst thy Life, and Christian Warre!
Or as braue Burbon *thou hadst made old* Rome,
Queene of the World, *thy Triumphs Place, and Tombe!*
So Heauens *faire Face to the vnborne which reades*
A Booke had beene of thine illustrous Deedes:
So to their Nephewes aged Syres had told

[23] NO. So a sweet *Flower* [29] NO. this losse deplore [33] ACDNO. to see so soone [36] ACDNO. Why was't not where thou mightst thy valour trie [37] ACDNO. wondring world [38] ACDNO. of thy [40] ACDNO. Mong sounding trumpets, fierie twinckling gleames [41] ACDNO. vermilion Swords [42] NO. pour'd on [43] ACDNO. Mong [NO. 'Mongst] broken speares, mong [NO. 'mongst] ringing helmes & shieldes [44] ACDNO. Huge heapes of slaughtred bodies long the fieldes [46] ACD. Thou ended had [47] ACD. thou had made [48] ACDNO. thy triumph and thy tombe [49] A. to comming worlds which reedes CDNO. to Th' vnborne *World* which reades [50] ACDNO. of thy

The high Exploits perform'd by thee of old,
Townes raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd Bands,
Fierce Tyrants flying, foyl'd, kill'd, by thy Hands.
And in deare Arras, *Virgines faire had wrought*
The Bayes and Trophees to thy Countrey *brought:*
While some new Homer *imping Pennes to* Fame,
Deafe Nilus *Dwellers had made heare thy Name.*
That thou didst not attaine those Honours Spheares,
It was not want of Worth, *ô no, but* Yeares.
A Youth more braue, pale Troy *with trembling Walles*
Did neuer see, nor shee *whose* Name *apalles*
Both Titans *golden* Bowres, *for bloody Fights*
Mustring on Marses *Field such* Marse-*like Knights.*
The Heauens *had brought thee to the highest Hight,*
Of Wit, and Courage, shewing all their Might
When they thee fram'd: Ay mee! *that what is braue*
On Earth, *they as their owne so soone should craue.*
Mœliades *sweet courtly* Nymphes *deplore,*
From Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*
When Forth *thy Nurse,* Forth *where thou first didst passe*
Thy tender Dayes (who smyl'd oft on her Glasse
To see thee gaze) Meandring with her Streames,
Heard thou hadst left this Round, *from* Phœbus *Beames*
Shee sought to flie, but forced to returne
By neighbour Brookes, *Shee gaue her selfe to mourne:*
And as shee rush'd her Cyclades *among,*
Shee seem'd to plaine, that Heauen *had done her wrong.*
With a hoarse Plaint, Cleyd *downe her steepie Rockes,*
And Tweed *through her greene Mountaines cled with Flockes,*
Did wound the Ocean, *murmuring thy Death,*
The Ocean *that roar'd about the* Earth,

55 NO. And in rich *Arras* 57 A great *Homer* ACDNO. imping wings to fame 59 ACD. That thou did not attaine these 60 A. Through lacke of power it was not, but of yeares CDNO. Through want of *Worth* it was not, but of *Yeares* 61 A. A brauer youth 63 ACDNO. in bloodie fights 64 NO. on *Mars* his Field 70 A. From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore* 71 ACD. did passe 74 ACD. Heard thou had 76 NO. By *Neighbouring Brooks,* She set her selfe to mourne 80 DNO. clad 82 NO. The Ocean it roar'd

And it to Mauritanian Atlas *told,*
Who shrunke through Griefe, and downe his white Haires roll'd
Hudge Streames of Teares, that changed were in Floods,
With which hee drown'd the neighbour Plaines and Woods.
The lesser Brookes as they did bubbling goe,
Did keepe a Consort *vnto publike* Woe :
The Shepheards left their Flockes with downe-cast Eyes,
Disdaining to looke vp to angrie Skies :
Some broke their Pipes, and some in sweet-sad Layes,
Made senslesse things amazed at thy Praise.
His Reed Alexis *hung vpon a* Tree,
And with his Teares made Doven *great to bee.*
Mœliades *sweet courtly* Nymphes *deplore,*
From Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*
Chaste Maides *which haunt faire* Aganippe Well,
And you in Tempes *sacred* Shade *who dwell,*
Let fall your Harpes, cease Tunes of Ioy to sing,
Dischevеled make all Parnassus *ring*
With Antheames *sad, thy Musicke* Phœbus *turne*
In dolefull Plaints, whilst Ioy *it selfe doth mourne :*
Dead is thy Darling, *who decor'd thy Bayes,*
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet Layes,
And to a Trumpet *raise thine amorous* Stile,
That floting Delos *enuie might this* Ile.
You Acidalian *Archers breake your Bowes,*
Your Brandons quench, with Teares blot Beauties *Snowes,*
And bid your weeping Mother *yet againe*
A second Adons *Death, nay,* Marses *plaine :*
His Eyes *once were your Darts, nay, euen his* Name
Where euer heard, did euery Heart *inflame :*

[83] ACDNO. And to the [85] ACD. teares, which NO. tears, which changed were to flouds [86] ACDNO. Wherewith he drown'd [88] NO. to the publike *Woe* [90] ACDNO. Sdaining to looke vp to the angrie Skyes [91] ACDN. brake [93] ACD. hang [96] A. From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore* [97] NO. *Aganippes* [102] NO. To dolefull plaints [103] NO. who adorn'd [105] ACDNO. raise thy [106] ACD *have the misprint* enuied *for* enuie [108] NO. Your Torches quench [110] NO. nay *Mars* his plaine

Tagus *did court his Loue, with* golden Streames,
Rhein *with his* Townes, *faire* Seine, *with* all shee claimes.
But ah (*poore Louers*) Death *did them betrey,*
And (*not suspected*) *made their* Hopes *his* Prey!
Tagus *bewailes his* Losse, *with* golden Streames,
Rhein *with his* Townes, *faire* Seine *with* all shee claimes.
Mœliades *sweet courtly* Nymphes *deplore,*
From Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*
Delicious Meads, *whose checkred* Plaine *foorth brings,*
White, golden, azure Flowres, which once were Kings,
In mourning Blacke, *their* shining Colours *dye,*
Bow downe their Heads, whilst sighing Zephyres *flye.*
Queene of the Fields, whose Blush makes blushe the Morne,
Sweet Rose, *a Princes Death in* Purple *mourne.*
O Hyacinthes, *for ay your* AI *keepe still,*
Nay, with moe Markes of Woe *your Leaues now fill:*
And you, O Flowre *of* Helens *Teares first borne,*
Into those liquide Pearles againe you turne.
Your greene Lockes, Forrests, *cut, in weeping* Myrrhes,
The deadly Cypresse, *and Inke-dropping* Firres,
Your Palmes *and* Mirtles *change; from Shadowes darke*
Wing'd Syrens *waile, and you sad* Ecchoes *marke*
The lamentable Accents of their Mone,
And plaine that braue Mœliades *is gone.*
Stay Skie *thy turning Course, and now become*
A stately Arche, *vnto the* Earth *his Tombe:*
Ouer which ay the watrie Iris *keepe,*
And sad Electras *Sisters which still weepe.*
Mœliades *sweet courtly* Nymphes *deplore,*
From Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*

115 ACD. Death them did betray 117 O. his Loss in 120 A. From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore* 121 A. Faire Meades amidst whose grassie veluet springs CDNO. Eye-pleasing *Meads* whose painted *Plaine* forth brings 124 O. while 125 A. whose blushes staines the Morne 128 O. more 129 *and* 130 *are wanting in* A 129 CDNO. that's borne 130 CDNO. Into these 131 NO. cut to 132 NO. To deadly *Cypres* 133 A. Your Palmes and Mirtles turne 139 NO. And over it still watry *Iris* keep 140 A. And soft-eyed Pleides which still doe weepe 142 A. From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore*

Deare Ghost, *forgiue these our vntimely Teares,*
By which our louing Minde, though weake, appeares,
Our Losse not Thine (*when wee complaine*) *wee weepe,*
For thee the glistring Walles of Heauen *doe keepe,*
Beyond the Planets *Wheeles, aboue that Source*
Of Spheares, that turnes the lower in its Course,
Where Sunne *doth neuer set, nor vgly* Night
Euer appeares in mourning Garments dight:
Where Boreas *stormie Trumpet doth not sound,*
Nor Cloudes in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.
From Cares *cold Climates farre, and hote* Desire,
Where Time *is banish'd,* Ages *ne're expire:*
Amongst pure Sprights enuironed with Beames,
Thou think'st all things below to bee but Dreames,
And joy'st to looke downe to the azur'd Barres
Of Heauen, *indented all with streaming* Starres;
And in their turning Temples *to behold,*
In siluer Robe the Moone, *the* Sunne *in Gold,*
Like young Eye-speaking Louers *in a Dance,*
With Majestie by Turnes retire, aduance,
Thou wondrest Earth *to see hang like a Ball,*
Clos'd in the gastly Cloyster *of this* All:
And that poore Men *should proue so madly fond,*
To tosse themselues for a small Foot of Ground.
Nay, that they euen dare braue the Powers *aboue,*
From this base Stage *of Change, that cannot moue.*
All worldly Pompe and Pride thou seest arise
Like Smoake, that scattreth in the emptie Skies.
Other Hilles *and* Forrests, *other sumptuous* Towres,
Amaz'd thou find'st, excelling our poore Bowres,
Courts *voyde of Flatterie, of Malice* Mindes,

147 ACDNO. boue highest source 148 ACDNO. in his Course 154 ACDNO. Where Time's exild, and Ages 155 ACDNO. Mong purest Spirits 156 ACDNO. Thou thinks [NO. think'st] all things below, t' haue bene but dreames 157 ACD. And joyes 158 ACDNO. Of Heauen, poudred with troupes of streaming starres 163 ACD. Thou wonders 164 NO. mighty *Cloyster* 166 NO. small spot 170 ACDNO. that's scattred 171 NO. Other high *Hils* and *Forrests*, other *Tow'rs* 172 ACD. thou finds

Pleasure *which lasts, not such as* Reason *blindes:*
Farre sweeter Songs thou hear'st and Carrolings,
Whilst Heauens *doe dance, and* Quire *of* Angells *sings,*
Than moldie Mindes *could faine, euen our* Annoy
(*If it approach that Place*) *is chang'd in Ioy.*
Rest blessed Spright, *rest saciate with the Sight*
Of him, whose Beames both dazell and delight,
Life *of all Liues,* Cause *of each other Cause,*
The Spheare, *and* Center, *where the* Minde *doth pause:*
Narcissus *of himselfe, himselfe the* Well,
Louer, *and* Beautie, *that doth all excell.*
Rest happie Ghost, *and wonder in that* Glasse,
Where seene is all that shall be, is, *or* was,
While shall be, is, *or* was *doe passe away,*
And nought remaine but an Eternall Day.
For euer rest, thy Praise Fame *may enroule*
In golden Annalles, whilst about the Pole
The slow Boötes *turnes, or* Sunne *doth rise*
With skarlet Scarfe, to cheare the mourning Skies:
The Virgines to thy Tombe may Garlands beare
Of Flowres, and on each Flowre let fall a Teare.
Mœliades *sweet courtly* Nymphes *deplore,*
From Thuly *to* Hydaspes *pearlie Shore.*

[175] ACD. More sweeter Songs thou heares NO. Thou sweeter Songs dost heare [176] NO. *Quires* [177] ACD. Then moldie mindes NO. Then muddy *Minds* [178] NO. to Joy [179] NO. Rest blessed soule [180] ACDNO. (though dazeling) doe delight [185] NO. Rest happy *Soule* [188] ACDNO. And nothing be [189] NO. will enroule [190] ACDNO. while [193] NO. will Garlands beare [194] ACDNO. and with each flowre [196] A. From ruddy *Hesp'rus* rising to *Aurore*

SONNET.

A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies
That vsh'ring Thunder dies straight to our Sight,
A *Sparke*, of Contraries which doth arise,
Then drownes in the huge Depthes of *Day* and *Night*:
Is this small-Small call'd *Life*, held in such Price
Of blinded *Wights*, who nothing judge aright,
Of *Parthian* Shaft so swift is not the *Flight*
As *Life*, that wastes it selfe, and liuing dies.
O! what is humane *Greatnesse, Valour, Wit?*
What fading *Beautie, Riches, Honour, Praise?*
To what doth serue in *golden Thrones* to sit,
Thrall *Earths vaste Round*, triumphall *Arches* raise?
All is a *Dreame*, learne in this *Princes* Fall,
In whome (saue *Death*) nought mortall was at all.

[2] NO. Which [3] NO. A *Sparke* that doth from jarring mixtures rise [4] BCD. Then's drown'd in the huge [5] NO. Is this small trifle, *Life* [6] BCDNO. who ne're judge Ought aright [9] BCDNO. *Ah* [13] BCD. That all's a Dreame NO. That's all a *Dreame*

EPITAPH

STay *Passenger*, see where enclosed lyes,
The *Paragon* of Princes, fairest *Frame*,
Time, *Nature*, *Place*, could show to mortal *Eyes*
In *Worth*, *Wit*, *Vertue*, *Miracle* to *Fame*:
At lest that Part the *Earth* of him could clame,
This *Marble* holds (*hard like the Destinies*)
For as to his braue *Spirit*, and glorious *Name*,
The One the *World*, the other fills the *Skies*.
Th' immortall *Amaranthus*, princely *Rose*,
Sad *Violet*, and that *sweet Flowre* that beares,
In SANGVINE SPOTS the Tenor of our Woes,
Spred on this *Stone*, & wash it with thy Teares,
Then go and tell from *Gades* vnto *Inde*,
Thou saw where *Earths Perfections* were confinde.

This sonnet, from the "third" edition of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, Edinbvrgh, 1614, was not included by Drummond in the "Poems."

[2] A. Wits Paragone, and Natures daintiest frame [3] A. *Vertues* faire Temple, Wonder vnto Fame [4] A. In whome was found the best Heauen could deuise B. wonder vnto Fame NO. *Miracle of Fame* [6] A. Of Elements combind that did arise, [9] A. *Arabian* odours, Mirtles, youthfull Bayes [10] A. Roses, and that sweet flowre that mourning beares [11] A. Spred on this stone, while I these dolefull layes [12] A. Sigh forth, and wash it ouer with my teares NO. with your Tears [14] NO. You saw

THE SECOND PART.

Of IET,
Or Porphyrie,
Or that white Stone
PAROS *affordes alone*,
Or thoſe in Azure Dye,
Which ſeeme to ſcorne the Skie;
Here MEMPHIS *Wonders doe not ſet*,
Nor ARTEMISIAS *hudge Frame*,
That keepes ſo long her LOVERS *Name*.
Make no great Marble Atlas *tremble with Gold*,
To pleaſe a vulgare EYE that doth behold:
The Muſes, Phœbus, LOVE, *haue raiſed of their Teares*
A chryſtall Tombe to Him, through which his Worth appeares.

I

PLATE 15.—FACSIMILE OF PYRAMID POEM. FROM THE *POEMS*. EDINBURGH, 1616.

[5] ABDNO. *Or these* [10] NO. *stoop with Gold* [11] NO. *To please the Vulgar* EYE *shall it behold* [12] AB. PHOEBVS, *the Muses, Loue, hath raised* [13] ABCD. *where through his worth appears*

VRANIA,

OR

Spirituall Poems.

VRANIA,

OR

Spirituall Poems.

[i]

TRiumphing Chariots, Statues, Crownes of Bayes,
Skie-threatning Arches, *the Rewards of Worth*,
Workes heauenly wise in sweet harmonious Layes,
Which Sprights diuine vnto the World set forth:
States, which ambitious Mindes with Blood doe raise
From frozen *Tanais* to Sunne-gilded *Gange*,
Giganticke Frames held Wonders rarely strange,
Like Spiders Webbes, are made the Sport of Dayes.
All only constant is in constant Change,
What done is, is vndone, and when vndone,
Into some other Fashion doth it range:
Thus goes the floting World beneath the *Moone*,
Where for (my Minde) aboue Time, Motion, Place,
Thee raise, and Steps vnknowne to *Nature* Trace.

Most of the pieces figuring under the title *Vrania or Spirituall Poems* will be found repeated, with variations, in *Flowres of Sion*.

I. [3] NO. Books heavenly-wise [4] NO. Which men divine [5] DNO. in bloud [6] DNO. vnto Sunne-burnt *Gange* [7] DNO. Gigantall Frames [9] D. All's onelie constant in NO. Nothing is constant but in [10] DNO. What's done still is vndone [14] NO. Rise up, and

[ii]

TOo long I follow'd haue my fond Desire,
And too long painted on the *Ocean* Streames:
Too long Refreshment sought amidst the Fire,
And hunted Ioyes, which to my Soule were Blames.
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seene of Lifes Delights the last Extreames,
I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,
A Nought, a Thought, a Show of mocking Dreames.
Hencefoorth on thee mine *only Good* I'll thinke,
For only thou canst grant what I doe craue,
Thy Naile my Penne shall bee, thy Blood mine Inke,
Thy Winding-sheet my Paper, Studie Graue.
And till that Soule forth of this Bodie flie,
No Hope I'll haue but only onelie Thee.

[iii]

TO spreade the azure Canopie of Heauen,
And make it twinckle all with Spanges of Gold,
To place this pondrous Globe of Earth so euen,
That it should all, and nought should it vphold:
To giue strange Motions to the Planets seuen,
And *Ioue* to make so meeke, and *Mars* so bold,
To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold,
Of all their Iarres that sweet Accords are giuen.
LORD, to thy Wit is nought, nought to thy Might,
But that thou shouldst (*thy Glorie laid aside*)
Come basely in Mortalitie to bide,
And die for them deseru'd eternall Plight,
A Wonder is, so farre aboue our Wit,
That *Angells* stand amaz'd to thinke on it.

II. [4] DNO. Pursu'd those joyes which to my Soule are Blames [8] DNO. a Mascarade of Dreames [9] DNO. my *onlie Good* [13] NO. And till my Soule

III. [2] DNO. And spangle it all with Sparkes of burning Gold [5] DNO. With motions strange t' indue the Planets seuen [6] NO. so mild [9] DNO. LORD to thy Wisedome's nought [12] D. And die for those deseru'd NO. And die for those deserv'd an endlesse night

[iv]

COme forth, come forth, yee blest triumphing Bands,
Faire Citizens of that immortall Towne:
Come see that King, who all this *All* commands,
Now (ouercharg'd with Loue) die for his owne.
Looke on those Nailes which pierce his Feete and Hands,
What a strange Diademe his Browes doth crowne?
Beholde his pallide Face, his Eyes which sowne,
And what a Throng of Thieues him mocking stands:
Come forth yee *Empyrean* Troupes, come forth,
Preserue this sacred Blood, which Earth adornes,
Gather those liquide Roses from his Thornes,
O! to bee lost they bee of too much Worth:
For Streames, Iuice, Baulme, they are, which quench,
killes, charmes,
Of God, Death, Hell, the Wrath, the Life, the Harmes.

[i]

SOule, which to Hell wast thrall,
Hee, hee for thine Offence
Did suffer Death, who could not die at all:
O soueraigne Excellence,
O Life of all that liues,
Eternall Bountie, which all Goodnesse giues,
How could Death *mount so hie?*
No Wit this Point can reach,
Faith onely doth vs teach,
For vs hee died, at all who could not die.

IV. This sonnet is wanting in DNO.
I. This piece is wanting here in DNO.

[v]

IF with such passing Beautie, choise Delights,
The Architect of this great Round did frame
This Pallace visible, which *World* we name ?
(Yet sillie Mansion but of mortall Wights)
How many Wonders ? what amazing Lights,
Must that triumphing Seate of Glorie claime ?
Which doth transcend all this great *Alls* high Hights,
Of whose bright *Sunne* ours heere is but a Beame ?
O blest Abode ! ô happie dwelling Place !
Where visiblie th' Inuisible doth raigne,
Blest People, who doe see true *Beauties* Face,
With whose darke Shadowes Hee but Earth doth daigne,
All Ioy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
Match'd with your endlesse Blisse, and happie Life.

[ii]

LOue which is heere, a Care
That Wit and Will doth marre,
Vncertaine Truce, and a most certaine Warre,
A shrill tempestuous Winde,
Which doth disturbe the Minde,
And like wilde Waues our Dessignes all commoue :
Among those Sprights aboue
Which see their Makers Face,
It a Contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleasure voide of Griefe, a constant Rest,
Eternall Ioy, which nothing can molest.

V. This sonnet is wanting here in DNO.
II. This piece is wanting here in DNO.

[vi]

WHat haplesse Hap had I now to bee borne,
In these vnhappie Times, and dying Dayes,
Of this else-doating World? when Good decayes,
Loue is quench'd forth, and *Vertue* held a Scorne.
When such are onely priz'd, by wretched Wayes
Who with a golden Fleece them can adorne,
When Auarice, and Lust, are counted Praise,
And noble Mindes liue *Orphane*-like forlorne.
Why was not I into that golden Age,
When Gold yet was not knowne? and those blacke Artes,
By which base Mortalles vildely play their Parts,
And staine with horride Actes Earths stately Stage?
Then to haue beene, Heauen, it had beene my Blisse,
But blesse mee now, and take mee soone from this.

[vii]

THrise happie hee, who by some shadie Groue
Farre from the clamarous World doth liue his owne,
Though solitare, yet who is not alone,
But doth conuerse with that *Eternall Loue*.
O how more sweet is Birds harmonious Mone,
Or the soft Sobbings of the widow'd Doue?
Than those smoothe Whisp'rings neare a Princes Throne,
Which Good make doubtfull, doe the Euill approue.
O how more sweet is *Zephyres* wholesome Breath,
And Sighs perfum'd, which doe the Flowres vnfold,
Tnan that Applause vaine *Honour* doth bequeath?
How sweete are Streames to Poyson drunke in Gold?
The World is full of Horrours, Falshoods, Slights,
Woods silent Shades haue only true Delights.

VI. [1] DNO. had I for to be borne [3] DNO. Of this now doting World [4] D. Loue's quite quench't forth NO. Love's quite extinct [8] DNO. And brauest Mindes [9] NO. borne in that golden Age [10] O. was not yet [11] D. By which Base Mondaines NO. By which base Worldlings vilely [12] DNO. With Horrid Acts stayning [13] NO. To have been then, O heaven, 't had been my bliss

VII. This sonnet is wanting here in DNO.

[viii]

WHy (Worldlings) doe ye trust fraile *Honours* Dreames?
And leane to guilded Glories which decay?
Why doe yee toyle to registrate your Names
In ycie Columnes, which soone melt away?
True *Honour* is not here, that Place it claimes,
Where blacke-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no farre-shining Lampe diues in the Sea,
But an eternall Sunne spreades lasting Beames.
There it attendeth you, where spotlesse Bands
Of Sprights, stand gazing on their *soueraigne Blisse*,
Where Yeeres not hold it in their cankring Hands,
But who once noble euer noble is:
Looke home, lest he your weakned Wit make thrall,
Who *Edens* foolish Gard'ner earst made fall.

[iii]

ASTrea *in this Time*
Now doth not liue, but is fled vp to Heauen;
Or if shee liue, it is not without Crime
That shee doth vse her Power,
And shee is no more Virgine, but a Whoure,
Whoure prostitute for Gold:
For shee doth neuer holde her Ballance euen,
And when her Sword is roll'd,
The Bad, Injurious, False, shee not o'rethrowes,
But on the Innocent lets fall her Blowes.

VIII. This sonnet is wanting here in DNO.
III. This piece is wanting here in DN.

[ix]

WHat serues it to bee good? *Goodnesse* by thee
The Holy-wise is thought a Foole to bee,
For thee the Man to Temperance inclin'de,
Is held but of a base and abject Minde,
The Continent is thought for thee but cold,
Who yet was good, that euer died old?
The pittifull who others feares to kill,
Is kill'd himselfe, and *Goodnesse* doth him ill:
The meeke and humble Man who cannot braue,
By thee is to some Giants Brood made Slaue.
Poore *Goodnesse*, thine thou to such Wrongs sett'st forth,
That ô! I feare mee, thou art nothing worth:
And when I looke to *Earth*, and not to *Heauen*,
Ere I were turned Doue, I would bee Rauen.

[i]

GReat GOD, whom wee with humble Thoughts adore,
Eternall, infinite, almightie King,
Whose Pallace Heauen transcends, whose Throne before
Archangells *serue, and* Seraphins *doe sing:*
Of Nought who wrought all that with wondring Eyes
Wee doe behold within this spacious Round,
Who mak'st the Rockes to rocke, and stand the Skies,
At whose Command the horride Thunders sound:
Ah! *spare vs Wormes, weigh not how wee (alas)*
Euill to our Selues, against thy Lawes rebell,
Wash off those Spots, which still in Conscience *Glasse*
(Though wee bee loth to looke) wee see too well.
Deseru'd Reuenge, ô doe not, doe not take,
If thou reuenge, what shall abide thy Blow?
Passe shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow.

IX. This sonnet is wanting here in DN.
I. This piece is wanting here in DNO.

For who is hee whom Parents Sinne not staines?
Or with his owne Offence is not defil'd?
Though Iustice *Ruine threaten,* Iustice *Raines*
Let Mercie *hold, and bee both just and milde.*
Lesse are our Faults farre farre than is thy Loue,
O! what can better seeme thy Pow'r diuine?
Than those who Euill deserue thy Goodnesse proue?
And where thou thunder shouldst there faire to shine?
Then looke, and pittie, pittying forgiue
Vs guiltie Slaues, or Seruants, at thy Will,
Slaues, if (alas) thou look'st how wee doe liue,
Or doing nought at all, or doing ill:
Of an vngratefull Minde a foule Effect,
But if thy Gifts, which largely heretofore
Thou hast vpon vs powr'd, thou doest respect?
Wee bee thy Seruants, nay, than Seruants more,
Thy Children, yes, and Children dearly bought,
But what strange Chance vs of this Lot bereaues?
Vile Rebells, ô! how basely are wee brought?
Whom Grace made Children, Sinne hath now made Slaues:
Sinne Slaues hath made, but let thy Grace Sinne thrall,
That in our Wrongs thy mercie may appeare,
Thy Wisdome not so weake is, Pow'r so small,
But thousand Wayes they can make Men thee feare.
O Wisdome bound-lesse! admirable Grace!
Grace, Wisdome, which doe dazell Reasons *Eye,*
And could Heauens King bring from his placelesse Place,
On this infamous Stage of Woe, to die:
To die our Death, and with the sacred Streame
Of Bloud, and Water, gushing from his Side,
To expiate that Sinne, and deadly Blame,
Contriued first by our First Parents *Pride.*
Thus thy great Loue, and Pittie, heauenly King,
Loue, Pittie, which so well our Losse preuents,
Could euen of Euill it selfe all Goodnesse bring,
And sad Beginnings cheare with glad Euents.
O Loue, and Pittie! ill knowne of these Times,

O Loue and Pittie! carefull of our Blisse,
O Goodnesse! with the hainous Actes and Crimes
Of this blacke Age, that almost vanquish'd is:
Make this excessiue ardour of thy Loue,
So warme our Coldnesse, so our Liues renew,
That wee from Sinne, Sinne may from vs remoue,
Wit may our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.
Let thy pure Loue burne vp all mortall Lust,
That Band of Ills which thralles our better Part,
And fondly makes vs worship fleshly Dust,
In stead of Thee in Temple of our Heart.
Grant, when at last the Spright shall leaue this Tombe,
This loathsome Shop of Sinne, and Mansion blinde,
And (call'd) before thy Royall Seat doth come,
It may a Sauiour, *not a* Iudge, *thee finde.*

To the Author.

THe sister *Nymphes* who haunt the *Thespian* Springs,
Ne're did their Gifts more liberally bequeath
To them who on their Hills suck'd sacred Breath,
Than vnto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did *Apollo* raise on *Pegase* Wings
A *Muse* more neare himselfe, more farre from Earth,
Than thine ; if Shee doe weepe thy Ladies Death,
Or sing those sweet-sowre Panges which *Passion* brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merite Praise,
But those our Verse to gild in *Fictions* Ore,
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserue much more,
As thou hast done these thy delicious Layes :
Thy *Muses Morning* (doubtlesse) doth bewray
The neare Approach of a more glistring *Day*.

D. Murray.

In DNO, this sonnet is entitled "Mœris," and bears no signature.
[1] DNO. which haunt [2] DNO. More liberally their Gifts ne're did bequeath [4] DN. Then vnto thee [7] DNO. Then [NO. Than] thine ; *whether thou weepe* [8] DNO. *that* Passion *brings* [10] NO. *But thus the Verse* [12] DNO. *melodious Layes* [13] DNO. *No doubt thy* Muses *faire* Morne *doth bewray* [14] NO. *The swift Approach*

MADRIGALLS,

AND

Epigrammes.

BY W. D.

PLATE 16.—FACSIMILE OF HALF-TITLE PAGE. FROM THE *POEMS*. EDINBURGH, 1616.

Page 97.

MADRIGALS,

AND

EPIGRAMMES.

[i]

The Statue of MEDVSA.

OF that MEDVSA *strange,*
Who those that did her see in Rockes did change,
None Image caru'd is this;
MEDVSAS *selfe it is,*
For whilst at Heat of Day,
To quench her Thirst Shee by this Spring did stay,
Her curling Snakes beholding in this Glasse,
Life did Her leaue, and thus transform'd Shee was.

[ii]

The *Trojane* Horse.

A Horse I am, whom Bit,
Raine, Rod, nor Spurre, not feare;
When I my Riders beare,
Within my Wombe, not on my Backe they sit:
No Streames I drinke, nor care for Grasse, nor Corne,
Arte *mee a Monster wrought,*
All Natures *Workes to scorne:*
A Mother, I was without Mother borne,
In End all arm'd my Father I forth brought:
What thousand Ships, and Champions of Renowne,
Could not doe free, I captiue raz'd a Towne.

I. [3] NO. *No Image* [5] DNO. *For while* [7] DNO. *Her hideous Head beholding* [8] DNO. *Her Senses fail'd*
II. [1] DNO. *who bit* [2] D. *doth not feare* NO. *do not feare* [5] D. *nor cares* DNO. *or Corne* [11] DO. *free, captiu'd I raz'd a Towne* N. *free, captiv'd I raz'd* Troy's *Town*

[iii]

A Louers Heauen.

THose *Starres, nay Sunnes, which turne*
So stately in their Spheares,
And daz'ling doe not burne,
The beautie of the Morne
Which on those Cheekes appeares,
The Harmonie which to that Voyce is giuen,
Make mee thinke yee are Heauen:
If Heauen yee bee? ô that by pow'rfull Charmes
I Atlas *were, to holde you in mine Armes!*

[iv]

Deepe Impression of Loue.

WHom *raging Dog doth bite,*
Hee doth in Water still
That Cerberus *Image see;*
Loue *Mad* (*perhaps*) *when he my Heart did smite,*
(*More to dissemble Ill*)
Transform'd himselfe in thee,
For euer since thou present art to mee:
No Spring there is, no Floud, nor other Place,
Where I (*alas*) *not see thy heauenly Face.*

III. [1] O. nay Sun [5] DNO. *these cheeks* [7] NO. *Makes me thinke you are* [8] O. you be [9] DNO. *I* Atlas *were enfolded in those* [NO. *your*] *armes*

IV. In NO, the title runs "Deep impression of Love to his Mistris." [1] NO. *Whom a mad Dog* [3] NO. *That mad Dogs Image* [5] DNO. *his Ill* [6] NO. *to thee* [7] DNO. *For thou art present euer since to mee*

[v]

The Pourtrait of MARS and VENVS.

FAire PAPHOS *wanton Queene,*
Not drawne in White and Red,
Is truely heere, as when in VVLCANS *Bed*
She was of all Heauens laughing Senate *seene:*
Gaze on her Haire, and Eine,
Her Browes, the Bowes of Loue,
Her backe with Lillies spred:
And yee should see her turne, and sweetly moue,
But that Shee neither so will doe, nor darre,
For feare to wake the angrie God of Warre.

[vi]

IÖLAS Epitaph.

HEre deare Iölas *lies,*
Who whilst hee liu'd in Beautie did surpasse
That Boy, whose heauenly Eyes
Brought Cypris *from aboue,*
Or him till Death who look'd in watrie Glasse,
Euen Iudge the God of Loue:
And if the Nymphe once held of him so deare,
Dorine *the faire, would heere but shed one Teare,*
Thou shouldst (*in* Natures *Scorne*)
A purple Flowre see of this Marble borne.

V. 8 NO. *Ye also might perceive her turne and move*
VI. 5 DNO. *Or him to death*

[vii]

Vpon the Death of a LINNET.

IF cruell Death *had Eares,*
Or could bee pleas'd by Songs ?
This wing'd Musician liu'd had many yeares,
And Chloris *mine had neuer wept these Wrongs :*
For when it first tooke Breath,
The Heauens their Notes did vnto it bequeath :
And (if that Samians *sentence bee found true)*
Amphion *in this Body liu'd of new :*
But Death, *for that hee nothing spares, nought heares,*
As hee doth Kings, it kill'd, ô Griefe ! ô Teares !

[viii]

ALCONS Kisse.

WHat others at their Eare
Two Pearles Camilla *at her Nose did weare,*
Which Alcon *who nought saw*
(For Loue is blinde) robb'd with a prettie Kisse,
But hauing knowne his Misse,
And felt what Ore hee from that Mine did draw,
When shee to charge againe him did desire,
Hee fled, and said, foule Water quenched Fire.

VII. In DNO, the title reads " On the Death of a Linnet."
[2] D. *Or could beene pleas'd* [3] NO. *had liv'd* [4] DNO. *And* Nisa *mine* [7] DNO. *be true* [8] NO. *liv'd anew* [9] NO. *But* Death, *who nothing spares, and nothing heares* [10] NO. *kill'd it*
VIII. [7] NO. *to come again did him*

[ix]

Icarvs.

WHilst with audacious Wings
I sprang those airie Wayes,
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Feares,
The feathred People, and their Eagle Kings:
Dazel'd with Phœbus *Rayes,*
And charmed with the Musicke of the Spheares,
When Pennes could moue no more, and Force did faile,
I measur'd by a Fall these loftie Bounds;
Yet doth Renowne my Losses counteruaile,
For still the Shore my braue Attempt resounds:
A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,
Who hath so vaste a Tombe *in Place, or Fame?*

[x]

Cherries.

MY Wanton, weepe no more
The losing of your Cherries,
Those, and farre sweeter Berries,
Your Sister in good store
Hath, spred on Lips, and Face:
Be glad, kisse but with me, and hold your peace.

IX. [1] DNO. *While* [2] NO. *I cleav'd* [7] NO. *When Quills* [8] D. *with a fall* NO. *Though down I fell from Heavens high azure bounds* [12] DNO. *What Mortalls* Tombe *'s so great in Place or Fame*
X. [5] DNO. *Hath in her Lips and Face* [6] NO. *Be glad, kiss her*

[xi]

Of THAVMANTIA, beholding her selfe in a Marble.

WOrld, wonder not that I
Engraue thus in my Brest
This Angell Face, which mee bereaues of Rest:
Since things euen wanting Sense, cannot denie
To lodge so deare a Guest,
And this hard Marble Stone
Receiues the same, and loues, but cannot grone.

[xii]

Loue suffereth no Parasol.

THose Eyes, deare Eyes, bee Spheares,
Where two bright Sunnes are roll'd,
That faire Hand to behold,
Of whitest Snowe appeares:
Then while yee coylie stand,
To hide from mee those Eyes,
Sweet, I would you aduise
To choose some other Fanne than that white Hand:
For if yee doe, for Trueth most true this know,
That Sunnes ere long must needes consume warme Snow.

XI. In DNO, the title runs "On his Lady, beholding her selfe in a Marble."

[2] D. *Engraue deepe* NO. *Keep in my brest engraven* [3] NO. *That Angels face hath me of Rest bereaven* [4] DNO. *Sith* [NO. *See*] *Dead and senselesse thinges can not denie* [6] NO. *Ev'n this*

XII. In DNO, the title runs "Loue suffers no Parasol."

[8] D. *then that* [10] NO. *Those* Suns

[xiii]

Sleeping Beautie.

O *Sight! too dearely bought,*
Shee sleepes, and though those Eyes,
Which lighten Cupids *Skies,*
Bee clos'd, yet such a Grace
Enuironeth that Place,
That I through Wonder to grow faint am brought:
Sunnes, *if ecclips'd yee haue such Power diuine?*
O! how can I endure you when yee shine?

[xiv]

The qualitie of a Kisse.

THe *Kisse with so much Strife,*
Which I late got (sweet Heart)
Was it a Signe of Death, or was it Life?
Of Life it could not bee,
For I by it did sigh my Soule in thee,
Nor was it Death, Death doth no Ioy impart:
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what thou didst bequeath,
To mee a dying Life was, liuing Death.

XIII. [7] O. you have [8] DNO. *What power haue I to thole* [NO. *t'endure*] *you when yee* [NO. *you*] *shine*

XIV. [6] D. *Ne could 't bee Death* N. *Ne was it Death* [7] D. *Thou Silent standes,* ah! *what thou did bequeath* NO. *what did'st thou bequeath* [8] D. *A dying Life was to mee liuing Death* NO. *A dying Life to me, or living Death?*

[xv]

Of Phillis.

IN Peticote of Greene,
Her Haire about her Eine,
Phillis *beneath an Oake*
Sate milking her faire Flocke:
Among that strained Moysture (rare Delight!)
Her Hand seem'd Milke in Milke, it was so white.

[xvi]

Kisses desired.

THough I with strange Desire
To kisse those rosie Lips am set on Fire,
Yet will I cease to craue
Sweet Touches in such store,
As hee who long before
From Lesbia *them in thousands did receaue;*
Heart mine, but once mee kisse,
And I by that sweet Blisse
Euen sweare to cease you to importune more,
Poore one no Number is:
Another Word of mee yee shall not heare,
After one Kisse, but still one Kisse, my Deare.

[xvii]

Of Dametas.

DAMETAS *dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport,*
And found that sight was through the hornie Port.

XV. In DNO, the title is "Phillis."
[4] O. Sat [5] DNO. *Mong* [NO. *'Mongst*] *that sweet strained moisture rare delight*
XVI. [4] NO. *Sweet kisses* [6] DNO. *In thousands them from* Lesbia [7] NO. *Sweet heart but once* [8] O. Bless
XVII. In DN, the title runs "Dametas Dreame," and in O, "Dametas's *Dream.*"

[xviii]

The Canon.

WHen first the Canon from her gaping Throte,
Against the Heauen her roaring Sulphure shote,
Ioue *wak'ned with the Noyce, and ask'd with Wonder,*
What mortall Wight had stollen from him his Thunder,
His christall Towres hee fear'd, but Fire, and Aire,
So deepe, did stay the Ball from mounting there.

[xix]

APELLES enamour'd of CAMPASPE, ALEXANDERS Mistresse.

POore Painter, whilst I sought
To counterfaite by Arte
The fairest Frame that Nature *euer wrought,*
And hauing limm'd each Part
Except her matchlesse Eyes:
Scarce on those Twinnes I gaz'd,
As Lightning falles from Skies,
When straight my Hand benumm'd was, Mind amaz'd:
And ere that Pincell halfe them had exprest,
Loue *all had drawne, no, grauen within my Brest.*

XVIII. [3] NO. *did aske with wonder* [6] NO. *So high did stay*
XIX. [1] DNO. *while* [3] DNO. *which Nature* [6] O. on those Suns [8] DNO. *my Hand grew weake, my Minde amaz'd* [10] D. *Loue had them drawen* NO. *Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my Brest*

[xx]

Campaspe.

ON Starres shall I exclame,
Which thus my Fortune change?
Or shall I else reuenge
Vpon my selfe this shame?
Vnconstant Monarch, or shall I thee blame?
Who let'st Apelles *proue*
The sweet Delights of Alexanders *Loue;*
No, Starres, my selfe, and thee, I all forgiue,
And joye that thus I liue:
Kings know not Beautie, hence mine was despis'd,
The Painter did, and mee hee dearly priz'd.

[xxi]

Vnpleasant Musicke.

IN Fields Ribaldo *stray'd,*
Mayes *Tapestrie to see,*
And hearing on a Tree
A Cuckooe sing, hee sigh'd, and softly said,
Loe, how (alas) euen Birds sit mocking mee.

XX. 5 O. Inconstant 6 DNO. *lets* 9 DNO. *And Ioyes* 10 DNO. *Of thee, blind King, my* Beautie *was despis'd* 11 D. For that thou didst not know it, *now it's pryz'd* NO. Thou did'st not know it, *now being known 'tis priz'd*

XXI. 4 DNO. *sigh'd to himselfe and said*

[xxii]

A Iest.

IN a most holy Church, a holy Man,
Vnto a holy Saint, with Visage wan,
And Eyes like Fountaines, mumbled forth a Prayer,
And with strange Words, and Sighes, made blacke the Aire:
And hauing long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thousand Crosses on himselfe hee lay'd,
Then with some sacred Beads hung on his Arme,
His Eyes, his Mouth, Brest, Temples did hee charme.
Thus not content (strange Worship hath none End)
To kisse the Earth at last hee did pretend,
And bowing downe, besought with humble Grace
An aged Woman neare to giue some Place:
Shee turn'd, and turning vp her Pole beneath,
Said, Sir, kisse heere, for it is all but Earth.

[xxiii]

NARCISSVS.

FLouds cannot quench my Flames, ah! *in this Well*
I burne, not drowne, for what I cannot tell.

[xxiv]

To THAVMANTIA singing.

IS it not too too much
Thou late didst to mee proue,
A Basiliske *of Loue?*
And didst my Wits bewitch:
Vnlesse (to cause more Harme)
Made Syrene *too thou with thy Voyce mee charme?*
Ah! *though thou so my* Reason *didst controule,*
That to thy Lookes I could not proue a Mole:
Yet doe mee not that Wrong,
As not to let mee turne Aspe *to thy Song.*

XXII. 7 DNO. *And with* 8 DNO. *His Eyes, his mouth, his Temple Brest did charme* 9 DNO. *hath no end* 13 NO. *her* Hole
XXIV. This piece is wanting in DN.

[xxv]

Of her Dog.

When her deare Bosome clips
That litle Curre, which faunes to touch her Lips,
Or when it is his Hap
To lie lapp'd in her Lap,
O ! it growes Noone with mee,
With hotter-pointed Beames
My burning Planet streames,
What Rayes were earst, in Lightnings changed bee :
When oft I muse, how I to those Extreames
Am brought, I finde no Cause, except that shee
In Loues bright Zodiacke *hauing trac'd each Roome,*
To fatall Syrius *now at last is come.*

[xxvi]

A Kisse.

Harke happie Louers, harke,
This first and last of Ioyes,
This Sweetner of Annoyes,
This Nectare of the Gods,
Yee call a Kisse, is with it selfe at ods :
And halfe so sweet is not
In equall Measure got,
At Light of Sunne, as it is in the Darke,
Harke, happie Louers, harke.

XXV. In DNO, the title runs " His Ladies Dog."
[7] NO. *I burne, then* [O. than] *those are which the Sun forth streames* [8] NO. *When piercing lightning his Rayes call'd may be* [9] NO. *And as I muse how I to those extreames* [12] NO. *To the hot Dog-star now is come*
XXVI. [5] NO. *You call*

[xxvii]

Cornucopia.

IF *for one only Horne*
Which Nature *to him gaue,*
So famous is the noble Vnicorne ?
What Praise should that Man haue,
Whose Head a Ladie braue
Doth with a goodlie Paire at once adorne ?

[xxviii]

Of Amintas.

OVer *a christall Source*
Amintas *layde his Face,*
Of popling Streames to see the restlesse Course:
But scarce hee had o'reshadowed the Place,
When (spying in the Ground a Childe arise,
Like to himselfe in Stature, Face, and Eyes)
Hee rose o'rejoy'd, and cried,
Deare Mates approch, see whom I haue descried,
The Boy of whom strange Stories Shepheards tell
(*Oft-called* Hylas) *dwelleth in this Well.*

[xxix]

Pamphilvs.

SOme, *Ladies wed, some loue, and some adore them,*
I like their wanton Sport, then care not for them.

XXVIII. In DNO, the title is " A pleasant deceate." [NO. " deceit."] ² DNO. Iōlas *layde* ³ NO. *Of purling Streames* ⁵ NO. *When in the water he a Child espies* ⁶ NO. *So like himselfe* ⁷ D. *Hee rose all glad* NO. *That glad he rose*

XXIX. ² D. *cares*

[xxx]

Vpon a Glasse.

IF *thou wouldst see Threedes purer than the Gold,*
Where Loue *his Wealth doth show ?*
But take this Glasse, and thy faire Haire behold :
If Whitenesse thou wouldst see more white than Snow,
And reade on Wonders Booke ?
Take but this Glasse, and on thy Forehead looke :
Wouldst thou in Winter see a crimsin Rose,
Whose Thornes doe hurt each Heart ?
Looke but in Glasse how thy sweet Lips doe close :
Wouldst thou see Planets *which all Good impart,*
Or Meteores *diuine ?*
But take this Glasse, and gaze vpon thine Eine :
No, Planets, Rose, Snow, Gold, cannot compare
With you, deare Eyes, Lips, Browes, and amber Haire.

[xxxi]

Of a Bee.

AS *an audacious Knight*
Come with some Foe to fight,
His Sword doth brandish, makes his Armour ring :
So this prowde Bee (at home (perhaps) a King)
Did buzzing flie about,
And (Tyrant) after thy faire Lip did sting :
O Champion strange as stout !
Who hast by Nature *found,*
Sharpe Armes, and Trumpet shrill, to sound, and wound.

XXX–XXXI. These pieces are wanting in DN.

[xxxii]

Of that same.

O *Doe not kill that Bee*
That thus hath wounded thee,
(Sweet) it was no Despight,
But Hue did him deceaue:
For when thy Lips did close,
Hee deemed them a Rose,
What wouldst thou further craue?
Hee wanting Wit, and blinded with Delight,
Would faine haue kiss'd, but Mad with Ioy did bite.

[xxxiii]

Of a Kisse.

AH! *of that cruell Bee*
Thy Lips haue suckt too much:
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and sweetned, mee:
This by the Sting they haue,
And that they of the Honey doe receaue:
Deare Kisse, else by what Arte
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my Heart?

[xxxiv]

Idmon to Venvs.

IF (Acidalias *Queene*)
Thou quench in mee thy Torch,
And with the same Thaumantias *Heart shalt scorch;*
Each Yeere a Mirtle Tree
Heere I doe vow to consecrate to thee:
And when the Meads grow greene,
I will of sweetest Flowrs
Weaue thousand Garlands, to adorne thy Bowrs.

XXXII–XXXIII. These pieces are wanting in DN.
XXXIV. This piece is wanting in DN.
[3] O *has the misprint* some *for* same

[xxxv]

A Louers Plaint.

IN *midst of silent Night,*
When Men, Birds, Beasts, doe rest,
With Loue, and Feare possest
To Heauen, and Flore, *I count my heauie Plight.*
Againe with roseate Wings
When Morne *peepes forth, and* Philomela *sings,*
Then Voyde of all Reliefe,
Doe I renew my Griefe:
Day *followes* Night, Night Day, *whilst still I proue,*
That Heauen is deafe, Flore *carelesse of my Loue.*

[xxxvi]

His Firebrand.

LEaue *Page that slender Torch,*
And in this gloomie Night
Let only shine the Light
Of Loues *hote Brandon, which my Heart doth scorch:*
A Sigh, or Blast of Wind,
My Teares, or Droppes of Raine,
May that at once make blinde;
Whilst this like Ætna *burning shall remaine.*

[xxxvii]

Daphnis Vow.

WHen *Sunne doth bring the Day*
From the Hesperian *Sea,*
Or Moone her Coach doth rolle
Aboue the Northerne Pole,
When Serpents can not hisse,
And Louers shall not kisse:
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis *can forget his* Orienne.

XXXV–XXXVII. These pieces are wanting in DN.

[xxxviii]

Of Nisa.

NIsa Palemons *Wife him weeping told,*
Hee kept not Grammer Rules, now beeing old:
For why (quoth shee) Position *false make yee,*
Putting a short thing where a long should bee.

[xxxix]

Beauties Idea.

W*Ho would Perfections faire Idea see,*
Let him come looke on Chloris *sweet with mee;*
White is her Haire, her Teeth white, white her Skinne,
Blacke bee her Eyes, her Eye-browes, Cupids *Inne:*
Her Lockes, her Body, Hands, doe long appeare,
But Teeth short, Bellie short, short either Eare;
The Space twixt Shoulders, Eyes, is wide, Browes wide,
Straite Waste, the Mouth straite, and her virgine Pride:
Thicke are her Lips, Thighs, with Banckes swelling there,
Her Nose is small, small Fingers, and her Haire,
Her sugred Mouth, her Cheekes, her Nailes, bee red,
Litle her Foot, Pap litle, and her Hed.
Such Venus *was, such was the Flame of* Troy,
Such Chloris *is, my Hope, and only Ioy.*

XXXVIII. In DNO, the title is "Nisa."
XXXIX. [2] NO. *On pretty* Cloris *let him look with me* [6] DNO. *But Teeth short, short her Wombe, and either Eare* [7] DNO. *Eyes are wide, Brow wide* [*In both copies of* D, "*are*" *before* "*wide*" *is corrected, in Drummond's hand, to* "*is*"] [12] NO. *Brest little* [13] DNO. *that Flame* [14] DNO. *mine Hope*

[illegible] MADRIGALS

[illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]

[xlii]

The Statue of VENVS sleeping.

BReake not my sweet Repose
Thou, whom free Will, or Chance, brings to this Place,
Let Lids these Comets close,
O doe not seeke to see their shining Grace:
For when mine Eyes thou seest, they thine will blinde,
And thou shalt parte, but leaue thy Heart behinde.

[xliii]

LILLAS Prayer.

LOue, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee returne,
(Sweete God) make me not burne
For quiuering Age, that doth spent Dayes deplore:
Nor doe not wound my Hart
For some vnconstant Boy,
Who ioyes to loue, yet makes of Loue a Toy:
But (ah) *if I must prooue thy golden Dart?*
Of grace O let mee finde
A sweet young Louer with an aged Mind.
Thus Lilla *pray'd, and* Idas *did replie*
(Who heard) Deare haue thy wish, for such am I.

XLII. This piece is wanting in DN.
XLIII. 5 NO. *Nor do thou wound*

[xliv]

The vnkindnesse of Rora.

WHilst sighing forth his Wrongs,
In sweet, though dolefull Songs,
Alexis *seekes to charme his* Roras *Eares,*
The Hills are heard to mone,
To sigh each Spring appeares,
Trees, euen hard Trees, through Rine distill their Teares,
And soft growes euery Stone:
But Teares, Sighes, Songs, can not faire Rora *moue,*
Prowde of his Plaints shee glories in his Loue.

[xlv]

Antheas Gift.

THis virgine Locke of Haire
To Idmon Anthea *giues,*
Idmon *for whom shee liues,*
Though oft shee mixe his Hopes with cold Despaire:
This now, but absent if hee constant proue,
With Gift more deare shee vowes to meet his Loue.

XLIV. In DNO, the title runs "The Crueltie of Rora."

[3] NO. Alexis *sought* [4] NO. *were heard* [5] NO. *appeared* [6] DNO. *Trees, hardest Trees through Rine* [O. Rind] *distille* [NO. *distill'd*] *their Teares* [*Some copies of* F, *read "heard" instead of "hard"*] [7] NO. *grew* [8] D. *Onely faire* Rora, *Teares, Sighs, Songs not moue* NO. *But Teares, nor Sighs, nor Songs could* Rora *move* [9] D. *For* Shee *doth joye to see him plaine and loue* NO. *For she rejoyced at his plaint and love*

XLV. This piece is wanting in DN.

In some copies of F, Anthea *in the title is corrected in ink to* Antheas *by Drummond himself.*

[xlvi]

To Thavmantia.

COme, let vs liue, and loue,
And kisse, Thaumantia *mine,*
I shall the Elme bee, bee to mee the Vine,
Come let vs teach new Billing to the Doue:
Nay, to augment our Blisse,
Let Soules euen other kisse,
Let Loue *a Worke-man bee,*
Vndoe, distemper, and his Cunning proue,
Of Kisses three make one, of one make three:
Though Moone, Sunne, Starres, bee Bodies farre more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match vs in Delight.

[xlvii]

Epitaph.

THis deare (though not respected) Earth doth hold
One for his Worth, whose Tombe should bee of Gold.

[xlviii]

Of Lida.

SVch Lida *is that who Her sees*
Through Enuie, or through Loue straight dies.

XLVI. This piece is wanting in DN.
[5] O. Bless
XLVIII. The title in DNO is "Lida."

[xlix]

A Wish.

TO forge to mightie Ioue
The Thunder-bolts aboue,
Nor on this Round below
Rich Midas *Skill to know,*
And make all Gold I touch,
I doe not craue, nor other Cunning such:
For all those Artes *bee vnderneath the Skie,*
I wish but Phillis *Lapidare to bee.*

[l]

A Louers Day and Night.

B*Right* Meteore *of Day,*
For mee in Thetis *Bowres for euer staye:*
Night, *to this flowrie Globe*
Ne're show for mee thy starre-embrodred Robe;
My Night, my Day, doe not proceede from you
But hang on Miras *Browe:*
For when shee lowres, and hides from mee her Eyes,
Midst clearest Day I finde blacke Night arise,
When smyling shee againe those Twinnes doth turne,
In midst of Night I finde Noones Torch to burne.

XLIX. [6] NO. *Do I desire, it is for me too much* [7] D. *Of all the Arts* NO. *Of all the Arts practis'd beneath the Skie* [8] NO. *I would but* Phillis *Lapidarie be*

L. This piece is wanting in DN.

[li]

The Statue of ADONIS.

WHen Venus *longst that Plaine*
This Parian Adon *saw,*
Shee sigh'd, and said, What Power breakes Destines *Law,*
World mourned Boy, and makes thee liue againe ?
Then with stretcht Armes shee ran him to enfold :
But when shee did behold
The Bore, whose snowie Tuskes did threaten Death,
Feare closed vp her Breath :
Who can but grant then that these Stones doe liue,
Sith this bred Loue, and that a Wound did giue ?

[lii]

CLORVS to a Groue.

OLd Oake, *and you thicke Groue,*
I euer shall you loue,
With these sweet-smelling Briers,
For Briers, Oake, Groue, yee crowned my Desires,
When vnderneath your Shade
I left my Woe, and Flore *her Maidenhead.*

[liii]

A Couplet encomiasticke.

LOue[1], Cypris[2], Phœbus[3], *will feede*[1], *decke*[2], *and crowne*[3],
Thy Heart[1], *Browes*[2], *Verse*[3], *with Flames*[1], *with Flowrs*[2],
Renowne[3].

[liv]

An other.

THy Muse *not-able, full, il-lustred Rimes,*
Make thee the Poet-Aster of our Times.

LI.–LIV. These pieces are wanting in DN.

[lv]

The Rose.

FLowre, *which of* Adons *Blood*
Sprang, when of that cleare Flood
Which Venus *wept, an other white was borne,*
The sweet Cynarean *Youth thou right dost show :*
But this sharpe-pointed Thorne,
Which doth (so prowde) about thy Crimsin *grow,*
What doth it represent ?
Boares Tuskes (perhaps) his snowie Flancke which rent :
O Show of Showes ! of vnesteemed Worth,
Which both what kill'd, and what was kill'd sett'st forth.

[lvi]

To a Riuer.

SIth shee will not that I
Show to the World my Ioy,
Thou who oft mine Annoy
Hast heard (deare Flood) tell Thetis *Nymphettes bright,*
That not a happier Wight
Doth breath beneath the Skie :
More sweet, more white, more faire,
Lips, Hands, and amber Haire,
Tell none did euer touch ;
A smaller, daintier Waste
Tell neuer was embrac't :
But Peace, sith shee forbids thou tell'st too much.

LV. [4] DNO. *thou liuely showes* [6] DNO. *So proud about thy* Crimsin *Folds that growes* [8] DNO. *Boares Teeth (perhaps) his milke-white Flanck which rent* [9] NO. *O show in one of unesteemed Worth* [10] D. *In one that kill'd, and killer setteth forth !* NO. *That both the kill'd, and killer setteth forth*

LVI. [2] N. *She to the world my Ioy* [4] DNO. *tell* Thetis *if thou can* [5] DNO. *a happier Man* [9] D. *did neuer* [*In the Oxford copy of* D, "*neuer*" *is corrected to* "*euer*" *in Drummond's hand.*] [12] D. *thou tells* NO. *since she forbids thee tell too much*

[lvii]

Thaïs Metamorphose.

IN Briareus *hudge*
Thaïs *wish'd shee might change*
Her Man, and pray'd him herefore not to grudge,
Nor fondly thinke it strange:
For if (said shee) I might the Parts dispose,
I wish you not an hundreth Armes, nor Hands,
But hundreth Things, like those,
With which Priapus *in our Garden stands.*

[lviii]

Vpon a *Baye* Tree, not long since growing in the Ruines of VIRGILS Tombe.

THose Stones which once had Trust
Of Maros *sacred Dust,*
Which now of their first Beautie spoylde are seene,
That they due Praise not want,
Inglorious and remaine,
A Delian *Tree (faire* Natures *only Plant)*
Now courtes, and shadowes with her Tresses greene:
Sing Iö Pæan, *yee of* Phœbus *Traine,*
Though Enuie, Auarice, Time, *your Tombes throw downe,*
With Maiden Lawrells Nature *will them crowne.*

LVII. [1] NO. *Into* [3] DNO. *and pray'd him not there at to grudge* [6] D. *a hundreth* [7] NO. *hundred*
LVIII. This piece is wanting in DN.

[lix]

Epitaph.

THen Death *thee hath beguild*
Alectos *first borne Child ?*
Thou who didst thrall all Lawes
Then against Wormes canst not maintaine thy Cause ?
Yet Wormes (more iust than thou) now doe no Wrong,
Sith all doe wonder they thee spar'd so long,
For though from Life but lately thou didst passe,
Ten Springs *are gone since thou* corrupted *was.*

[lx]

Floras Flowre.

VEnus *doth loue the Rose,*
Apollo *those deare Flowrs*
Which were his Paramours,
The Queene of sable Skies,
The subtile Lunaries,
But Flore *likes none of those,*
For faire to Her no Flowre seemes saue the Lillie :
And why ? because one Letter turnes it P.

[lxi]

Melampvs Epitaph.

ALl *that a Dog could haue*
The good Melampus *had :*
Nay, hee had more than what in Beasts wee craue,
For hee could playe the Braue,
And often like a Thraso *sterne goe Mad :*
And if yee had not seene, but heard him barke,
Yee would haue sworne hee was your Parish Clarke.

LIX. [3] DNO. *Then thou who thrall'd* [4] DNO. *Now against Wormes cannot maintaine thy Cause* [6] NO. *Since* [7] NO. *thou didst but lately* [8] NO. *Twelve Springs*

LX. This piece is wanting in N.

[7] D. *To Her for no Flowre faire seemes but the Lillie* [8] D. *because on letter makes't a* P

LXI. This piece is wanting in DN.

[lxii]

KALAS Complaint.

KAla *old* Mopsus *Wife,*
Kala *with fairest Face,*
(*For whom the Neighbour Swaines oft were at Strife*)
As shee to milke her milke-white Flocke did tend,
Sigh'd with a heauie Grace,
And said, What Wretch like mee doth leade her Life?
I see not how my Taske can haue an End:
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine emptie Husbands soft and cold.

[lxiii]

The Happinesse of a Flea.

HOw *Happier is that Flea*
Which in thy Brest doth playe,
Than that pied Butterflie
Which courtes the Flame, and in the same doth die?
That hath a light Delight
(*Poore Foole*) *contented only with a Sight,*
When this doth sporte, and swell with dearest Food,
And if hee die, hee Knight-like dies in Blood.

[lxiv]

Of that same.

POore *Flea, then thou didst die,*
Yet by so faire a Hand,
That thus to die was Destine *to command:*
Thou die didst, yet didst trie
A Louers last Delight,
To vault on virgine Plaines, Her kisse, and bite:
Thou diedst, yet hast thy Tombe
Betweene those Pappes, ô deare and stately Roome!
Flea, happier farre, more blest,
Than Phœnix *burning in his spicie Nest.*

LXII. [4] DNO. *her snowie Flocke* [7] DNO. *shall haue*
LXIII. This piece is wanting in DN.
LXIV. This piece is wanting in DN.
[4] O. didst die

[lxv]

LINAS Virginitie.

WHo Lina *weddeth, shall most happie bee,*
For hee a Maide shall finde,
Though Maiden none bee shee,
A Girle, or Boy, beneath her Waste confinde:
And though bright Ceres *Lockes bee neuer shorne*
Hee shall be sure this Yeere to lacke no Corne.

[lxvi]

LOVE naked.

ANd *would yee (Louers) know*
Why Loue *doth naked goe?*
Fond, waggish, changeling Lad,
Late whilst Thaumantias *Voyce*
Hee wondring heard, it made him so rejoyce,
That hee o'rejoy'd ran Mad:
And in a franticke Fit threw Cloathes away,
And since from Lip, and Lap hers can not straye.

[lxvii]

NIOBE.

WRetched Niobè *I am,*
Let Wretches reade my Case,
Not such who with a Teare ne're wet their Face;
Seuen Daughters of mee came,
And Sonnes as many, which one fatall Day
(Orb'd Mother!) tooke away:
Thus reft by Heauens vnjust,
Griefe turn'd mee Stone, Stone too mee doth entombe,
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard Rocke but ope the flintie Wombe,
And heere thou shalt finde Marble, and no Dust.

LXV.–LXVII. These pieces are wanting in DN.

[lxviii]

Change of Loue.

ONce did I weepe, and grone,
Drinke Teares, draw loathed Breath,
And all for Loue of one
Who did affect my Death:
But now (Thankes to Disdaine)
I liue relieu'd of Paine,
For Sighs, I singing goe,
I burne not as before, no, no, no, no.

[lxix]

Wilde Beautie.

IF all but Yce thou bee,
How dost thou thus mee burne?
Or how at Fire which thou dost raise in mee
(Sith Yce) thy selfe in Streames dost thou not turne?
But rather (plaintfull Case!)
Of Yce art Marble made to my Disgrace:
O Miracle of Loue! not heard till now,
Cold Yce doth burne, and hard by Fire doth grow.

[lxx]

Constant Loue.

TIme makes great States decay,
Time doth Mayes Pompe disgrace,
Time drawes deepe Furrowes in the fairest Face,
Time Wisdome, Force, Renowne, doth take away,
Time doth consume the Yeeres,
Time Changes workes in Heauens eternall Spheares:
Yet this fierce Tyrant which doth all deuoure,
To lessen Loue in mee shall haue no Power.

LXVIII.–LXX. These pieces are wanting in DN.

[lxxi]

To Chloris.

SEe Chloris, *how the Cloudes*
Tilte in the azure Lists,
And how with Stygian *Mists*
Each horned Hill his giant Forehead shroudes,
Ioue *thundreth in the Aire,*
The Aire growne great with Raine,
Now seemes to bring Deucalions *Dayes againe:*
I see thee quake, come, let vs home repaire,
Come hide thee in mine Armes,
If not for Loue, yet to shunne greater Harmes.

[lxxii]

VPON A POVRTRAIT.

THe *Goddesse that in* Amathus *doth raigne,*
With siluer Tramells, and Saphire-colour'd Eyes,
When naked from her Mothers christall Plaine
Shee first appear'd vnto the wondring Skies;
Or when (*the* golden Apple *to obtaine*)
Her blushing Snowes amazed Idas *Trees,*
Did neuer looke in halfe so faire a Guise
As shee *heere drawne,* all other Ages Staine.
O God what Beauties! to inflame the Soule,
And hold the wildest Hearts in Chaines of Gold,
Faire Lockes, sweet Face, Loues stately Capitole,
Deare Necke, which dost that heauenly Frame vp-hold:
If Vertue *would to mortall Eyes appeare,*
To rauish Sense, shee would your Beautie weare.

LXXI. This piece is wanting in DN.

LXXII. This piece is wanting in O. In DN, the title runs "ON THE POVRTRAIT *of the Countesse of* Perthe."

[6] N. Snow [10] DN. the hardest Hearts [12] D. doth N. Pure Neck which doth

[lxxiii]

Vpon that same.

IF Heauen, *the* Starres, *and* Nature, *did her grace*
With all Perfections *found the* Moone *aboue,*
And what excelleth in this lower Place,
Did place in her, to breede a World of Loue ?
If Angells Gleames shine on her fairest Face ?
Which make Heauens Ioy on Earth the Gazer proue ?
And her bright Eyes (the Orbs which Beautie *moue)*
Doe glance like Phœbus *in his glorious Race ?*
What Pincell paint ? what Colour to the Sight
So sweet a Shape can show ? the blushing Morne
The Red must lend, the milkie-*Way the White,*
And Night *the Starres, which her rich Crowne adorne,*
To draw her right : But then that all agree,
The Heauen, *the* Table, Zeuxis Ioue *must bee.*

LXXIII. This sonnet is wanting in O, and bears no title in DN. [4] N. Found place in her [8] DN. As PHOEBVS dazell [9] DN. what Colour [11] D. must len [13] D. To draw her right; Then to make all agree N. To draw her right then, and make all agree

[lxxiv]

Vpon that same, drawne with a *Pansie.*

WHen with braue Arte *the curious Painter drew*
This heauenly Shape, the Hand why made hee beare
With golden Veines that Flowre of purple Hue,
Which followes on the Planet of the Yeare ?
Was it to show how in our Hemispheare
Like him shee shines ? Nay, that Effects more true
Of Power, and Wonder doe in her appeare,
Whilst hee but Flowres, shee doth braue Minds subdue ?
Or would hee else to Vertues *glorious Light*
Her constant Course make knowne ? or is it hee
Doth paralell her Blisse with Clytias *Plight ?*
Right so, and thus, hee reading in her Eye
Some woefull Louers End, to grace his Graue,
For Cypresse *Tree this mourning Flowre her gaue.*

[lxxv]

Vpon that same.

IF Sight bee not beguilde ?
And Eyes right playe their Part ?
This Flowre is not of Arte,
But is faire Natures *Child :*
And though when Phœbus *from vs is exilde,*
Shee doth not locke her Leaues, his Losse to mone,
No Wonder, Earth *hath now moe Sunnes than one.*

LXXIV. This piece is wanting in O. In D, the title runs "ON THAT SAME DRAWEN *with a Pansee,*" and in N, "*On that same drawn with a Pencill.*"

8 DN. While *He* but Flowres, and *She* doth Mindes subdue 10 DN. or is't that *He* 13 N. Some *Lovers* end, to grace what he did grave

LXXV. This piece is wanting in O. In DN, the title is "MADRIGALL."

4 DN. *But's fairest* Natures *Child* 5 DN. *And though when* Titans *from our* World *exild* 7 D. *findes now moe* Sunes *then one* N. *finds now more* Suns

[lxxvi]

Thirsis in Dispraise of Beautie.

That which so much the doating World doth prise,
Fond Ladies only Care, and sole Delight,
Soone-fading Beautie, *which of Hues doth rise,*
Is but an abject Let of Natures *Might;*
Most woefull Wretch, whom shining Haire and Eyes,
Leade to Loues *Dungeon, traitor'd by a Sight,*
Most woefull: for hee might with greater Ease
Hells Portalls enter, and pale Death *appease.*

As in delicious Meads beneath the Flowres,
And the most wholsome Herbes that May *can show,*
In christall Curles the speckled Serpent lowres,
As in the Apple (which most faire doth grow)
The rotten Worme is clos'd, which it deuoures,
As in gilt Cups with Gnossian *Wine which flow,*
Oft Poyson pompously doth hide its Sowres:
So Lewdnesse, Falshood, Mischiefe, them aduance,
Clad with the pleasant Rayes of Beauties *Glance.*

Good thence is chas'd, where Beautie *doth appeare,*
Milde Lowlinesse with Pittie from it flie,
Where Beautie *raignes as in their proper Spheare,*
Ingratitude, Disdaine, Pride, all descrie,
The Flowre, and Fruit which Vertues *Tree should beare,*
With her bad Shadowe Beautie *maketh die:*
Beautie *a Monster is, a Monster hurld*
From angrie Heauen, to scourge this lower World.

As Fruits which are vnripe, and sowre of Taste,
To bee confect'd more fit than sweet wee proue,
For Sweet in Spight of Care themselues will waste,
When they long kept, the Appetite doe moue:

LXXVI. This piece is wanting in DN.

So in the Sweetnesse of his Nectare, Loue
The foule confects, and seasons for his Feaste:
Sowre is farre better which wee sweet may make,
Than sweet which sweeter Sweetnesse will not take.

Foule may my Ladie bee, and may her Nose
(*A* Tanarife) *giue Vmbrage to her Chinne;*
May her gay Mouth (*which shee no Time may close*)
So wide be, that the Moone may turne therein,
May Eyes, and Teeth, bee made conforme to those,
Eyes set by Chance, and white, Teeth blacke and thinne:
May all what seene is, and is hidde from Sight,
Like vnto these rare Parts bee framed right.

I shall not feare thus though shee straye alone,
That others Her pursue, entice, admire,
And though shee sometime counterfaite a Grone,
I shall not thinke her Heart feeles vncouth Fire,
I shall not stile Her ruethlesse to my Mone,
Nor prowde, disdainfull, wayward to Desire:
Her Thoughts with mine will hold an equall Line,
I shall bee hers, and shee shall all bee mine.

[lxxvii]

Evrymedons Praise of Mira.

Gemme of the Mountaines, Glorie of our Plaines,
Rare Miracle of Nature, *and of* Loue,
Sweet Atlas, *who all* Beauties *Heauens sustaines,*
No, Beauties *Heauen, where all her Wonders moue,*
The Sunne from East to West who all doth see,
On this low Globe sees nothing like to thee.

LXXVI. [31] O. of his Feast
LXXVII. This piece is wanting in DN.

One Phœnix *only liu'd ere thou wast borne,*
And Earth *but did one Queene of Loue admire,*
Three Graces *only did the World adorne,*
But thrise three Muses *sung to* Phœbus *Lyre,*
Two Phœnixes *bee now, Loues Queenes are two,*
Foure Graces, Muses *ten, all made by you.*

For those Perfections which the bounteous Heauen
To diuerse Worlds in diuerse Times assign'd,
With thousands more, to thee at once were giuen,
Thy Body faire, more faire they made thy Mind:
And that thy like no Age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd they after brake the Mold.

Sweet are the Blushes, on thy Face which shine,
Sweet are the Flames, which sparkle from thine Eyes,
Sweet are his Torments, who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his Death, for thee who sweetly dies,
For if hee die, hee dies not by Annoy,
But too much Sweetnesse and aboundant Ioy.

What are my slender Layes to show thy Worth?
How can base Words a thing so high make knowne?
So wooden Globes bright Starres to vs set forth;
So in a Christall is Sunnes Beautie showne:
More of thy Praises if my Muse should write,
More Loue and Pittie, must the same indite?

[lxxviii]

THAVMANTIA at the departure of IDMON.

FAire Diane, *from the Hight*
Of Heauens first Orbe who chear'st this lower Place,
Hide now from mee thy Light,
And pittying my Case,
Spread with a Skarfe of Clouds thy blushing Face.

LXXVIII. This piece is wanting in DN.

Come with your dolefull Songs,
Nights sable Birds, which plaine when others sleepe,
Come, solemnize my Wrongs,
And Consort to mee keepe,
Sith Heauen, Earth, Hell, are set to cause mee weepe.

This Griefe yet I could beare,
If now by Absence I were only pinde,
But ah! *worse Euill I feare,*
Men absent proue vnkinde,
And change (vnconstant like the Moone) their Minde.

If Thought had so much Power
Of thy Departure, that it could mee slaye?
How will that vgly Houre
My feeble Sense dismaye?
Farewell sweet Heart, *when I shall heare thee say.*

Deare Life, sith thou must goe,
Take all my Ioy and Comfort hence with thee,
And leaue with mee thy Woe,
Which vntill I thee see,
Nor Time, nor Place, nor Change shall take from mee.

[lxxix]

ERYCINE at the departure of ALEXIS.

AND wilt thou then, Alexis *mine, depart?*
And leaue these flowrie Meads, and christall Streames?
These Hills as greene as great with Gold and Gemmes,
Which courte thee with rich Treasure in each Part?
Shall nothing hold thee? not my loyall Heart,
That burstes to lose the Comfort of thy Beames?
Nor yet this Pipe which wildest Satyres *tames?*

LXXIX. This piece is wanting in DN.
[6] O. the Comforts

Nor Lambkins Wayling ? nor old Dorus *Smart ?*
O ruethlesse Shepheard, Forrests strange among
What canst thou else but fearfull Dangers finde ?
But ah ! *not thou, but* Honour *doth mee Wrong ;*
O cruell Honour ! *Tyrant of the Mind,*
This said sad Erycine, *and all the Flowres*
Empearled as shee went, with Eyes salt Showres.

[lxxx]

Alexis to Damon.

THe Loue *Alexis* did to *Damon* beare,
Shall witness'd bee to all the Woods, and Plaines,
As singulare, renown'd by neighbouring Swaines,
That to our Relicts *Time* may Trophees reare :
Those *Madrigals* wee sung amidst our Flockes,
With Garlands guarded from *Apollos* Beames,
On *Ochells* whiles, whiles neare *Bodotrias* Streames,
Are registrate by *Ecchoes* in the Rockes.
Of forraine Shepheards bent to trie the States,
Though I (Worlds Guest) a Vagabond doe straye,
Thou mayst that Store, which I esteeme Suruaye,
As best acquainted with my Soules Conceits :
What euer Fate *Heauens* haue for mee design'd,
I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

LXXX. In DNO, this piece is entitled "Alexis," and does not occur at this place.

[5] D. *we song* [7] N. *On* Ochelles, *whiles neare* Bodotrias *Streames* O. Bodotrian [8] D. *By* Ecchoes *are resounded from the Rockes* NO. *The* Ecchoes *did resound them from the Rocks* [11] DNO. *Thou may*

FINIS.

Forth Feasting

Reprinted from the Edition of 1618,
and Collated with that of 1617.

FORTH FEASTING.

A

PANEGYRICKE

TO THE KINGS

MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTIE.

Flumina ſenſerunt ipſa.

EDINBVRGH,

Printed by ANDRO HART, 1617.

PLATE 17.—FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

Page 139.

To his sacred Majestie.

IF, in this Storme of joy and pompous Throng,
This *Nymphe* (great KING) come euer Thee so neare
That Thy harmonious Eares Her Accents heare,
Giue Pardon to Her hoarse and lowlie Song:
Faine would Shee Trophees to Thy *Vertues* reare,
But for this statlie Task Shee is not Strong,
And Her Defects Her high Attempts doe wrong,
Yet as Shee could shee makes Thy WORTH appeare.
So in a Mappe is showen this *flowrie Place*;
So wrought in Arras by a Virgines Hand
With Heauen and blazing Starres doth *Atlas* stand,
So drawen by Chare-coale is *Narcissus* Face:
Shee maye *Aurora* be to some bright *Sunne*
Which maye perfect the *Day* by her begunne.

This sonnet appeared for the first time in "THE MVSES WELCOME TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE IAMES." EDINBURGH, M.DC.XVIII.

[2] NO. *doth come to Thee so neare* [13] NO. *She like the Morn may be to* [14] NO. *The Day to perfect that's by her begun*

FORTH FEASTING.

A PANEGYRICKE

To the Kings most *excellent Majesty.*

WHat blustring Noise now interrupts my Sleepe?
What echoing Shouts thus cleaue my chrystal Deep?
And call mee hence from out my watrie Court?
What Melodie, what Sounds of Ioy and Sport,
Bee these heere hurl'd from eu'rie neighbour Spring?
With what lowd Rumours doe the Mountaines ring?
Which in vnusuall Pompe on tip-toes stand,
And (full of Wonder) ouer-looke the Land?

In NO, the poem is entitled "The River of FORTH FEASTING: A Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince, *James*, King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*."

The text here adopted is that of *The Muses Welcome*, a collection of verse in honour of James sent out by John Adamson in 1618, to which Drummond contributed, with a few alterations, his poem of *Forth Feasting*, which had already seen the light in the previous year with the title-page here reproduced.

[3] NO. And seems [O. seem] to call me from [5] NO. Are convey'd hither from each Night-borne [O. neighbouring] Spring

Whence come these glittring Throngs, these Meteors bright,
This golden People set vnto my Sight?
Whence doth this Praise, Applause, and Loue, arise?
What Load-starre east-ward draweth thus all Eyes?
Am I awake? or haue some Dreames conspir'd
To mocke my Sense with Shadowes much desir'd?
Stare I that liuing Face, see I those Lookes,
Which with Delight wont to amaze my Brookes?
Doe I behold that Worth, that Man diuine,
This Ages Glorie, by these Bankes of mine?
Then is it true what long I wish'd in vaine?
That my much-louing PRINCE is come againe?
So vnto Them whose *Zenith* is the Pole
When sixe blacke Months are past the Sunne doeth rolle:
So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights
Faire *Helens* Brothers show their chearing Lights:
So comes *Arabias* Meruaile from her Woods,
And farre farre off is seene by *Memphis* Floods,
The feather'd Syluans Clowd-like by her flie,
And with applauding Clangors beate the Skie,
Nyle wonders, *Seraps* Priests (entranced) raue,
And in *Mygdonian* Stone her Shape ingraue;
In lasting Cedars marke the joyfull Time
In which *Apollos* Bird came to their Clime.
Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flowres bee seene,
And sweet-breath'd *Zephyres* curle the Medowes greene:
Let Heauens weepe Rubies in a crimsin Showre,
Such as on *Indies* Shores they vse to powre:
Or with that golden Storme the Fields adorne,
Which *Ioue* rain'd, when his *Blew-eyed Maide* was borne.
May neuer Houres the Webbe of Day out-weaue,

[10] NO. glancing in my sight [13] G. And doe I wake [14] NO. with what I most desir'd [15] NO. View I [16] NO. were wont t'amaze [19] NO. Then find I true [20] NO. My much beloved Prince [24] N. clearing Lights [25] NO. *Arabias* wonder [O. Wonders] [28] NO. And with triumphing plaudits [29] NO. *Nyle* marvels [31] G. In golden Leaues write downe the joyfull time NO. In lasting Cedars they do marke the Time [35] NO. Let Heaven

May neuer Night rise from her sable Caue.
Swell prowd my Billowes, faint not to declare
Your Ioyes, as ample as their Causes are:
For Murmures hoarse sound like *Arions* Harpe,
Now delicatlie flat, now sweetlie sharpe.
And you my Nymphes, rise from your moyst Repaire,
Strow all your Springs and Grotts with Lillies faire:
Some swiftest-footted get her hence and pray
Our Floods and Lakes, come keepe this Holie-day;
What e're beneath *Albanias* Hills doe runne,
Which see the rising or the setting Sunne,
Which drinke sterne *Grampius* Mists, or *Ochells* Snows:
Stone-rowling *Taye*, *Tine* Tortoyse-like that flows,
The pearlie *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,
Wild *Neuerne* which doth see our longest Day,
Nesse smoaking-Sulphure, *Leaue* with Mountaines crown'd,
Strange *Loumond* for his floting Isles renown'd:
The irish *Rian*, *Ken*, the siluer *Aire*,
The snakie *Dun*, the *Ore* with rushie Haire,
The Chrystall-streaming *Nid*, lowd-bellowing *Clyd*,
Tweed which no more our Kingdomes shall deuide:
Rancke-swelling *Annan*, *Lid* with curled Streames,
The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they loose their Names,
To eu'rie one proclaime our Ioyes, and Feasts,
Our Triumphes; bid all come, and bee our Guests:
And as they meet in *Neptunes* azure Hall,
Bid Them bid *Sea-Gods* keepe this Festiuall.
This Day shall by our Currents bee renown'd,
Our Hills about shall still this Day resound:
Nay, that our Loue more to this Day appeare,
Let vs with it hence foorth begin our Yeare.
To Virgins Flowres, to Sunne-burnt Earth the Raine,
To Mariners faire Winds amidst the Maine:
Coole Shades to Pilgrimes, which hote Glances burne,
Please not so much, to vs as Thy Returne.

47 NO. get them hence 74 NO. Are not so pleasing as thy blest Returne

That Day (deare Prince) which reft vs of thy Sight,
[Day, no, but Darknesse, and a duskie Night]
Did fraight our Brests with Sighs, our Eyes with Teares,
Turn'd Minutes in sad Months, sad Months in Yeares:
Trees left to flowrish, Medowes to beare Flowres,
Brookes hid their Heads within their sedgie Bowres,
Faire *Ceres* curst our Fields with barren Frost,
As if againe shee had her Daughter lost:
The *Muses* left our Groues, and for sweete Songs
Sate sadlie silent, or did weepe their Wrongs;
Yee know it Meads, yee murmuring Woods it know,
Hilles, Dales, and Caues, Copartners of their Woe;
And yee it know my Streames, which from their Eine
Oft on your Glasse recieu'd their pearled Brine;
O *Naïds* deare (said They) *Napęas* faire,
O Nymphes of Trees, Nymphes which on Hills repaire,
Gone are those maiden Glories, gone that State,
Which made all Eyes admire our Hap of late.
As lookes the Heauen when neuer Starre appeares,
But slow and wearie shroude them in their Spheares,
While *Tithons* wife embosom'd by Him lies,
And World doth languish in a drearie Guise:
As lookes a Garden of its Beautie spoil'd,
As Wood in Winter by rough *Boreas* foil'd;
As Pourtraicts raz'd of Colours vse to bee:
So lookt these abject Bounds depriu'd of Thee.
While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy royall Gleames,
They did not enuie *Tibers* haughtie Streames,
Nor wealthie *Tagus* with his golden Ore,
Nor cleare *Hydaspes* which on Pearles doth rore,
Empampred *Gange* that sees the Sunne new borne,

[75] NO. which rob'd us [76] G. and a clowdie Night] [77] NO. Did fill our Brests [G *has the form* Sights *instead of* Sighs] [78] NO. to sad Months, sad Months to Yeares [84] O. Sat [85] NO. You know it Meads you [87] NO. And you it know [88] NO. pearly Brine [92] NO. our Blisse [O. Bless] of late [96] N. in a mournfull Guise [98] NO. As Woods [105] NO. Nor golden *Gange*

Nor *Acheloüs* with his flowrie Horne,
Nor Floods which neare *Elysian* Fields doe fall:
For why? Thy Sight did serue to them for all.
No Place there is so desart, so alone,
Euen from the frozen to the torrid Zone,
From flaming *Hecla* to great *Quincys* Lake,
Which Thine abode could not most happie make.
All those Perfections which by bounteous Heauen
To diuerse Worlds in diuerse Times were giuen,
The starrie Senate powr'd at once on Thee,
That Thou Examplare mightst to Others bee.
Thy Life was kept till the *three Sisters* spunne
Their Threedes of Gold, and then it was begunne.
With curled Clowds when Skies doe looke most faire,
And no disordred Blasts disturbe the Aire,
When Lillies doe them decke in azure Gownes;
And new-borne Roses blush with golden Crownes;
To bode, how calme wee vnder Thee should liue,
What *Halcyonean* Dayes Thy Reigne should giue,
And to two flowrie Diademes Thy right;
The Heauens Thee made a Partner of the Light.
Scarce wast Thou borne, when joyn'd in friendly Bands
Two mortall Foes with other clasped Hands,
With *Vertue Fortune* stroue, which most should grace
Thy Place for Thee, Thee for so high a Place,
One vow'd thy sacred Brest not to forsake,
The Other on Thee not to turne her Backe,
And that Thou more her loues Effects mightst feele
For Thee shee rent her Sayle, and broke her Wheele.
When Yeeres Thee vigour gaue, O then how cleare
Did smoothred Sparkles in bright Flames appeare?
Amongst the Woods to force a flying Hart,
To pearce the mountaine-Wolfe with feathred Dart,
See Faulcons climbe the Clowds, the Foxe ensnare,

112 NO. Which Thy abode 119 NO. With chequer'd Clouds 123 NO. To prove how 134 NO. For Thee she left the Globe, and 137 NO. the flying Hart

Out-runne the winde-out-running *dædale* Hare,
To loose a trampling Steede alongst a Plaine,
And in meandring Gyres him bring againe,
The Preasse Thee making place, were vulgare Things;
In *Admirations* Aire on *Glories* Wings
O! Thou farre from the common Pitch didst rise,
With Thy designes to dazell *Enuies* Eyes:
Thou soughtst to know, this *Alls* eternall Source,
Of euer-turning Heauens the restlesse Course,
Their fixed Eyes, their Lights which wandring runne,
Whence Moone her Siluer hath, his Gold the Sunne,
If *Destine* bee or no, if Planets can
By fierce Aspects force the Free-will of Man:
The light and spiring Fire, the liquid Aire,
The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Haire,
Heauens tilting Launces, Artillerie, and Bow,
Lowd-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Haile and Snow,
The roaring Element with People dombe,
The Earth with what conceiu'd is in her Wombe,
What on Her moues, were set vnto Thy Sight,
Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might:
But vnto nought Thou so Thy Mind didst straine
As to bee read in Man, and learne to raigne;
To know the Weight, and *Atlas* of a Crowne,
To spare the Humble, Prowdlings pester downe.
When from those pearcing Cares which Thrones inuest,
As Thornes the Rose, Thou weari'd wouldst Thee rest,
With Lute in Hand, full of cœlestiall Fire,
To the *Pierian* Groues Thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all *Vranias* Flowres,
In sweeter Layes than builded *Thebees* Towres,
Or them which charm'd the Dolphines in the Maine,
Or which did call *Euridicè* againe,
Thou sungst away the Houres, till from their Spheare

[141] NO. To breath thy fiery Steed on every Plaine [143] NO. and vulgar Things [149] NO. Their fixed Lamps [151] NO. If Fate there be or no [153] NO. The light aspiring Fire [157] NO. Elements [164] NO. Proud ones tumble down

Starres seem'd to shoote, Thy Melodie to heare.
The God with golden Haire, the Sister Maides,
Left, nymphall Helicon, their Tempès Shades,
To see Thine Isle, heere lost their natiue Tongue,
And in Thy world-diuided Language sung.
Who of Thine After-age can count the Deedes,
With all that *Fame* in *Times* hudge Annales reedes,
How by Example more than anie Law,
This People fierce Thou didst to Goodnesse draw;
How while the Neighbour Worlds (tows'd by the *Fates*)
So manie *Phaëtons* had in their States,
Which turn'd in heedlesse Flames their burnish'd Thrones,
Thou (as ensphear'd) kepdst temperate Thy Zones;
In *Africke* Shores the Sands that ebbe and flow,
The shadie Leaues on Ardennes Trees that grow,
Hee sure may count, with all the Waues that meet
To wash the Mauritanian *Atlas* feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,
Thy Worth deserues the richest Crowne on Earth.
Search this *Halfe* Spheare and the opposite Ground,
Where is such Wit and Bountie to bee found?
As into silent Night, when neare the Beare
The *Virgine Huntresse* shines at full most cleare,
And striues to match her Brothers golden Light,
The Hoast of Starres doth vanish in her Sight,
Arcturus dies, cool'd is the Lyons ire,
Po burnes no more with *Phaëtontall* Fire,
Orion faints to see his Armes grow blacke,
And that his flamming Sword hee now doth lacke:
So *Europes* Lights, all bright in their Degree,
Loose all their Lustre paragond with Thee.
By just Discent Thou from moe Kings dost shine,
Then manie can name Men in all their Line:

176 NO. Did leave their *Helicon*, and *Tempe's* shades 183 NO. (toss'd by the Fates) 185 NO. turn'd to 186 NO. keptst 188 G. The speckled Flowrs in vnshorne Meads that grow 191 G. Though Thou wert not a crowned King by Birth 193 NO. and the Antartick Ground 202 G. his blazing Sword 204 NO. parallel'd with Thee 205 NO. more 206 G. Than

What most They toyle to find, and finding hold
Thou skornest, orient Gemmes, and flattring Gold:
Esteeming Treasure surer in Mens Brests,
Than when immur'd with Marble, closd in Chests;
No stormie Passions doe disturbe thy Mind,
No Mists of greatnesse euer could Thee blind:
Who yet hath beene so meeke? Thou life didst giue
To Them who did repine to see Thee liue;
What Prince by Goodnesse hath such Kingdomes gain'd?
Who hath so long his Peoples Peace maintain'd?
Their Swords are turn'd in Sythes, in Culters Speares,
Some giant Post their anticke Armour beares:
Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,
The wanton Swaine sits piping on a Reed.
And where the Canon did *Ioues* Thunder skorne,
The gawdie Hunts-man windes his shrill-tun'd Horne:
Her greene Lockes *Ceres* void of feare doth die,
The Pilgrime safelie in the Shade doth lie,
Both *Pan* and *Pales* (carelesse) keepe their Flockes,
Seas haue no Dangers saue the Winds and Rockes:
Thou art this Isles *Palladium*, neither can
[While Thou art kept] it bee o're-throwne by Man.
Let Others boast of Blood and Spoyles of Foes,
Fierce Rapines, Murders, *Iliads* of Woes,
Of hated Pompe, and Trophæes reared faire,
Gore-spangled Ensignes streaming in the Aire,
Count how They make The *Scythian* them adore,
The *Gaditan* the Souldiour of *Aurore*,
Unhappie Vauntrie! to enlarge their Bounds,
Which charge themselues with Cares, their Friends with Wounds,
Which haue no Law to their ambitious Will,
But (Man-plagues) borne are humane Blood to spill:
Thou a true Victor art, sent from aboue

[217] NO. turn'd to . . . to Culters [223] G. *Ceres* without feare NO. *Ceres* doth to yellow die [228] NO. [Whiles thou dost live] [234] NO. and Souldiour [235] NO. Unhappy Boasting! [236] NO. That charge [237] NO. Who have

What Others straine by Force to gaine by Loue,
World-wandring *Fame* this Prayse to Thee imparts,
To bee the onlie Monarch of all Hearts.
They many feare who are of many fear'd,
And Kingdomes got by Wrongs by Wrongs are tear'd,
Such Thrones as Blood doth raise Blood throweth downe,
No Guard so sure as Loue vnto a Crowne.
Eye of our westerne World, *Mars*-daunting King,
With whose Renowne the Earths seuen Climats ring,
Thy Deedes not only claime these Diademes,
To which *Thame, Liffy, Taye,* subject their Streames:
But to thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due,
All that the Planet of the Yeere doth view;
Sure if the World aboue did want a Prince,
The World aboue to it would take thee hence.
That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell,
And in their Roomes with vs the *Graces* dwell,
That *Honour* more than *Riches* Men respect,
That *Worthinesse* than *Gold* doth more effect,
That *Pietie* vnmasked showes her Face,
That *Innocencie* keepes with *Power* her Place,
That long-exil'd *Astrea* leaues the Heauen,
And turneth right her Sword, her Weights holds euen,
That the *Saturnian* World is come againe,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happie Raigne.
That dayly Peace, Loue, Trueth, Delights encrease,
And Discord, Hate, Fraude, with Incombers cease,
That Men vse Strength not to shed others Blood,
But vse their Strength now to doe other Good,
That *Furie* is enchain'd, disarmed *Wrath,*
That (saue by *Natures* Hand) there is no Death,
That late grimme Foes like Brothers other loue,
That Vultures prey not on the harmlesse Doue,
That Wolues with Lambs doe Friendship entertaine,
Are wish'd Effects of thy most happie Raigne.
That Towns encrease, That ruin'd Temples rise,

262 G. And vseth 268 others Good

And their wind-mouing Vanes plant in the Skies,
That *Ignorance* and *Sloth* hence runne away,
That buri'd *Arts* now rowse them to the Day,
That *Hyperiòn* farre beyond his Bed
Doth see, our Lyons rampe, our Roses spred,
That *Iber* courtes vs, *Tyber* not vs charmes;
That *Rhein* with hence-brought Beams his Bosome warmes,
That Euill vs feare, and Good vs doe maintaine,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happie Raigne.
O *Vertues* Patterne, Glorie of our Times,
Sent of past Dayes to expiate the Crimes,
Great King, but better farre than thou art greate,
Whome State not honours, but who honours State,
By Wonder borne, by Wonder first enstall'd,
By Wonder after to new Kingdomes call'd,
Young kept by Wonder neare home-bred Alarmes,
Old sau'd by Wonder from pale Traitours Harmes,
To bee for this Thy Raigne which Wonders brings,
A King of Wonder, Wonder vnto Kings.
If *Pict*, *Dane*, *Norman*, Thy smooth Yoke had seene,
Pict, *Dane*, and *Norman*, had thy Subjects beene:
If *Brutus* knew the Blisse Thy Rule doth giue,
Euen *Brutus* joye would vnder Thee to liue:
For Thou Thy People dost so dearlie loue,
That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee proue.
O Dayes to bee desyr'd! Age happie thrice!
If yee your Heauen-sent-Good could duelie prize,
But yee (halfe-palsie-sicke) thinke neuer right
Of what yee hold, till it bee from your Sight,
Prize onlie Summers sweet and musked Breath,
When armed Winters threaten you with Death,
In pallid Sicknesse doe esteeme of Health,
And by sad Pouertie discerne of Wealth:
I see ane Age when after manie Yeares,

[276] Vanes do kisse the Skies [283] NO. That Ill doth feare, and Good doth us maintaine [291] NO. from home-bred Alarmes [302] O. If you [303] NO. But we [304] NO. we hold . . . our sight [309] NO. after some few yeares

And Reuolutions of the slow-pac'd Spheares,
These Dayes shall bee to other farre esteem'd,
And like *Augustus* palmie Raigne bee deem'd.
The Names, of *Arthure* fabulous Palladines,
Grau'n in *Times* surlie Brows in wrinckled Lines,
Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,
Their Neighbour Conquests, Orders new of Knights,
Shall by this Princes Name be past as farre
As Meteors are by the *Idalian* Starre.
If Gray-hair'd *Proteüs* Songs the Truth not misse,
And Gray-hair'd *Proteüs* oft a Prophet is,
There is a Land hence-distant manie Miles,
Out-reaching Fiction and *Atlanticke* Iles,
Which (Homelings) from this litle World wee name,
That shall imblazon with strange *Rites* his Fame,
Shall, reare him Statues all of purest Gold,
Such as Men gaue vnto the Gods of old,
Name by him Fanes, prowd Pallaces, and Towns,
With some great Flood, which most their Fields renowns.
This is that King who should make right each Wrong,
Of whome the *Bards* and mysticke *Sybilles* song,
The Man long promis'd, by whose glorious Raigne,
This Isle should yet her ancient Name regaine,
And more of *Fortunate* deserue the Stile,
Than those where Heauens with double Summers smile.
Runne on (great Prince) Thy Course in *Glories* Way,
The End the Life, the Euening crownes the Day;
Heape Worth on Worth, and stronglie soare aboue
Those Heights which made the World Thee first to loue,
Surmount Thy Selfe, and make thine Actions past
Bee but as Gleames or Lightnings of Thy last,
Let them exceed them of Thy younger Time,
As farre as *Autumne* doth the flowrie *Prime*.
Through this Thy Empire range, like Worlds bright Eye,

311 NO. shall be 'bove other 313 H. The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous Palladines 325 G. Shall raise him 327 NO. Name by him Temples, Pallaces 328 NO. great River, which their Fields renowns 330 NO. sung 341 NO. exceed those

That once each Yeare suruayes all Earth and Skie,
Now glaunces on the slow and restie *Beares*,
Then turnes to drie the weeping *Austers* Teares,
Iust vnto both the Poles, and moueth euen
In the infigur'd Circle of the Heauen.
O long long haunt these Bounds, which by Thy Sight
Haue now regain'd their former Heate and Light.
Heere grow greene Woods, heere siluer Brookes doe glide,
Heere Meadowes stretch them out with painted Pride,
Embrodring all the Banks, heere Hilles aspire
To crowne their Heads with the ætheriall Fire:
Hills, Bullwarks of our Freedome, giant Walls,
Which neuer Fremdlings Slight nor Sword made Thralls;
Each circling Flood to *Thetis* Tribute payes,
Men heere (in Health) out-liue old *Nestors* Dayes:
Grimme *Saturne* yet amongst our Rocks remaines,
Bound in our Caues, with many Mettald Chaines:
Bulls haunt our Shades like *Ledas* Louer white,
Which yet might breede *Pasiphaè* Delight,
Our Flocks faire Fleeces beare, with which for Sport
Endemion of old the Moone did court,
High-palmed Harts amidst our Forrests runne,
And, not impall'd, the deepe-mouth'd Hounds doe shunne;
The rough-foote Hare him in our Bushes shrowds,
And long-wing'd Haulks doe pearch amidst our Clowds.
The wanton *wood-Nymphes* of the verdant Spring,
Blew, Golden, Purple, Flowres shall to Thee bring,
Pomonas Fruits the *Paniskes*, *Thetis* Gyrles
Thy *Thulys* Amber, with the Ocean Pearles;
The *Tritons*, Heards-men of the glassie Field,
Shall giue Thee what farre-distant Shores can yeeld,
The *Serean* Fleeces, *Erythrean* Gemmes,
Vaste *Platas* Siluer, Gold of *Peru* Streames,
Antarticke Parrots, *Æthiopian* Plumes,
Sabæan Odours, Myrrhe, and sweet Perfumes:

347 NO. Hurries to both the Poles 356 NO. Which never friends did slight 367 NO. Safe in our Bushes 376 N. Waste *Platas*

And I my selfe, wrapt in a watchet Gowne,
Of Reedes and Lillies on mine Head a Crowne,
Shall Incense to Thee burne, greene Altars raise,
And yearly sing due *Pæans* to Thy Praise.
Ah why should *Isis* only see Thee shine?
Is not thy FORTH, as well as *Isis* Thine?
Though *Isis* vaunt shee hath more Wealth in store,
Let it suffice Thy FORTH doth loue Thee more:
Though Shee for Beautie may compare with *Seine*,
For Swannes and Sea-*Nymphes* with imperiall *Rhene*,
Yet in the Title may bee claim'd in Thee,
Nor Shee, nor all the World, can match with mee.
Now when (by *Honour* drawne) thou shalt away
To Her alreadie jelous of thy Stay,
When in Her amourous Armes Shee doth Thee fold,
And dries thy Dewie Haires with Hers of Gold,
Much questioning of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,
Much of Thine Absence, Long, how e're so short,
And chides (perhaps) Thy Comming to the North,
Loathe not to thinke on Thy much-louing FORTH:
O loue these Bounds, whereof Thy royall Stemme
More then an hundreth wore a Diademe.
So euer Gold and Bayes Thy Browes adorne,
So neuer Time may see Thy Race out-worne,
So of Thine Owne still mayst Thou bee desir'd,
Of Strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So MEMORIE the Praise, so precious *Houres*
May character Thy Name in starrie Flowres;
So may Thy high Exployts at last make euen,
With Earth thy Empyre, Glorie with the Heauen.

388 O. For Swains 389 NO. Yet for the Title 395 NO. Much asking
400 G. than NO. than an hundred.

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

POEMS IN COMMENDATION OF THE AUTHOR.

I. Clorus, p. ci. In spite of a diligent search, we have been unable to identify, with any degree of certainty, the author of these lines. He may possibly be one Thomas Cargill, a minor poet of the time, to whom some complimentary verses are addressed in vol. xiii. of the Hawthornden MSS.

l. 2. *Aska*: the river Esk, which empties itself into the Firth of Forth, at Musselburgh.

II. To the Author, p. ci. This and the following sonnet are from the pen of Sir William Alexander (*c.* 1567–1640), Drummond's friend and fellow-bard, about whom more particulars will be found in the Notes, as the occasion arises.

l. 5. *Pasithea*: one of the Charites, or Graces, also called Aglaia.

l. 6. *The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare*: Mars. The form "*fift*," which is the normal form, still survives in dialects; the standard form, which first appears in the fourteenth century, is due to the analogy of *fourth*. The form without *h* is not rare with English writers of the end of the sixteenth century and even later. It is the ordinary Scots form.

l. 9. *And hence it is, that that once Nymphe, now Tree*:

the nymph Daphne, daughter of the river-god Peneus, was pursued by Apollo, who was charmed by her beauty; as she was on the point of being overtaken by him, she prayed for help, and was metamorphosed into a laurel-tree (*δάφνη*), which became in consequence the favourite tree of Apollo. See Ovid, *Metam.* i. 12.

l. 10. *Amphrisian Shepheard*: Apollo, so called from the river Amphrysus in Thessaly, on the banks of which he kept the flocks of King Admetus.

To the Author, p. cii, l. 6. *thou . . . makes*: such forms of the second person singular of the present indicative are not uncommon with the Elizabethans, and are to be explained on grounds of euphony principally, though in some cases Northern dialect influence played some part. In the case of the Scottish poets, however, the Scots form of the second person singular of the present indicative which invariably ended in *-is* (*-s*), as it does still in Modern Scots, no doubt exercised considerable influence. Such forms are very common in Drummond and will not be further noted.

To the Author, p. cii. The author of this graceful sonnet is Sir David Murray of Gorthy, one of the Scottish court poets of the time, and attached to the household of young Prince Henry. He wrote the *Tragical Death of Sophonisba* (1611) in stanzaic form with rimes *ab ab bcc*, besides some two dozen sonnets. His *Poems* were reprinted in 1823 by the Bannatyne Club. The Hawthornden MSS. contain a sonnet in memory of a Murray by Sir William Alexander, but the Murray in question is John Murray, another of the many minor poets connected with the court. As this sonnet does not appear to have been published except in the folio edition of Drummond's Works, and presents some interesting variants, it is here appended:

Mourne Muses mourne, your greatest gallant dyes
Who free in state did court your sacred traine,

Your Minnon Murray Albiones sweetest swaine
Who soar'd so high, now sore neglected lyes.
If of true worth the world had right esteeme
His loftie thoughts what bounds could haue confind?
But Fortune feard to match with such a mind
Where all his due, and not her gift had seemd.
Faire Nymphes whose brood doth stand with Tyme at stryf,
Dare Death presume heauens darelings thus to daunt?
To flattering fancies then in vaine you vaunt
That you for euer will prolong a lyf.
He graced your band, and not your bayes his brow:
You happie more in him, he not by you.

l. 7. *if Shee doe weepe thy Ladies Death*: Miss Cunningham of Barns, Drummond's betrothed, who died in the year 1614 or 1615.

l. 13. *bewray*: "reveal," "disclose"; now obsolete. M.E. *bewreien*, from *be* and O.E. *wrēgan*, "to accuse."

III. Vpon the incomparable Poems of Mr. William Drummond, p. ciii. By Edward Phillips (1630–1696), author, and nephew of Milton, by whom he was educated. In 1650 Phillips went up to Oxford, but left the university after a few months' stay in 1651, without a degree, and sought a living in London by means of private tuition and hack-work for the booksellers. In 1656 he published two novels translated from the Spanish of Juan Perez de Montalvan, and in the same year his edition of Drummond's *Poems*, to which he prefixed these verses. Two years later he came out as a lexicographer with *A New World of Words*. He is perhaps best known for his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), which contains, in the introductory "Discourse on Poets and Poetry," criticism of such high order, relatively, that Phillips has been suspected of repeating as his own appreciations of the English poets which he had heard his uncle express.

l. 32. *Monument*: "tomb," "sepulchre"; now obsolete in that sense.

l. 38. *Penhurst*, or rather *Penshurst*, the name of the country mansion in Kent where Sir Philip Sidney was born.

De Gulielmo Drummondo, p. civ. By Arthur Johnston (1587–1641), a native of Aberdeenshire, famous in his day as a writer of Latin verse. For further particulars on Johnston see Notes, vol. ii. p. 393.

l. 1. George Buchanan, born at Killearn in Stirlingshire in 1506, probably the most distinguished scholar that Scotland has produced, and one of the most brilliant humanists of the sixteenth century. In his own day Buchanan's great reputation rested mainly on his skill in Latin poetry, though he also won great fame by his *History of Scotland*, published just thirty days before his death, which took place on the 28th of September, 1582. The best *Life* of George Buchanan is that by Professor Hume Brown of Edinburgh (1890).

To W. D., p. civ. These rather halting lines are by John Spotswood or Spottiswood (1565–1637), archbishop of St. Andrews, and a Scottish historian of some repute. Apart from his political role, Spottiswood is known for his *History of the Church and State of Scotland from the end of the reign of King James VI.* (1625), published posthumously at London in 1655, with a Life of the author. Spottiswood's work, undertaken at the request of King James, is not free from partisanship, but is nevertheless of considerable value as a counterpoise to Calderwood's *History*, which represents the anti-episcopalian side.

l. 15. *Embleme*: "to be the emblem of."

To William Drummond of Hawthornden, p. cvi. All we know concerning this authoress is contained in Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum* (see the edition of 1675, p. 259), where it is said that she was "a friend of the Poet Drummond, of whom, besides many other things in Poetry, she hath a large *Encomium* in verse"—evidently a reference to the present poem. We may state that we have been unable to trace any of her other poems to which Phillips alludes.

l. 19. *The Chian Painter*: this is a mistake for "Coan Painter." No painter is associated with Chios, but the island of Cos or Coos, off the coast of Caria, was probably the birthplace of Apelles, the greatest painter of antiquity. One of his most famous pictures was that of Aphrodite Anadyomene, painted for the temple of Asclepius at Cos, which Augustus brought to Rome and set up in the temple of Caesar, and which, when the lower part was damaged, no painter would attempt to restore.

l. 26. *Prankt*: "pranced." The word "*prank*" as an equivalent to *prance* is now obsolete or dialectal.

Ora: the river Ore, a tributary of the Leven.

ll. 39–40. An allusion to Drummond's *Teares on the Death of Mœliades*, in which he bewails the death of Prince Henry, son of James I.

IV. Damon, p. cviii. The G. Lauder who signs this elegy was the younger son of Lauder of Hatton, Midlothian, and of Mary, third daughter of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington. He was born about 1600, and appears to have entered the English army, in which he attained the rank of colonel. Subsequently he migrated to Holland and joined the army of the Prince of Orange. There he wrote much poetry, mainly patriotic or military in tone, of which the best is undoubtedly the present memorial poem to Drummond. Several of his pieces have been republished by David Laing in *Fugitive Scottish Poetry*, and by Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck in *Frondes Caducæ* (Edinburgh, 1818).

"*Damon*" is the poetical name conferred on Drummond by his fellow-poets of Scotland.

l. 6. *hois'd*: "raised"; now obsolete.

l. 11. *prevent*: "to anticipate." The verb in that sense is archaic.

l. 37. *Sion's Shepherd*: King David.

l. 94. The Ochils are a range of hills occupying parts of the Scottish counties of Stirling, Perth, and Clack-

mannan, and extending from the vicinity of Stirling north-east to the Firth of Tay.

l. 111. *Rebeck*: a medieval instrument of music, having three strings and played with a bow; an early form of the fiddle; O.F. *rebec*.

l. 129. *Auristella*: the poetic name which Drummond applies to his mistress in Sonnet xviii of the *Poems*.

l. 130. *Whose Beauty brav'd the Lemnian's lovely Wife*: Venus. Lemnos, one of the largest islands in the Aegean Sea, was sacred to Hephaestus or Vulcan, who is said to have fallen there, when he was hurled down from Olympus. Hence the "*Lemnian*" is Vulcan, whose wife was Venus.

l. 132. *Tyrian Purple*: Tyre, a city of Phoenicia, was famous for the fishery of the murex, from which was obtained a purple liquor used in the process of dyeing.

l. 133. *His Blush from that fair Boy Apollo slew*: Hyacinthus. According to the general story, which is probably late and composite, the great beauty of Hyacinthus, son of Amyclas and Diomede, attracted the love of Apollo, who killed him accidentally when teaching him to throw the discus. See Ovid, *Metam.* x. 6.

l. 138. *Bodotria*: the Firth of Forth.

l. 142. *He made deaf Nilus Dwellers hear his Name*: borrowed from l. 58 of Drummond's *Teares on the Death of Mœliades*.

l. 145. *Blew Doris and her Daughters*: Doris was the daughter of Oceanus and Thetis, and mother of the Nereides.

l. 150. Another allusion to Drummond's *Teares on the Death of Mœliades*.

l. 156. *Ascra*: at the foot of Mount Helicon, the birthplace of the poet Hesiod.

l. 166. *hings*: "hangs." Cf. note to l. 110 of Song i, vol. i. p. 173.

l. 223. An allusion to Drummond's *History of Scotland*.

l. 243. Sir Robert Ayton, or Aytoun, was born at the

castle of Kinaldie, near St. Andrews, in 1570, and died in London in 1638. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and in 1603 visited France to complete his studies. From there he addressed an elegant Latin panegyric to King James, on his accession to the throne of England, which won him that monarch's favour; and subsequently occupied several offices at Court. He was a poet of some merit both in Latin and English, and was one of the first Scotsmen who wrote in English with any degree of purity and elegance.

l. 244. *Alexis*: the poetical name of Sir William Alexander, Drummond's friend.

l. 263. The "*Grotte*" alluded to by Lauder is probably the cave at the foot of the rock on which the house of Hawthornden is built. This and the following line are taken almost verbatim from Drummond's *Forth Feasting* (ll. 259-60).

l. 266. *Trophonius*: a legendary hero of architecture. By command of Apollo a cult and an oracle were dedicated to him as Zeus Trophonius. The oracle was situated in a subterranean chamber, into which, after various preparatory rites, the inquirers descended to receive, under mysterious circumstances, a variety of revelations, which were afterwards taken down from their lips, and duly interpreted.

ll. 277-278. These two verses are taken from the sonnet (in *Flowres of Sion*) composed by Drummond, in answer to one by his friend Sir William Alexander, after Drummond's long and serious illness in the year 1620.

Sir George Mackenzie . . . wrote down this Elogy of him, p. cxvi. Sir George Mackenzie (1636-1691), who lives in the popular mind as "Bluidy" Mackenzie, the criminal prosecutor of the Covenanters. He cultivated literature assiduously, and it is to him that we owe the foundation of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. His works were collected by Ruddiman (1716–1722), and include *Essay upon Solitude, Vindi-*

cation of the Government of Charles II., and *Jus Regium.*

To the Memory of William Drummond of Hawthornden, p. cxvi. This, and the next two pieces, are by David Crawford of Drumsoy (1665–1726), son of David Crawford of Drumsoy and of a daughter of James Crawford of Baidland, a prominent supporter of the anti-covenanting persecution in Scotland. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and called to the bar, but relinquished the law for the study of history and antiquities. His eminence in these subjects won for him the post of Historiographer for Scotland, to which he was appointed by Queen Anne. He is best known for his *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland* (1706), which purported to be published from an authentic manuscript of the sixteenth century, but which Malcolm Laing showed, in 1804, to be an impudent forgery. David Crawford also wrote two light comedies, and *Ovidius Britannicus, or Love Epistles in Imitation of Ovid* (1703).

POEMS: THE FIRST PART.

Sonnet i, p. 3, l. 6. The form *begouth* of the past tense of " to begin," noted in the variants as used in the advance issue of the *Poems* (D), is relatively frequent in Middle Scots, and is still found in Modern Scots in the form *begoud*. According to the N.E.D. these forms appear to be due to some form-association with *couth, could*, probably through the aphetic form *gan*, which became in Scots *can*, and was thus identical in form with *can*, " to be able."

l. 8. *But (God wot) wist not what was in my Braine* recalls

> But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it

in Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (Son. lxxiv, l. 6).

l. 11. *moe*: "more"; now obsolete. *Moe* is applied to a greater number of things, while *more* is used of a greater quantity of one thing.

l. 13. *breath*: a form of "to breathe"; now obsolete.

ll. 13–14. *breath* : *Death*. According to the pronunciation of the time this constitutes a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ē].[1] Other similar instances are *Earth* : *breath* (i. p. 52, Son. ii, ll. 13-14), *bequeath* : *Death* (i. p. 7, Son. ix, ll. 13-14), etc. In this connexion it is well to state once for all that the data at our disposal do not enable us to feel sure that, in every instance, we have succeeded in ascertaining Drummond's pronunciation, especially as it is hardly possible to decide how far the Scottish pronunciation of the time may have affected his rhymes, or how far he made use of eye-rhymes.

Sonnet ii, p. 4. This sonnet is constructed on the pattern of one by Jean Passerat, one of Drummond's favourite French models (*Les Poésies françaises de Jean Passerat, publiées avec Notice et Notes par Prosper Blanchemain*, Paris, 1880, i. p. 189), except that in this case the resemblance in particulars does not extend beyond the first quatrain :

> Ie sçay bien qu'icy bas rien ferme ne demeure :
> Qu'il y a des estats vn fatal changement :
> Que tout aura sa fin qui a commencement :
> Et que tout ce qui naist il faut aussi qu'il meure.

ll. 13-14. *moue* : *loue* : a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ū]. Cf. *Smooke* (smoke) : *looke* (ii. p. 54, ll. 135-136), *moue* : *loue* (i. p. 24, Son. xxi, ll. 13-14).

Sonnet iv, p. 5. This sonnet by antithesis is one of the many variations of Petrarch's well-known "Amor mi sprona in un tempo ed affrena."

l. 7. *Arabias Bird* : the Phoenix.

[1] The symbols in square brackets indicate the phonetic notation.

l. 11. *Best companied when most I am alone* suggests

Seem most alone in greatest company

in Sonnet xxvii of *Astrophel and Stella*.

Sonnet v, p. 5. The general movement and central idea is at once seen to be identical with those of Sonnet xxx of *Astrophel and Stella* :

Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast ?
How Poles' right King means, without leave of host,
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy ?
If French can yet three parts in one agree ?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast ?
How Holland's hearts—now so good towns be lost—
Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange tree ?
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame ?
If in the Scottish Court be welt'ring yet ?
These questions, busy wits to me do frame :
I cumbered with good manners answer do ;
But know not how, for still I think on *you*.

But considerations taken from practical politics did not appeal to Drummond's philosophic mind, and he found a more congenial task in adapting the substance of the following passage from *Arcadia* and embodying it in his sonnet :

Those lamps of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The ever turning spheres, the never moving ground ;
What essence dest'ny hath, if fortune be or no ;
Whence our immortal souls to mortal earth do flow :
What life it is, and how that all these lives do gather,
With outward maker's force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, methought, I thought, and strain'd my single mind,
Then void of nearer care, the depth of things to find.

ll. 2-3. *lie* : *Eternitie*. A correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ei]. Other similar cases are *wie* (spelt *wie* instead of *wei* in order to satisfy the eye) : *descrie* (i. p. 68, ll. 109-110), *by* : *company* (ii. p. 51, ll. 39-40),

Supercheries : *despise* (ii. p. 130, ll. 25-26), *modestie* : *lie* (ii. p. 169, ll. 5 and 8), etc.

l. 11. *Iris* : in Greek mythology, a female divinity, messenger of the gods, often regarded as the personification of the rainbow.

Sonnet vi, p. 6. Adapted from the following sonnet by Luigi Groto (*Delle Rime di Luigi Groto Cieco d' Hadria*, Venetia, 1587, p. 65), a prolific author in various branches of literature, whose *Rime* (especially the madrigals), it may be noted in passing, were laid under heavy contribution by the brothers Davison in that part of Davisons' *Poetical Rhapsody* which appears under their names. The sonnet in question by Groto runs as follows :

Di produr Perle Arabia non si vanti
Più nè più 'l Gange, onde il Sol novo ascende :
Nè il Tago più, che di fin' oro splende,
Nè di Alabastri pien d' Egeo si canti.
Nè Libia, ove l' Avorio han gli elefanti :
Nè l' Arcadia, che latte ogni hora apprende,
Nè l' India, che il pregiato Hebano rende,
Nè Pesto ove hanno ogn' hor rose gli amanti.
Sola Hadria tutti questi honor giunti habbia
Che Perle, Sole, Oro, Alabastro, Avorio,
Latte, Hebano produce insieme, e Rose :
Onde le membra di colei compose,
Per cui languisco, e del languir mi glorio :
Denti, occhi, crin, sen, man, piè, ciglia, e labbia.

l. 9. *Nor Seas of those deare Wares are in you found* : in sixteenth and seventeenth-century English the nominative of the relative was frequently omitted, whereas modern usage confines the omission mostly to the accusative. See W. Franz, *Shakespeare-Grammatik*, § 215.

Sonnet vii, p. 6. This sonnet, the Platonism of which is well explained by Ward (i. p. 207), would hardly have received its present form but for Sonnet xxv of *Astrophel and Stella*. It is also reminiscent of Sonnet xii in Drayton's *Idea*.

l. 5. *Ere in these Mansions blinde they* (alluding to our souls) *come to dwell* may be compared with

> What needed so high spirits such mansions blind ?

in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*[1] (p. 187).

l. 8. *Not toylde with ought to Reason doth rebell* : subsisting according to intellect ; not burdened with the encumbrance of body.

Sonnet viii, p. 7. An amplification of the first two tercets of Sonnet cxiii of the First Part of Petrarch's *Rime* to Laura :

> Or che 'l cielo e la terra e 'l vento tace,
> E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
> Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
> E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace ;
> Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango ; e chi mi sface
> Sempre m' è innanzi per mia dolce pena.

l. 2. *restie* : " restive " ; now obsolete.

ll. 5-6.

> *While Cynthia, in purest Cipres cled,*
> *The Latmian Shepheard in a Trance descries—*

an allusion to the story of the moon-goddess Selene (one of her other numerous names was Cynthia) and Endymion, a beautiful youth, a shepherd or hunter, whom Selene visited and embraced every night while he lay asleep in a grotto on Mount Latmus in Caria.

ll. 7-8. *Whiles . . . whiles* : " now . . . now." The adverb " whiles " with the meaning of " at times " is a Scotticism.

Sonnet ix, p. 7. One of the finest of the numerous sonnets to Sleep, of which the best-known is that by Daniel (*Delia*, xlix). There is also a fine one by the Italian Della Casa, and another by Desportes (*Les Amours d'Hippolyte*, lxxv). Drummond's model, however, was his

[1] For convenience' sake *Arcadia* is quoted according to E. A. Baker's edition, London, 1907.

Italian contemporary Marino (*Rime di Gio. Battista Marino*, Venetia, 1602, Part I. p. 31) :

O del Silentio figlio, e della Notte,
Padre di vaghe imaginate forme,
Sonno gentil, per le cui tacit' orme
Son l' alme al ciel d' Amor spesso condotte ;
Hor, che 'n grembo ale lieui ombre interrotte
Ogni cor (fuor che 'l mio) riposa, e dorme,
L' Herebo oscuro, al mio pensier conforme,
Lascia ti prego, e le Cimerie grotte,
E vien col dolce tuo tranquillo oblio,
E col bel volto, in ch' io mirar m' appago,
A consolar il vedouo desio.
Che, se 'n te la sembianza, onde son vago,
Non m' è dato goder, godrò pur' io
De la morte, che bramo, almen l' imago.

l. 3. *Indifferent Host to Shepheards and to Kings* is borrowed from the fourth line of Sonnet xxxix of *Astrophel and Stella*, also addressed to Sleep :

Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

l. 14. *I long to kisse the Image of my Death* re-echoes Sidney's

A dull desire to kiss the image of our Death.
(*Arcadia*, p. 332.)

By "*Image of Death*" Drummond means "sleep." Cf. vol. i. p. 65, l. 14.

Sonnet x, p. 8. This is conveyed, with Drummond's usual felicity, from Passerat's "Sonet à la Lune" (*op. cit.* i. p. 173) :

O bel œil de la nuict ; o la fille argentée,
Et la sœur du Soleil & la mere des mois :
O Princesse des monts, des fleuues, & des bois
Dont la triple puissance en tous lieus est vantée.
Puisque tu es, Deesse, au plus bas Ciel montée,
D'où les piteus regrets des amants tu reçois ;
Di, Lune au front cornu, as tu veu quelquefois
Vne ame qui d'Amour fust si fort tourmentée ?

Si doncques ma douleur vient ton cœur esmouuoir,
Tu me peus secourir ; ayant en ton pouuoir
Des songes emplumez la bande charmeresse.
Choisi l'vn d'entre tous qui les maus d'vn amant
Sache mieus contrefaire, & l'enuoye en dormant
Representer ma peine à ma fiere maistresse.

The opening lines Drummond found in another sonnet to the Moon by Lodovico Paterno, the author of a collection of sonnets, eclogues, and elegies, published under the collective title of *Le Nvove Fiamme di M. Lodovico Paterno*, at Lyons, in 1568, but of which the first edition appeared in 1561 :

Luna, che col tuo puro, & freddo argento
Sueli a la maggior ombra il fosco horrore, etc.

Sonnet xi, p. 8, l. 8. *Apelles of the Flowrs* : a rather far-fetched way of saying " painter of the flowers " ; " that bepaints the flowers."

l. 13. *though thou now brought the Day* : Drummond frequently omits the inflection of the second person singular of the past tense. Here again he was probably influenced by Scots. Cf. Sextain ii, l. 14, p. 39, vol. i., and Epitaph, l. 14, p. 83, vol. i.

Song i, p. 9. Of all Drummond's poems this is the one that abounds most in reminiscences of Sidney, as the following examples show :—

ll. 9-11.

When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddie Worlds captiuing Snares,
By Oras flowrie Bancks alone did wander.

Compare :

When I, disgraced wretch, not wretched then did give
My senses such relief, as they which quiet live,
. . . . . .
Free all my powers were from those captivating snares,
Which heavenly purest gifts defile with muddy cares.
(*Arcadia*, p. 332.)

l. 13. *A Floud more worthie Fame*, etc.: the river Eridanus, or Po. Cf. vol. i. p. 20, Son. xiv, ll. 2-3.

l. 18. *And seemes forget*, etc.: Drummond generally omits *to* after *seem* before another infinitive, but not always.

ll. 21-22. *wound* : *Sound*: a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ū]. Cf. *sound* : *wound* (ii. p. 144, ll. 109-110), etc.

l. 28. *That place graue Winter finds not without Flourish*: the use of the word "*flourish*" in the sense of "blossom" or "mass of flowers" is confined to Scots, and to the Northern English dialects. Drummond also uses the word in *Teares on the Death of Mœliades* (l. 23).

l. 32. *And Acidalias Queene with Mars reioyce her*: Venus, probably so called from the well Acidalius near Orchomenos, where she was wont to bathe with the Graces. Venus was notorious for her love-adventures with Mars.

l. 55. *Here Adon blush't, and Clitia*, etc.: according to Bion (*Idyll* i.), from the blood of the beautiful youth Adonis sprang the rose, and according to Ovid, Clytia, a daughter of Oceanus, was changed into the plant Heliotrope (*Metam.* iv. 6).

ll. 57-58.

The Amaranthus smyl'd, and that sweet Boy
Which sometime was the God of Delos joy—

the Amaranthus or amaranth, a genus of plants with richly-coloured flowers, that last long without withering, as Love-lies-bleeding, early employed as an emblem of immortality. The "*sweet boy*" who was the joy of the god of Delos (Apollo) is Hyacinthus.

l. 75. *countervaile*: "counterbalance," "compensate"; now obsolete. Cf. vol. i. p. 67, l. 66.

ll. 79-80.

For those harmonious sounds to Ioue are giuen
By the swift touches of the nyne-string'd Heauen—

an allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music

of the spheres revolving round the centre of the earth. According to Pythagoras the velocities of the spheres depend on their distance from the centre, the slower and nearer bodies giving out a deep note, and the swifter a high note, the concert of the whole yielding the cosmic octave.

ll. 79-80. *giuen* : *Heauen* : this is probably to be taken as an incorrect rhyme, or possibly the pronunciation [hivn] is to be adopted.

ll. 85-86. *wombe* : *come* : a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ū]. Other similar cases are *come* : *tombe* (i. p. 55, Song i, ll. 1-2), *doome* : *come* (ii. p. 46, ll. 315-316), etc.

l. 90. *weare*: in Elizabethan English *weare* or *ware* is used by the side of *wore*, as the past tense of *to wear*. Cf. vol. i. p. 65, l. 23.

ll. 91-92.

> *The Goddesses such were that by Scamander,*
> *Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander—*

a reference to the judgment of Paris, also called Alexander, or the "defender of men," and generally depicted wearing a Phrygian cap. The judgment took place on Mount Ida in the country of Troy, of which one of the principal rivers is the Scamander, which has its source in the chain of Mount Ida.

l. 93. *Aglaia, and her Sisters* : the Charites or Graces, of which one was Aglaia.

l. 101. *Looke howe Prometheus Man*, etc. : according to an ancient legend (Ovid, *Metam.* i. 2), Prometheus tempered some earth with water, and moulded it into the form of a human body, which was animated by Minerva. Cf. vol. ii. p. 228, ii, l. 6.

l. 102. *Dayes Brandon*: the "torch" of day, *i.e.* the sun; Fr. *brandon*.

ll. 103-104. *Amphitheater* : *Water*: a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [a]. Other similar instances are *Water* : *scatter* (i. p. 12, ll. 139-140), *forsake* :

Backe (i. p. 145, ll. 131-132), *take* : *lacke* (ii. p. 15, ll. 52 and 54), *awake* : *blacke* (ii. p. 30, ll. 8-9), *make* : *Zodiacke* (ii. p. 43, ll. 211-212), *was* : *alas* (ii. p. 177, viii. ll. 9-10) ; *grace* : *alas* (ii. p. 260, ll. 95-96), etc.

ll. 105-108.

All three were faire, yet one excell'd as farre
The rest, as Phebus doth the Cyprian Starre,
Or Diamonds small Gemmes, or Gemmes doe other,
Or Pearles that shining shell is call'd their Mother.

Compare :

. . . a nymph that did excel as far
All things that erst I saw, as orient pearls exceed
That which their mother hight . . .

(*Arcadia*, p. 333.)

l. 106. *the Cyprian Starre* : Venus, the most brilliant of the planets.

l. 110. *Hang* : " hung." A northern form of the past of *hing* or *heng*(*e*) (O.N. *hengga*), which at first appeared with weak inflexion and transitive sense (*hinged, henged*), but soon, by assimilation to the third ablaut-class of strong verbs, with a past tense, *hang*, both transitive and intransitive. The forms *hing* and *hang* are the usual ones both in Middle and Modern Scots. Cf. vol. i. p. 62, Mad. iii, l. 3 ; vol. ii. p. 51, l. 42, etc.

l. 111. *tous'd* : " combed " ; properly to " pull," " tear," " worry." Now obsolete.

ll. 117-118.

Her either Cheeke resembl'd a blushing Morne,
Or Roses Gueules in field of Lillies borne.

Compare :

Her face, he makes his shield ;
Where roses gules are borne in silver field.

(*Astrophel and Stella*, xiii.)

l. 118. *Gueules* : an obsolete form of *gules* : " red," as one of the heraldic colours. Hence, poetically and rhetorically, the colour red in general. Here, as often, it is used as a quasi-adjective, or rather as an attributive substantive.

l. 123. *The Tyrian Fish lookes pale*, etc. : the " murex,"

a shell-fish, from which the Tyrian purple dye was obtained.

l. 127. *Her Necke seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias Master*: presumably Ageladas, a native of Argos, who is generally supposed to have been one of the instructors of the renowned Phidias, the greatest sculptor and statuary of ancient Greece.

ll. 127-128.

Her Necke seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias Master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of Alabaster.

Compare:

A hill most fit for such a master,
A spotless mine of alabaster.
(*Arcadia*, p. 182.)

ll. 131-134.

There all about as Brookes them sport at leasure,
With Circling Branches veines did swell in Azure:
Within those Crookes are only found those Isles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old World Stiles.

Compare:

There fall those sapphire-coloured brooks,
Which conduite-like with curious crooks,
Sweet Islands make in that sweet land.
(*Arcadia*, p. 183.)

Drummond's entire description of the bathing nymph (ll. 109-136) should be compared with the song, in *Arcadia*, which Zelmane makes upon the beauty of Philoclea bathing, in order fully to comprehend Drummond's imitative methods.

l. 139. *Ne could I thinke*, etc.: here "*ne*" equals "nor," and has that value following a negative clause, or a word with a negative force; now archaic.

ll. 143-144. *named*: *dreamed*: the value of the rhyme-vowels was probably [ɛ̄ or æ?]. Similar cases are very numerous—*Shade*: *reade* (i. p. 16, ll. 233-234), *peace*: *race* (i. p. 38, Son. xliii, ll. 5 and 7), *deceaue*: *haue* (i. p. 46, Mad. ix, ll. 6 and 8), *Wrath*: *Death* (i. p. 71, ll. 203-204),

States : *Conceits* (i. p. 135, lxxx, ll. 9 and 12), *leaue* : *haue* (ii. p. 157, xvii, ll. 6-7), etc.

ll. 161-162. *play* : *Sea.* These words do not constitute a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowels being probably [e^i : $\bar{e}$?]. Other cases are *sea* : *decay* (i. p. 53, Son. iv, ll. 2 and 4), *day* : *sea* (i. p. 55, Son. vii, ll. 1 and 3), *Seas* : *Raies* (ii. p. 142, ll. 39-40), etc.

l. 163. *rander* = "render" : "to give up," "to surrender"; now obsolete in that sense. The form "*rander*" (cf. vol. ii. p. 99, l. 1050) is explained by the Scots peculiarity of changing *e* to *a*, especially before *n* or *r*, chiefly in borrowed words : *expart* (= expert), *avart* (= avert), *panse* (= pense), *desart* (= desert), etc. Cf. the rhymes *Ample* : *Temple* (ll. 203-4, below), and *Termes* : *armes* (ii. p. 193, ll. 2-3).

l. 167. *vncouth* : "strange." Cf. vol. i. p. 70, l. 167.

ll. 171-172.

And with the Sound foorth from the timorous Bushes
With storme-like Course a sumptuous Chariot rushes.

Compare :

There came a chariot fair, by doves and sparrows guided
Whose storm-like course stay'd not till hard by me it bided.
(*Arcadia*, p. 333.)

ll. 175-176.

The vpmost Part a Scarlet Vaile did couer,
More rich than Danaes Lap spred with her Louer—

Danaë was the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos. Her father, having been warned by an oracle that she should bear a son by whom he would be slain, shut up Danaë in a brazen tower, but Zeus descended to her in a shower of gold, and she gave birth to Perseus. Many of the representations of Danaë in art are famous, among them the painting by Correggio, in the Palazzo Borghese at Rome, in which she is depicted reclining on a couch, while Cupid before her holds out a fold of the drapery over her knees to catch the golden shower. Drummond is perhaps referring to this picture by Correggio.

l. 182. *That Amathus or flowrie Paphos sees*: Amathus, a city of Phoenician origin, on the southern coast of Cyprus. It contained a sanctuary of Aphrodite. Paphos, an ancient city of Cyprus, famed for its celebrated temple of Aphrodite.

l. 186. *nyce*: "shy," "modest"; now obsolete in that sense.

l. 189. *Ermeline*: a synonym of "ermine."

l. 223. *The Queene of the third Heauen*: Venus.

l. 224. *The God of Thrace*: Ares or Mars, so called because his favourite haunt was the land of the wild and warlike Thracians. Cf. vol. ii. p. 131, v, l. 3.

l. 226. *Riphean Hills*: an error for *Rhipean* hills (Rhipaei Montes), the name of a lofty range of mountains in the northern part of the earth, respecting which there are divers statements in the ancient writers.

l. 227. *Psyches Louer*: Cupid.

at randon: "with great force" or "impetuosity," as often O.F. *a randon*, from which it is derived. The change of *-n* to *-m*, in the modern form, is independent of the very rare O.F. form *random*.

l. 234. *And Night and Day the Hyacinthe there reade*: out of the blood of Hyacinthus, accidentally killed by Apollo, grew the hyacinth, the petals of which were supposed to be marked with the mournful exclamation AI, AI (alas!). The Greek hyacinth cannot have been the flower which now bears that name; it has been identified with a species of iris and with the larkspur, which appear to have the markings described. Cp. *Teares on the Death of Mœliades*, l. 127.

ll. 239-244.

And for such Thoughts to haue my Heart enlarged,
And ease mine Eyes with brinie Tribute charged,
Ouer a Brooke (me thought) my pining Face
I laid, which then (as grieu'd at my Disgrace)
A Face Me shew'd againe so ouer-clouded,
That at the Sight mine Eyes afray'd them shrowded.

Compare :

> Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes,
> (Mine eyes even great in labour with their teares)
> I layde my face ; my face wherein there lyes
> Clusters of clowdes, which no Sunne ever cleares.
> In watry glasse my watrie eyes I see :
> Sorrowes, ill easde, where sorrowes painted be.
> (*Arcadia*, p. 211.)

Sonnet xii, p. 17. The opening quatrain was no doubt suggested by the following lines of Sonnet vi of the Second Part of Petrarch's *Rime* :

> Datemi pace, o duri miei pensieri :
> Non basta ben ch' Amor, Fortuna e Morte
> Mi fanno guerra intorno e 'n su le porte,
> Senza trovarmi dentro altri guerrieri ?

The rest of the sonnet recalls vividly the last ten lines of Sonnet xxx of Daniel's *Delia* :

> For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore ?
> Danger hath honour ! great designs, their fame !
> Glory doth follow ! courage goes before !
> And though th' event oft answers not the same ;
> Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
> The Mean-observer (whom base safety keeps)
> Lives without honour, dies without a name ;
> And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
> And therefore, Delia ! 'tis to me, no blot ;
> To have attempted, though attained thee not.

Daniel's sonnet is itself a condensation of Tansillo's two beautiful sonnets : " Amor m' inpenna l' ala," and " Poichè spiegat' ho l' ale al bel desio." It is of course also possible that Drummond may have drawn from the original source.

l. 4. *to* = " too."

l. 7. *steppie* : " steep," " declining."

l. 10. *So that* : " provided that."

Madrigal i, p. 17. Translated from one of Marino's Madrigals (*Rime*, pt. ii. p. 81) :

Fabro dela mia morte
Sembr' io verme ingegnoso,
Che 'ntento al proprio mal mai non riposo.
De le caduche foglie
D' una vana speranza mi nodrisco :
E uarie fila ordisco
Di pensier, di desiri insieme attorte.
Così, lasso, a me stesso
Prigion non sol, ma sepoltura intesso.

l. 1. *A Dedale of my Death* : " a contriver of my own death." Daedalus (*i.e.* " cunning artificer ") was the mythical Greek representative of all handiwork.

Sextain i, p. 18. Evidently suggested by Sestina vii in the First Part of Petrarch's *Rime* :

Non a tanti animali il mar fra l' onde,
Nè lassù sopra 'l cerchio de la luna
Vide mai tante stelle alcuna notte,
Nè tanti augelli albergan per li boschi,
Nè tant' erbe ebbe mai campo nè piaggia,
Quant' a il mio cor pensier ciascuna sera.

Di dì in dì spero omai l' ultima sera,
Che scevri in me dal vivo terren l' onde,
E mi lasci dormir in qualche piaggia :
Chè tanti affanni uom mai sotto la luna
Non sofferse, quant' io : sannolsi i boschi,
Che sol vo ricercando giorno e notte.

I' non ebbi già mai tranquilla notte,
Ma sospirando andai mattino e sera,
Poi ch' Amor femmi un cittadin de' boschi.
Ben fia, prima ch' i' posi, il mar senz' onde,
E la sua luce avrà 'l Sol da la luna,
E i fior d' april morranno in ogni piaggia.

Consumando mi vo di piaggia in piaggia
Il dì pensoso ; poi piango la notte ;
Nè stato ò mai se non quanto la luna.
Ratto come imbrunir veggio la sera,
Sospir del petto e degli occhi escon onde,
Da bagnar l' erba e da crollare i boschi.

Le città son nemiche, amici i boschi
A' miei pensier, che per quest' alta piaggia

Sfogando vo col mormorar de l' onde
Per lo dolce silenzio de la notte :
Tal ch' io aspetto tutto 'l dì la sera,
Che 'l Sol si parta e dia luogo a la luna.

Deh or foss' io col vago de la Luna
Addormentato in qualche verdi boschi ;
E questa ch' anzi vespro a me fa sera,
Con essa e con Amor in quella piaggia
Sola venisse a starsi ivi una notte :
E 'l dì si stesse e 'l Sol sempre ne l' onde.

Sovra dure onde al lume de la luna,
Canzon nata di notte in mezzo i boschi,
Ricca piaggia vedrai diman da sera.

ll. 7-10.

Why should I beene a Partner of the Light ?
Who crost in Birth by bad Aspects of Starres,
Haue neuer since had happie Day nor Night,
Why was not I a Liuer in the Woods, etc.—

The form "*beene*" in l. 1 of this passage presents a real difficulty. If it is taken as an infinitive (Professor Gregory Smith informs us that he knows of no Middle Scots usage which would account for such an infinitival *been*), it can only be explained as a conscious archaism to which Drummond may have been attracted by a similar use of that form in the *Faerie Queene* (II. i. 52, l. 7) :

Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad.

There are serious objections, however, to this interpretation, when the present example is considered in connexion with two others in Drummond's manuscript poems, which, it must be remembered, present Drummond in undress, so to speak, with Scotticisms flowing freely from his pen, and in which he would be most unlikely to strive for poetic effect by the introduction of archaic forms. The first of these passages (vol. ii. p. 244, xliii, ll. 5-6) is as follows :

The corne unmowed on Duns-Law strong did shine,
Lesley, could thou haue shorne, it might beene thyne.

The second (vol. ii. p. 266, ll. 97-100) is :

> If I var one of yow my sille lambes
> I suld not beene oprest vith th' vncuth caire
> That mankind hath, nor felt the cruel flames
> Of Phillis eies, nor knowne vhat vas despaire.

From these two passages, especially the second (in the first it might be argued that *have* is carried on from the first to the second part of the sentence), it would appear that we are in presence of an elliptical construction in which unstressed *have*, represented by some such sound as [ə] (cp. in Shakespeare : "She might ha' been a grandam"), is slurred over so rapidly as to disappear altogether. We are informed, moreover, that this omission of *have* in such forms is still found in certain parts of Scotland. Further, the use of the past tense in ll. 4 (*was*), 3 (*felt*) respectively of the first and third passages quoted points distinctly in that direction.

Another explanation, less probable, would be that "I should been," etc., is an analogy form constructed on the model of "I had been" = "I should have been."

l. 16. *makes*: this form of the first person singular of the present indicative is assured in this passage, and is erroneously and silently corrected to "*make*" in the Maitland Club edition, and in all other editions of Drummond. It is a Scotticism ; in Scots, as in the earlier Northern dialects, all the persons, singular and plural, of the present indicative end in *-is* (*-s*), whenever the verb is separated from its personal pronoun. Other examples are : *I curse the Night, yet doth from Day mee hide* (i. p. 46, Son. liii, l. 1) ; *Oft calles that Prince which here doth Monarchise* (i. p. 64, Mad. v, l. 5) ; *Myselfe now scarce I finde myselfe to be, And thinkes no Fable Circes Tyrannie* (ii. p. 150, Son. ii, ll. 6-7) ; *The pleasant leaues, the suetest floures decayes* (ii. p. 263, l. 18) ; *Since my requests in loue offends thy eares* (ii. p. 269, iv, l. 3) ; *Whose Vertues rare, whose Beauties braue but art Makes thee aboue thy sacred sex to shine* (*ibid.* v, ll. 3-4) ; *And if these Trumpets yeilds not schrillest sounds*

Dont le doux chant l'oreille me vient poindre :
O corps parfait, de tes beautez la moindre
Merite seule vn siege d'Ilion.

l. 5. *O Tongue in which most lushious Nectar lies* is borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (Son. lxxxiii) :

And through those lips drink nectar from that tongue.

Sonnet xiv, p. 20. This sonnet, though it bears no close resemblance to it, was probably suggested by Sonnet cxvi, Part I., of Petrarch's *Rime,* in the first four lines of which there is a similar enumeration of various rivers.

l. 2. *Sebethus* : a small river in Campania, flowing round Vesuvius.

l. 4. *Munda* : the Latin name of the Mondego, a river of Portugal, which rises in the Sierra da Estrella, and falls into the Atlantic at the ports of Buarcos and Figueira, after a course of 120 miles.

Iber : the Iberus or Ebro, the principal river in the N.E. of Spain.

l. 5. *Sorgue* : a small French river, which rises in the Fountain of Vaucluse, and empties itself into the Rhone about four miles above Avignon. The Sorgue, though quite an insignificant stream, is singled out for special mention because of its proximity to Avignon, where, on the 6th of April, 1327, during his second stay, Petrarch first saw, in the church of Sainte-Claire, the Laura whom he has immortalized in his *Canzoniere.* Petrarch alludes directly to the river Sorgue in that one of his sonnets which suggested the present poem.

l. 6. *Peneus* : the chief river of Thessaly.

Phasis : a celebrated river of Colchis, flowing into the east end of the Pontus Euxinus or Black Sea.

Xanthus : the chief river of Lycia.

Ladon : as Drummond qualifies the Ladon with the epithet "*humble,*" he is probably referring to a small river of that name in Elis, rising on the frontiers of Achaia, and falling into the Peneus.

l. 8. *Ister*: the Greek name of the Danube.

l. 9. *Hermus*: a considerable river of Asia Minor.

l. 10. *Hydaspes*: the northernmost of the five great tributaries of the Indus.

l. 14. *Northerne Phenix*: Miss Cunningham of Barns, Drummond's beloved. Barns, the seat of the family of Cunninghams to which the young lady belonged, is near Crail in Fifeshire, and the Ore or Ore Water is not very distant from Barns.

Sonnet xv, p. 20. This sonnet is an admirable instance of how Drummond could assimilate his model and refashion the substance according to his own mould. His model in this case is Sonetto xxix of Sannazaro's *Rime* (*Le Opere Volgari di M. Jacopo Sanazzaro*, Padova, 1723, p. 354):

Ecco che un' altra volta, o piagge apriche,
Udrete il pianto, e i gravi miei lamenti:
Udrete, selve, i dolorosi accenti,
E 'l tristo suon delle querele antiche:
Udrai tu, mar, l' usate mie fatiche,
E i pesci al mio lagnar staranno intenti:
Staran pietose a' miei sospiri ardenti
Quest' aure, che mi fur gran tempo amiche.
E, se di vero amor qualche scintilla
Vive fra questi sassi, avran mercede
Del cor, che desiando arde, e sfavilla.
Ma, lasso, a me che val, se già nol crede
Quella ch' i sol vorrei vêr me tranquilla;
Nè le lacrime mie m' acquistan fede?

Sonnet xvi, p. 21. Another happy adaptation from Sannazaro (*op. cit.* p. 364):

Cari scogli, dilette e fide arene,
Che i miei duri lamenti udir solete;
Antri, che notte e dì mi rispondete,
Quando dell' arder mio pietà vi viene:
Folti boschetti, dolci valli amene,
Fresche erbe, lieti fiori, ombre segrete;
Strade sol per mio ben riposte, e quete,
D' amorosi sospir già calde, e piene:

O solitarii colli, o verde riva,
Stanchi pur di veder gli affanni miei,
Quando fia mai che riposato io viva?
O per tal grazia un dì veggia colei
Di cui vuol sempr' Amor ch' io parli, e scriva,
Fermarsi al pianger mio quant' io vorrei?

ll. 1-2.

Sweet Brooke, in whose cleare Christall I mine Eyes
Haue oft seene great in Labour of their Teares—

In these two lines Drummond re-echoes, for a second time, the verses in *Arcadia*, already quoted, which Zelmane wrote in the sand of Ladon.

l. 6. *Amphions of the Trees*: an elaborate way of saying "wood-birds," "singers of the woods"—in reference to Amphion's marvellous lyre.

l. 10. *Embrodred*: Drummond invariably uses the form "*embroder*," which in his day was used by the side of *embroider*, though not so frequently.

Sonnet xvii, p. 21. This poem would certainly not have received its present form but for the following sonnet in Lodovico Paterno's *Nvove Fiamme* (Lyons edition of 1568, p. 95):

Di zafiri, & di perle il nouel anno
Si veste; ne più neue appar ne' monti;
Chine portan l' altere humide fronti
I fiumi, e 'n pace entro à suoi letti stanno.
Sotto 'l tepido sole allegri vanno
Con le Ninfe i pastori; & sour' i fonti
Puri; & ne' rami vccelli avezzi, & pronti
Sfogan piangendo ogni passato affanno.
Quinci vacche mugghir, quindi poi gregge
S' odon belar; l' aura d' intorno spira:
L' aria, l' acqua, & la terra è bella in vista.
Sol meco Amor con più seuera legge
Opra sue forze, & la mia vita attrista
Sì, c' homai vengo à me medesmo in ira.

l. 7. *Those Flowrs are spred which Names of Princes beare*: the hyacinth, the narcissus, and the anemone,

flowers which sprang from the blood of the princes Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and Adonis.

l. 9. *bea-wailing*: this curious spelling is intended to suggest the bleating of the lambs; *bea* is a sixteenth and seventeenth-century form of *baa*, the cry of a sheep or lamb.

Sonnet xviii, p. 22. This should be compared with Sonnets vii and xx of *Astrophel and Stella*. Ward remarks justly that the name "*Auristella*," which appears nowhere else in Drummond's poems, was probably chosen not without a thought of Sidney's mistress.

l. 6. *In Colour Blacke to wrappe those Comets bright* re-echoes Sidney's:

> In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?
> (*Ast. and Stella*, vii, l. 2.)

ll. 10-12. It will be remembered that green is the colour of Hope.

Madrigal ii, p. 22. A fairly close translation from the following madrigal by Torquato Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime del Sig. Torquato Tasso*, Ferrara, 1582, pt. i. p. 49):

> Al vostro dolce azurro
> Ceda, o luci serene,
> Qual più bel negro Italia in pregio tiene.
> Occhi, cielo d' amore,
> Sole di questo core,
> Sono gli altri appo voi notte et inferno.
> Azurro è 'l cielo eterno,
> E quel, ch' è bello, il bello ha sol da lui,
> Ei bello è sol, perch' assomiglia a vui.

l. 5. *Sinople*: "of a green colour." The word *sinople* is used especially in heraldry of the colour green, or "vert."

Sonnet xix, p. 23. Although direct imitation does not extend beyond lines 9-12, the whole poem reflects the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 28):

Qualhor di uagheggiar desio mi spinge
Quella, c' hà di mia uita eterno impero,
Amor nel uago, e cupido pensiero
Quasi uisibilmente a me la finge.
E 'l sembiante gentil forma, e dipinge
Con sì vivi color, sì pari al uero,
Che lunge il cor dal caro obietto altero
Pur come presso, a sospirar costringe.
Ei nouo Zeusi al' Oriente tolto
L' oro, l' ostro al' Aurora, i raggi al Sole,
Il bel crin ne figura, e gli occhi, e 'l volto.
Ma poiche le dolcissime parole
L' alma non ode, ahi (dice) il pensier stolto
Schernir anch' egli, e tormentar mi uole?

Drummond may also have had in mind the sonnet at the beginning of the second book of *Arcadia*, beginning :

In vaine, mine Eyes, you labour to amende.

l. 9. *Zeuxis* : the celebrated Greek painter, a native of Heraclea in South Italy ; lived till about 400 B.C. He aimed especially at the highest degree of illusion. He is said, according to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 61–66), to have painted grapes so naturally that the birds flew to peck at them.

l. 11. *Cynoper* : " cinnabar," " vermilion." Nares quotes Ben Jonson (*The Alchemist*, i. 3) :

I know you have arsnicke,
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,
Cinoper.

Sonnet xx, p. 23, l. 9. *Who sees those Eyes, their Force and doth not proue* : an example of a rather forced inversion, frequently met with in Drummond.

Sonnet xxi, p. 24, ll. 2-3.

And Pitie breede into the hardest Hart
That euer Pirrha did to Maide impart—

Pyrrha, the wife of Deucalion, son of Prometheus and Clymene. Zeus having resolved to destroy the degenerate race of mankind by a great flood, Deucalion, by the advice

of his father, built a wooden chest, in which he rescued only himself and his wife from the general destruction. Inquiring of the oracle of Themis at Delphi how the human race could be renewed he received answer that Pyrrha and he should veil their heads, and throw behind them the bones of their mother. They understood the priestess to refer to stones, which they accordingly threw behind them; and the stones of Deucalion turned into men, those of Pyrrha into women (Ovid, *Metam.* i. 10).

Sonnet xxii, p. 24. Adapted from a sonnet by Garcilaso (*Obras*, Madrid, 1911, p. 218):

Hermosas ninfas, que en el río metidas,
Contentas habitáis en las moradas
De relucientes piedras fabricadas
Y en colunas de vidro sostenidas;
Agora estéis labrando embebecidas,
Ó tejiendo las telas delicadas;
Agora unas con otras apartadas,
Contándoos los amores y las vidas;
Dejad un rato la labor, alzando
Vuestras rubias cabezas á mirarme,
Y no os detendréis mucho según ando;
Que ó no podréis de lastima escucharme,
Ó convertido en agua aquí llorando,
Podréis allá de espacio consolarme.

ll. 13-14. *powre* : *sowre* : a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ou]. Other similar cases are *Flowrs* : *yours* (i. p. 27, Son. xxvi, ll. 13-14), *Power* : *Whoure* (i. p. 91, iii, ll. 4-5), *now* : *grow* (i. p. 127, lxix, ll. 7-8), *Browes* : *glowes* (ii. p. 43, ll. 213-214), *more* : *deuoure* (ii. p. 54, ll. 147-148), *now* : *flow* (ii. p. 118, i, ll. 11-12), *brow* : *flow* (ii. p. 119, i, ll. 23-24), etc.

Madrigal iii, p. 25, l. 1. *the Idalian Queene*: Venus, so called from the town of Idalium in Cyprus, sacred to her.

ll. 5-6.

In Cyprus Gardens gathering those faire Flowrs
Which of her Bloud were borne—

According to a legend of antiquity, from the blood of Venus sprang the rose. Cf. vol. i. p. 33, Son. xxxvi, l. 3 ; *ibid.* p. 37, Mad. v, ll. 9-10.

l. 12. *Aspine*: an obsolete form of "aspen." Here the meaning is obviously "trembling."

The conceit in the last two lines :

> (*That Shee might read my Case*)
> *A Hyacinth I wisht mee in her Hand*,

is a reminiscence of the closing tercet of one of Marino's sonnets (*Rime*, pt. i. p. 75):

> Fossi anch' io fiore, e per poter dipinto
> Mostrarti sospirando aura odorata,
> Ne le foglie il mio duol, fossi Giacinto.

Sonnet xxiv, p. 26. The opening of this sonnet seems to have been suggested by one of Desportes' "spiritual" sonnets (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 509) :

> Quand, miroir de moy-mesme, en moy je me regarde,
> Je voy comme le tans m'est sans fruict escoulé,
> Tandis que, de jeunesse et d'amour affolé,
> Ce monde en ses destours m'amuse et me retarde.
> La beauté de mes ans, comme un songe fuyarde,
> Me laisse en s'envolant le poil entremeslé,
> Le teint palle et flestri, le cœur triste et gelé,
> Qui pour tous beaux pensers la repentance garde, etc.

l. 2. *viuely* : "in a vivid or lively manner." The word is used by the Elizabethans.

l. 14. *Malgre* = "maugre," which is the usual form. Probably Drummond uses the form "*malgre*" consciously as a French word, as has sometimes been done by other English writers.

Sonnet xxv, p. 26. This sonnet seems to have caught Milton's ear when he penned his beautiful sonnet, "O Nightingale that on yon bloomy spray."

Sonnet xxvi, p. 27. This sonnet may be compared with Garcilaso's twenty-third sonnet, and with those of Torquato Tasso, in which he prophetically describes the havoc old age will work upon his mistress's beauty.

l. 4. *Graine*: "colour," "dye." Compare Barnaby Barnes' second "Sestine":

> Thy cheeks and forehead disaray
> The rose and lillyes of their grayne.

"*Graine*" has the epithet "*Tyrian*," because Tyre, a city of Phoenicia, was famous for the fishing of the murex, a shell-fish yielding a purple liquor used in manufacturing the dye.

l. 8. *the Thracian Harper*: Orpheus.

Sonnet xxvii, p. 27. Drummond no doubt had in mind the opening sonnet of the Second Book of the *Erreurs Amoureuses* of Pontus de Tyard:

> Je n'atten point que mon nom l'on escriue
> Au rang de ceux, qui ont des rameaux vers
> Du blond Phébus les sçauans frons couuers,
> Hors du danger de l'oublieuse riue.
> Sceve parmi les doctes bouches viue:
> Reste Romans honoré par les vers
> De Desautelz; & chante l'Vnivers
> Le riche loz de l'Immortelle Oliue:
> Vueille Apollon du double mont descendre,
> Pour rendre grace à cest autre Terpandre,
> Qui renouuelle & l'vne, & l'autre Lyre.
> Mais moy, scez tu à quoy, Dame, i'aspire?
> C'est sanz espoir de piteuse te rendre
> Que seulement mes plains du daignes lire.

Instead of adopting Tyard's rather prosy enumeration of some of his poetic friends, Drummond replaces the second quatrain and the first tercet by an amplification of the French sonneteer's next piece, in which the same theme is elaborated:

> Je n'ay encor de la sainte eau sceu boire
> Dessouz le pied du prompt cheual des Cieux:
> Ny le douz songe ha repu mes deux yeux
> Au double mont, des filles de Memoire.

Compare also Sonnet lxxiv, similar in motive, of *Astrophel and Stella*:

I never drank of Aganippe's well;
Nor never did in shade of Tempe sit:
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell.
Poor layman, I! for sacred rites unfit.

l. 8. *Aganippe Well*: a fountain at the foot of Mount Helicon in Boeotia, sacred to the Muses, and believed to inspire those who drank of it.

l. 9. *Venus Tree*: the myrtle. The earliest Roman name of Venus appears to have been Murcia, which was interpreted later as Myrtea, goddess of myrtles. The rose was also sacred to Venus.

Sonnet xxviii, p. 28, l. 5. *Shrill Treeble weepe, and you dull Basses show* is borrowed from Son. lxx of *Astrophel and Stella*:

Trebles sing high as well as basses deep.

l. 10. *Woods solitarie Shades for thee are best.* The Maitland Club edition punctuates erroneously: "Woods, solitarie shades, for thee are best."

Sonnet xxix, p. 28. This sonnet appears in the Hawthornden MSS., in Drummond's hand, with the following variants:

l. 3. Aires Trompetters your hidious sounds containe
l. 5. Eternall lights free from affectiones laws
l. 6. Who in your shining thrones most glorious raigne
l. 7. Turn hither all your eies, your axel tre pause
l. 9. Earth who as partner euer of my disgrace
l. 10. Looks sadlie sullen, aske those powers aboue
l. 12. Fram'd onlie for mishap the sport of loue

ll. 1 and 4. *Waues* : *cause*: a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [au]. Other cases are *Lawes* : *Waues* (i. p. 69, ll. 151-152), *laughter* : *daughter* (ii. p. 210, xii, ll. 11-12).

l. 12. *th' Anachorite of Loue*: "*Anachorite*" is an archaic form of *anchorite* or *anchoret*, which is derived

from the Greek word *ἀναχωρητής*, one who goes or lives apart from his fellow-men, a "hermit."

ll. 13-14.

And bid them if they would moe Ætnas burne,
In Rhodopee or Erimanthe mee turne—

Were he transformed into a snowy mountain—Rhodope or Erymanthus—his inward fire would convert it into a volcano. This is Ward's explanation, and, we think, the correct one.

Sonnet xxx, p. 29. Written on the model of Boscán's twenty-first sonnet (*Obras*, ed. W. Knapp, Madrid, 1875, p. 185):

Qué estrella fué por donde yo caí
En el mundo con tanta pesadumbre?
Quál madre ya de vida me dió lumbre?
Por qué me echó tan huérfano, y así?
Quién primero holgó, quando nací?
Quál dolor me subió tan en su cumbre
Que no hallé remedio en la costumbre,
Y hoy sienta más lo que ayer más sentí?
Por qué no morí en el vientre, ó en naciendo?
Por qué me tomó nadie en sus rodillas,
Criándome entre vivos, no viviendo?
Forzado es ya que vaya descubriendo
Entre mis enemigos mis mancillas,
Y unos lloren y estén otros riendo.

Drummond had also studied the sonnet in Ronsard's *Amours* (of which there is a copy in his commonplace-book) beginning:

Quel sort malin, quel astre me fit estre
Jeune & si fol, & de malheur si plein?
Quel destin fit que tousiours ie me plain
De la rigueur d'vn trop rigoureux maistre? etc.

ll. 13-14. *turne* : *mourne*: a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowels being [ū]. Cf. *burne* : *mourne* (i. p. 35, Mad. iv, ll. 11-12), etc.

Sonnet xxxi, p. 29, l. 3. *besprent*: "besprinkled." Cf. note to l. 4, vii, vol. ii. p. 409.

l. 10. *Phare*: "lighthouse"; Fr. *phare* (φάρος).

l. 11. *this Rocke Capharean*: Caphareus, a rocky and dangerous promontory on the south-east of Euboea, where the Greek fleet is said to have been wrecked on its return from Troy.

l. 12. *And serue no God who doth his Church-men sterue*: compare *Astrophel and Stella*, Son. v:

Till that good God make church and churchman starve.

sterue: a Scots form of *starve* still found to-day in the form *stirve* in the Shetland Isles. By printing "*starve*," modern editions ruin the rhyme with "*serve*" of l. 10.

Sonnet xxxii, p. 30. Suggested by the following sonnet of Desportes (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 507):

Si j'ay moins de pouvoir, plus j'ay de cognoissance,
Si ma vie est un but immobile aux malheurs,
Si mon feu se nourrist dans les flots de mes pleurs,
Si la fin d'un travail d'un autre est la naissance,
Si rien qu'en des tombeaux nuict et jour je ne pense,
Si je n'aime que l'ombre et les noires couleurs,
Si le jour me desplaist, si mes fieres douleurs
Au repos de la nuict croissent leur violence,
Si sans scavoir pourquoy je ne fais que pleurer,
Si du monde inconstant l'on ne peut s'asseurer,
Si c'est un ocean de misere et de peines,
Si je n'espere ailleurs ny salut ny secours,
O mort! n'arreste plus, romps le fil de mes jours,
Et meurtris quant et moy tant de morts inhumaines!

l. 9. *hundreth*: an obsolete form of *hundred*, used in Scotland and in the north of England in Drummond's time. Cf. vol. i. p. 123, lvii, l. 7; vol. ii. p. 19, l. 45.

Sonnet xxxiii, p. 30. Translated from the following sonnet by Torquato Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime*, etc., 1582, pt. ii. p. 26):

Vinca fortuna homai, se sotto il peso
Di tante cure al fin cader conviene,
Vinca, e del mio riposo, e del mio bene
L' empio trofeo sia nel suo tempio appeso

Colei, che mille eccelsi imperi ha reso
Vili, et eguali a le più basse arene,
Del mio male hor si vanta, e le mie pene
Conta, e me chiama da' suoi strali offeso.
Dunque natura, e stil cangia, perch' io
Cangio il mio riso in pianto? Hor qual più chiaro
Presagio attende del mio danno eterno?
Piangi, alma trista, piangi, e del tuo amaro
Pianto si formi un tenebroso rio,
Ch' il Cocito sia poi del nostro Inferno.

Sonnet xxxiv, p. 31. The opening of this sonnet is transferred from Pontus de Tyard (*Œuvres Poétiques*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, p. 24):

Beauté cruelle, & douceur inhumaine,
Qui guerroyez sans cesse en mon désir,
Pour esbranler l'espoir du desplaisir
Qui me trauaille en si plaisante peine, etc.

l. 9. *Let great Empedocles vaunt of his Death*: an allusion to Empedocles, the Greek philosopher and poet, whom a late legend represented as having thrown himself into the crater of Aetna, in order that his sudden disappearance might make people believe that he was a god. The truth, however, was said to have been revealed by the appearance of his shoes, thrown up by the volcano.

l. 12. *And Dædals Sonne He nam'd the Samian Streames*: Icarus, the son of Daedalus, falling into the sea near Samos gave to that part of the Mediterranean the name of Icarian (Ovid, *Metam.* viii. 3).

Sonnet xxxv, p. 31. Adapted, except for the closing lines, from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 76):

Te l' Hiperboreo monte, ò l' Arimaspe
Produsse, Elpinia, il Caucaso, ò 'l Cerauno:
Te frà l' Hircane tigri, e frà le Caspe
Sol di tosco nodrì Centauro, ò Fauno.
Non le dolci beuesti acque di Dauno,
Ma de la Tana il ghiaccio, ò de l' Idaspe:
Non tra l' agne crescesti in grembo a Cauno,
Ma in mezzo de la Vipera, e de l' Aspe.

Poich' alpestra qual fera, aspra qual' angue,
Sol de lo stratio altrui sempre ti cibi,
Nè curi il tuo pastor, ch' a morte langue.
O più crudel, che gli Auoltori e i Nibi,
Pasciti del mio core, e del mio sangue,
Pur ch un tuo bacio anzi 'l morir delibi.

l. 1. *The Hyperborean Hills, Ceraunus Snow*: *Hyperborei Montes* was the mythical name of an imaginary range of mountains in the north of the earth, and was afterwards applied by geographers to various chains, as, for example, the Caucasus, the Rhipaean Mountains, and others. The *Ceraunii Montes* were a range of mountains extending from the frontier of Illyricum along the coast of Epirus. They derived their name from the frequent thunderstorms to which they were exposed.

l. 5. *Orithyas Louer*: Orithyia was the daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and the wife of Boreas, who had carried her off when her father had refused her to him in marriage.

l. 8. *ycie Tanais*: the river Don.

Song ii, p. 32, l. 4. *Rowse Memnons Mother from her Tythons Bed*: Eos, or Aurora, was the mother of Memnon, and the wife of Tythonus.

l. 11. *decore*: "decorate," "adorn"; Fr. *décorer*. The word is common in Mid. Scots, and survives in the dialects of certain English counties (Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset), in the form *decker* or *dicker*. Compare *Teares on the Death of Mœliades*, l. 103.

ll. 26-28.

And thou two sweeter Eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus Streames
Did once thy Heart surprise—

Daphne, the beloved of Apollo, was the daughter of the river-god Peneus.

l. 30. *As thou when two thou did to Rome appeare.* Ward quotes the following passage from David Person's *Varieties*, to which, it may be mentioned, Drummond

contributed two short commendatory poems (see vol. ii. p. 170) :

"During the Consulship of Cornelius Cethegus, and Sempronius [B.C. 204], at what time the Africane Warres were appointed to Scipio, two Sunnes at one time were seene in the Heavens : and the night (which is by nature darke) appeared extraordinary light."

l. 33. *A Voyce surpassing farre Amphions Lyre* recalls *Astrophel and Stella*, Son. lxviii :

> With voice more fit to wed Amphion's lyre.

ll. 42-43.

> *Night like a Drunkard reeles*
> *Beyond the Hills to shunne his flaming Wheeles—*

borrowed, as Masson has pointed out, from *Romeo and Juliet* (Act ii. Sc. 3) :

> And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
> Forth from Day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Drummond repeats the simile, in a different form, in the "Shadow of the Iudgment" (ll. 335-336), comprised in *Flowres of Sion* :

> Yet, frantic, muse to see heaven's stately lights,
> Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.

Sir William Alexander also borrowed the idea in the third strophe of the Third Houre of his *Doomes-Day* :

> Now (noe more firme) the firmament doth flie,
> As leaps the deere fled from the hunter's face ;
> Loe, like a drunkard reeles the cristall skie, etc.

Sonnet xxxvi, p. 33. The movement and central idea of this sonnet are taken from Desportes (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 120) :

> Celuy qui n'a point veu le printans gracieux,
> Quand il estale au ciel sa richesse prisée,
> Remplissant l'air d'odeurs, les herbes de rosée,
> Les cœurs d'affections et de larmes les yeux.

Celuy qui n'a point veu par un tans furieux
La tourmente cesser et la mer appaisée,
Et qui ne sçait, quand l'ame est du corps divisée,
Comme on peut s'esjouyr de la clarté des cieux.
Qu'il s'arreste pour voir la celeste lumiere
Des yeux de ma deesse, une Venus premiere;
Mais que dy-je? ah! mon Dieu! qu'il ne s'arreste pas:
S'il s'arreste à la voir, pour une saison neuve,
Un tans calme, une vie, il pourroit faire espreuve
De glaçons, de tempeste et de mille trespas.

l. 5. *Who hath not seene that sleeping White and Red,* etc. For the story of Selene (another of her names was Phoebe) and Endymion, see note to ll. 5-6 of Son. viii, vol. i. p. 168. According to the usual form of the legend Endymion was put to sleep by Selene in order that she might enjoy his society undisturbed.

l. 7. *In that Iönian Hill,* etc.: Drummond is here mistaken in his geography; Mount Latmus, on which was situated the cave wherein Endymion lay asleep, is not in Ionia but in Caria, not far, however, from the Ionian frontier.

Sonnet xxxvii, p. 34, l. 1. *Citherea*: Venus, so called from Cythera, an island off the south-east point of Laconia, colonised at an early time by the Phoenicians, who introduced the worship of Aphrodite into the island, for which it was celebrated.

l. 5. *If thou but Sense hadst like Pigmalions Stone*: Pygmalion in Greek mythology was a king of Cyprus, who became so enamoured of the statue of a maiden which he himself was carving in ivory that he implored Aphrodite to endue it with life. When the goddess granted his prayer, he married the maiden, and she bore him a son named Paphos (Ovid, *Metam.* x. 9).

Sonnet xxxviii, p. 34. Compare Sonnet lxxxi of *Amoretti,* which is borrowed from Tasso's sonnet, "Bella è la donna mia se del bel crine." Drummond had evidently also studied the Italian prototype.

l. 3. *Thaumantia*: an appellation of Iris (the rainbow), as the daughter of Thaumas (*Aeneid*, ix. 5).

l. 9. *Chloris*: wife of Zephyrus, and goddess of flowers, identical with the Roman Flora.

l. 12. *Apples Queene*: Venus, to whom the apple among other plants was sacred.

Madrigal iv, p. 35, ll. 2-3.

More light before mine Eyes,
Nor when the Sunne from Inde—

Ward wrongly substitutes "*than*" for "*nor*" of the original. "*Nor*" equals "than," and is perhaps the commonest form, both in Modern and in Middle Scots, after the comparative degree.

Sonnet xxxix, p. 35. Inspired by Sonnet ciii of *Astrophel and Stella*, describing Sidney's mistress sailing on the Thames:

O happy Thames! that didst my Stella bare.
I saw thyself with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear;
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear:
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished; stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine, etc.

Both Sidney and Drummond were no doubt acquainted with Tasso's sonnet to his mistress navigating on the Po.

Sonnet xl, p. 36. Apart from more general reminiscences, Drummond would probably not have used the same phraseology in this sonnet if Sir Philip Sidney had not already addressed Stella's "*sweet swelling lips*" (Son. lxxx), and described them as "*cherries*" (Son. lxxxii) and as "*fruits of new-found Paradise*" (Son. lxxxi). These are no doubt minutiae, but they serve to show that the Scottish poet borrowed Sidney's very epithets. The final couplet is obviously suggested by the closing lines

of one of Marino's sonnets in which the general motive is similar :

Che poichè sì ver me scarsa ti veggio
Torna (disse) crudel, dal labro mio
Prendi indietro il tuo bacio, ecco io nol chieggio.

Sonnet xli, p. 36, l. 6. *so* : " provided that."

l. 11. *sown'd* : *sowne*, which is the form invariably used by Drummond, is the same word as the Mod. English *swoon*. The M.E. forms were *swogh(e)ne(n)*, *swowene(n)*, *swoune(n)*, also *souene*, *soune*. These are forms derived from M.E. *swoghe(n)*, *swowe(n)*, from O.E. *swōgan*, " to sough," " make a rushing noise like the wind." The form *sowne*, used by Drummond, is a Scots form ; the *English Dialect Dictionary* cites *soun* [*sūn*] as a Scots variant of *sound*, a dialectal form of *swoon*. It may be noted that Spenser uses *swowne* which he rhymes with *sowne*, " sound."

Madrigal v, p. 37, l. 5. *Paestum* : a city of Lucania. It was colonised by the Sybarites about 524 B.C., and soon became a powerful and flourishing city. Under the Romans, however, it gradually sank in importance ; and in the time of Augustus it is only mentioned on account of the beautiful roses grown in its neighbourhood.

l. 6. *Hybla* : there were three towns of that name in Sicily. The one here mentioned is probably Hybla Major, on the south slope of Mount Aetna.

l. 7. *Enna*, or *Henna* : an ancient town of the Siculi, in Sicily, on the road from Catana to Agrigentum. It was surrounded by fertile plains which bore large crops of wheat, and for that reason probably it was one of the chief seats of the worship of Demeter or Ceres, the god of wheat.

l. 8. *Tmolus* : a celebrated mountain of Asia Minor, running east and west through the centre of Lydia, and dividing the plain of the Hermus, on the north, from that of the Caÿster, on the south.

or where Bore young Adon slew : according to Pro-

pertius (*Elegiarum* lib. sec. xiii.A, l. 54), Idalium, a city sacred to Venus in the hills of Cyprus; according to others, Mount Libanon.

l. 11. *blist*: "blest"; now obsolete.

Sonnet xliii, p. 38. Drummond's model this time is Cardinal Bembo (*Rime*, Venezia, 1540, p. 22):

Lieta e chiusa contrada; ou' io m' inuolo
Al uulgo, e meco uiuo, et meco albergo;
Chi mi t' inuidia hor, ch' i Gemelli a tergo
Lasciando scalda Phebo il nostro polo?
Rade uolte in te sento ira ne duolo:
Nè gli occhi al ciel sì spesso e le uoglie ergo;
Nè tante carte altroue aduno & uergo,
Per leuarmi talhor, s' io posso a uolo.
Quanto sia dolce un solitario stato,
Tu m' insegnasti; e quanto hauer la mente
Di cure scarca, e di sospetti sgombra.
O cara selua e fiumicello amato
Cangiar potess' io il mar e 'l lito ardente
Con le uostre fredd' acque & la uerd' ombra.

l. 5. *snakie Eye*: a Sidnaean phrase, taken from the Asclepiadikes sung by Dorus at the close of the second book of *Arcadia*:

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse! etc.

to which Drummond was also indebted for the composition of the present sonnet.

l. 11. *Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords*: possibly the model of the well-known line in Gray's *Elegy*:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

Sextain ii, p. 39, l. 5. *resteth*: "remains to be done"; Fr. *rester*. Now obsolete in that sense.

l. 10. *the* = "thee."

l. 13. *glass'd*: "to view the reflection of," "see as in a mirror." Cf. vol. i. p. 43, Mad. vii, l. 8.

l. 15. *In which that Hunter saw the naked Moone*:

Actaeon, the grandson of Cadmus, being fatigued with hunting, inadvertently wandered to the vale of Gargaphia, the usual retreat of Diana, the goddess of the Moon. There he surprised the goddess bathing with her Nymphs, who in resentment transformed him into a stag, in which shape he was pursued by his own hounds and torn to pieces (Ovid, *Metam.* iii. 3).

l. 26. *Blushing through Scarfe of Clouds on Latmos Mountaine* is reminiscent of *Astrophel and Stella* (Son. xxii) :

> Having no scarf of clouds before his face.

Sonnet xliv, p. 40. This rather far-fetched sonnet was probably suggested by a similar composition of Claude de Buttet, one of the numerous provincial adherents of the *Pléiade*, who in 1560 published a sonnet-sequence addressed to a fictitious mistress whom he chose to call Amalthée. Buttet won no great fame among his contemporaries, in spite of the fact that he appears to have enjoyed the friendship of Ronsard, and that he is mentioned by Pasquier in his *Recherches de la France* for certain metrical innovations. It was probably through the medium of that part of Pasquier's *Recherches* which deals with contemporary French literature, of which there exists a careful précis in the Hawthornden MSS., that Drummond's attention was drawn to Buttet's verse. However, previously to Drummond's time, Buttet was not unknown in Scotland, and we have it on record that his poetical works formed part of the library of Mary, Queen of Scots. The theme of the two sonnets is similar, but whereas Drummond strikes a mournful note, that of Buttet is one of joy (*Œuvres Poétiques*, ed. Jacob, i. p. 120) :

> Fenestre heureuse, où je vi que s'ornoit
> Si gentement ma terrestre Déesse,
> Entrelaçant avec sa longue tresse
> Ses frisons d'or, lors que le jour venoit.

D'un estomach découvert, qui donnoit
Un doux chatœil, une douce liesse,
Tant me charmas au doux mal qui me presse
Que du plaisir l'ame m'abandonnoit.
O quel grand bien me fis-tu recevoir
En ce jardin, mais paradis terrestre,
Ou de mon dueil le plaisir fut veincueur!
Ainsi souvent te puissé-je revoir,
Maison d'amour, et toi, douce fenestre,
Qui lors me cheus pour jamais dans le cueur!

l. 5. *What mourning Weedes* (*alas*) *now do'st thou weare?* transferred from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*:

Wear these my words as mourning weeds of woes.

l. 14. *murth'red*: the old form with *th* (O.E. *morðor*) is still commonly found in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It occurs dialectally nowadays in Scotland and in the north of Ireland. Compare *burthen* (vol. i. p. 14, l. 195) and *burden*.

Sonnet xlv, p. 41. Adapted from the following sonnet in the *Erreurs Amoureuses* of Pontus de Tyard (*Œuvres Poétiques*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, p. 106):

Sont-ce ces prez où ma Déesse affable
Comme Diane allaigrement troussée,
Chantoit un chant de ma peine passée,
Et s'en rendoit soy-même pitoyable?
Est-ce cest Orme, où d'un riz aimable,
Disant, A dieu gloire de ma pensée,
Mignardement à mon col enlacée,
Elle me fut d'vn baiser fauorable?
Et deà, où est (ô prez defleurez) donq
Le beau tappiz, qui vous ornoit adonq?
Et l'honneur gay (Orme) de ta verdure?
Languissez vous pour ma Nymphette absente?
Donques sa veuë est elle assez puissante,
Pour, comme moy, vous donner nourriture?

l. 6. *Rine* = "rind": an obsolete Northern form found in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The original form (O.E. *rind*, *rinde*) has the final *d*.

l. 10. *Arras*: a rich tapestry fabric in which figures and scenes are woven in colours. Derived from Arras, a town of Artois, famed for its manufacture of the fabric.

l. 13. *each other* = "every other."

Sonnet xlvi, p. 41. An echo of the following sonnet by Ronsard (*Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, i. p. 80):

Voicy le bois, que ma sainte Angelette
Sur le printemps resiouist de son chant:
Voicy les fleurs où son pied va marchant,
Quand à soy-mesme elle pense seulette:
Voicy la prée & la riue mollette,
Qui prend vigueur de sa main la touchant,
Quand pas à pas en son sein va cachant
Le bel émail de l'herbe nouuellette.
Icy chanter, là pleurer ie la vy,
Icy sourire, & là ie fu rauy
De ses discours par lesquels ie des-uie:
Icy s'asseoir, là ie la vy danser:
Sus le mestier d'vn si vague penser
Amour ourdit les trames de ma vie.

l. 4. *Colchian Mines*: Colchis, a country of Asia, bounded on the west by the Euxine, on the north by the Caucasus, and on the east by Iberia.

ll. 13-14.

But (ah) what seru'd it to bee happie so?
Sith passed Pleasures double but new Woe—

Paget-Toynbee (*Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary*. London, 1909, p. 113) suggests that this familiar sentiment, fixed in imperishable form by Tennyson in *Locksley Hall*, is a reminiscence from Dante's *Inferno* (v. 121-123):

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

There is very little trace of the influence of Dante in Drummond, though he is known to have possessed a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, in the edition published by Giolito at Venice in 1555.

Drummond reverts to the same idea in ll. 77-84 of Song i ("Sad Damon being come," etc.) of "The Second Part."

Sonnet xlviii, p. 42. A reminiscence of Ronsard (*Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, i. p. 356) :

Doux cheueux, doux present de ma douce maistresse,
Doux liens qui liez ma douce liberté,
Doux filets où ie suis doucement arresté,
Qui pourriez adoucir d'vn Scythe la rudesse :
Cheueux, vous ressemblez à ceux de la Princesse,
Qui eurent pour leur grace vn Astre merité :
Cheueux dignes d'vn Temple & d'immortalité,
Et d'estre consacrez à Venus la Deesse.
Ie ne cesse, cheueux, pour mon mal appaiser,
De vous voir & toucher, baiser & rebaiser,
Vous parfumer de musc, d'ambre gris & de bâme,
Et de vos nœuds crespez tout le col m'enserrer,
A fin que prisonnier ie vous puisse asseurer
Que les liens du col sont les liens de l'ame.

l. 1. *Haire, precious Haire which Midas Hand did straine* : Midas, son of Gordius and king of Phrygia, renowned for his immense riches. In consequence of his kindness to Silenus, the companion and teacher of Dionysus, the latter allowed Midas to ask a favour of him. Midas in his folly requested that all things which he touched should be changed into gold. The request was granted ; but as even the food which he touched became gold, he begged the god to withdraw his favour. Dionysus accordingly commanded him to bathe in the waters of the Pactolus. This saved Midas, but from that time the river had an abundance of gold in its sand (Ovid, *Metam.* xi. 3).

l. 13. *Like Berenices Locke that yee might shine* : Berenice was the daughter of Magas, king of Cyrene, and wife of Ptolemy III. She dedicated her hair in the temple of Venus, as an offering for her husband's safe return from his Syrian expedition. The hair subsequently disappeared, and was reputed to have been transformed into the constellation known as Berenice's Hair.

Sonnet l, p. 44, ll. 9 and 11. *alas* : *chase*. The *a* in both words was probably pronounced [a fronted]. Other similar pairs are *passe* : *was* (i. p. 57, ll. 49-50), *cast* : *Waste* (i. p. 68, ll. 125-126), *Glasse* : *was* (i. p. 99, ll. 7-8), *swame* : *same* (ii. p. 10, viii, ll. 13-14), *wast* : *waste* (ii. p. 20, ll. 81-82), etc.

Sonnet li, p. 45. The curious device of constructing the sonnet on two rhyme-words only, alternating according to rules, Drummond probably found in the following sonnet of the *Nvove Fiamme* of Lodovico Paterno, the two rhyme-words being in both instances the same (*Nvove Fiamme*, Lyons edition, 1568, p. 129) :

Se da vita volar potess' io a morte,
E con morte cangiar quest' aspra vita ;
Vera morte non fora hor la mia vita,
Ch' in vita mi sostien per doppia morte.
Oh, se mia vita andasse in grembo a morte,
Non di morte harei tinta hoggi mia vita ;
Ma morte acquisterebbe, & polso, & vita,
Vita, in cui perde ogni ragion poi morte,
Che non t' appressi a dolce morte ô vita,
S' hauer vita non puoi quì senza morte,
Et se morte non fassi altro che vita ?
Ma tu vita felice, altera morte,
Che morte hai nome, & sei pur viua vita,
Porgi a la vita mia sì chiara morte.

Undoubtedly Drummond found an additional inducement to attempt this metrical *tour de force* from the fact that Sir Philip Sidney, whom he never ceased to look upon as a model, had successfully coped with the difficulties it presents in Sonnet lxxxix of *Astrophel and Stella*, and also in the sonnet of the Third Book of *Arcadia*, in which Zelmane, sitting in the first entry of the wonderful cave, " gave a doleful way to her bitter effects." The last few lines of Sidney's sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella* show that Drummond followed Sidney rather than Paterno for the rhythm of the piece :

Suffering the evils both of the day and night;
While no night is more dark than is my day
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night.
With such bad mixture of my night and day;
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest summer's day.

Originally the idea seems to have been suggested by the fourteenth sonnet of Petrarch's *Rime*, in which the octave is constructed on the two rhyme-words *parte* and *luce*.

We shall have occasion to remark subsequently that Drummond reverted to the same artifice in one of the sonnets of the *Flowres of Sion*, and that his model on that occasion was probably Du Bellay.

Sonnet lii, p. 45, l. 1. *Pennes*: "feathers," "pinions"; now a poetic archaism.

Madrigal ix, p. 46, ll. 6-7.

My selfe so to deceaue
With long-shut Eyes I shunne the irkesome Light—

The same idea is found in Canzone xii of Sannazaro's *Rime*:

Ond' io per ingannarme
Lungo spazio non volsi gli occhi aprire.

Sonnet liii, p. 46, l. 1. *I curse the Night, yet doth from Day mee hide*: Ward changes "*doth*" of the original to "*do*," but *doth* should stand, and is to be explained as a Scotticism. Cf. note to l. 16 of Sextain i, vol. i. p. 180.

l. 2. *The Pandionian Birds*: "the nightingales." Pandion, king of Attica, had two daughters, Philomela and Procne, who when about to be taken by Tereus, who was pursuing them with an axe, prayed to the gods to change them into birds. Procne was accordingly transformed into a nightingale and Philomela into a swallow, though some accounts represent her also as having been turned into a nightingale.

Sonnet liv, p. 47. Compare Sonnet vi of *Astrophel and Stella*, obviously aimed at Petrarchists in general.

ll. 1-2.

. . . ., *some of the cruell Paine*
Which that bad Crafts-man in his Worke did trie—

Phalaris, ruler of Agrigentum in Sicily, ordered Perillus to construct a brazen bull for him, in which he is said to have burnt alive the victims of his cruelty, and of which we are told that he made the first experiment upon its inventor Perillus.

l. 6. *Phlegræan Plaine*: the burning plain of Phlegra, on which the earth-born giants fought with the gods, who overcame them by the aid of Hercules.

l. 9. *Phlegethon*: a river in the lower world, in whose channel flowed flames instead of water.

ll. 9 and 12. *Floods* : *Woods*: a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being in each case [ū]. Similar instances are *vndone* : *Moone* (i. p. 86, i, ll. 10-12), *Roome* : *come* (i. p. 110, xv, ll. 11-12), *Blood* : *Good* (i. p. 149, ll. 267-268), *mood* : *Blood* (ii. p. 13, xiv, ll. 2-3), *lowd* (loud) : *Good* (ii. p. 22, ll. 143-144), *Broone* (brown) : *Moone* (ii. p. 59, ll. 321-322), etc.

Sonnet lv, p. 48. The original is the well-known sonnet of Petrarch (*Rime*, pt. i. Son. xcv) :

Ponmi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori e l' erba,
O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio e la neve ;
Ponmi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve,
Ed ov' è chi cel rende o chi cel serba ;
Ponmi in umil fortuna od in superba,
Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve ;
Ponmi a la notte, al dì lungo ed al breve,
A la matura etate od a l'acerba ;
Ponm' in cielo od in terra od in abisso,
In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre,
Libero spirto od a' suoi membri affisso ;
Ponmi con fama oscura o con illustre :
Sarò qual fui, vivrò com' io son visso,
Continüando il mio sospir trilustre.

In England this sonnet has also been imitated by Surrey (Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie* ascribes

Surrey's version, inadvertently no doubt, to Wyatt), by an anonymous writer in the *Phœnix Nest* (1593), and by Philip Ayres and Charlotte Smith in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries respectively; in France by Jean Antoine de Baïf; in Spain by Boscán, whose version Drummond had no doubt studied.

l. 8. *leaues to roar*: "ceases" to roar; now archaic in that sense.

l. 11. *late*: a Scots form of *let*.

POEMS: THE SECOND PART.

Sonnet i, p. 51. Another adaptation from Marino, with considerable variations in the phraseology, however (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 146):

O d' humano splendor breue baleno:
Ecco è pur (lasso) in apparir sparita
L' alma mia luce, e di quagiù partita
Per far l' eterno dì viè più sereno.
Quella, che resse di mia vita il freno,
Colà poggiata, ond' era dianzi vscita,
Et al gran Sol, di cui fù raggio, vnita,
Il Ciel di gloria, e me di doglia ha pieno.
Ma tu (se pur di là cose mortali
Lice mirar, doue si gode, e regna)
Mira i miei pianti a le tue gioie eguali:
E come, oue volasti, anima degna,
La mia, per teco vnirsi, aperte ha l' ali,
E d' vscir con le lagrime s' ingegna.

l. 9. *Let Beautie now be blubbred Cheekes with Teares* = "Let Beautie now be Cheekes blubbred with Tears." *Blubber* has here the meaning, as not infrequently in the Elizabethans, of "to wet profusely," "disfigure with weeping," *e.g.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. i. 13: "Her face with teares was fowly blubbered," or Donne (*Serm.* L. v. 533): "God sees Teares in the heart of a man before they blubber his face."

Sonnet ii, p. 52. The opening quatrain is a paraphrase from one of Marino's sonnets (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 155) :

Gli occhi leggiadri, a' cui soaui honesti
Sguardi mill' alme ardean d' alti desiri :
E da' cui viui e lucidi Zaffiri
Scorno haueano, e splendor gli occhi celesti.

The second quatrain is also imitated from a passage in another sonnet by the same author (*Rime*, pt. i. p. 153) :

Le viue neui, oimè, le viue rose,
E le perle, e i rubini, e l' ostro, e l' oro
Doue, doue son hor ?

Sonnet iii, p. 52. The two quatrains are translated from the twenty-fifth sonnet of Garcilaso (*Obras*, Madrid, 1911, p. 234) :

¡ Oh hado esecutivo en mis dolores,
Cómo sentí tus leyes rigurosas !
Cortaste el árbol con manos dañosas,
Y esparciste por tierra fruta y flores.
En poco espacio yacen mis amores
Y toda la esperanza de mis cosas,
Tornadas en cenizas desdeñosas
Y sordas á mis quejas y clamores, etc.

Sonnet iv, p. 53. Except for the conclusion, translated from the seventeenth sonnet of Sannazaro (*Opere Volgari*, 1723, p. 343) :

O vita, vita no, ma vivo affanno,
Nave di vetro in mar di cieco errore,
Sotto pioggia di pianto, e di dolore,
Che sempre cresce con vergogna, e danno ;
Le tue false promesse, e 'l vero inganno
M' han privo sì d' ogni speranza il core,
Ch' io porto invidia a quei che son già fore,
Ed ho pietà degli altri che verranno.
Quando vid' io mai dì sereno, o lieto ?
Quando passò quest' alma ora tranquilla ?
Quando il mio cor fu libero, o quieto ?

Quando sentii mai scema una favilla
Dell' incendio 'nfelice, ov' io m' acqueto,
Per più non ritentar Cariddi, e Scilla?

The last three lines are conveyed from the corresponding lines of the fifteenth sonnet of Sannazaro (*ibid.* p. 342):

Un sol rimedio veggio al viver corto;
Che avendo a navigar mar sì profondo,
Uom raccolga la vela, e mora in porto.

Sonnet vi, p. 54. The opening lines are translated from Marino (*Rime*, pt. i. p. 154):

Anima bella, che 'n sù 'l fior degli anni
Per arricchir di te l' Empirea spera, etc.

But the substance of the whole sonnet, as Ward has already pointed out, is evidently borrowed from the following, which is also by Marino (*ibid.* p. 150):

Alma gentil, ch' anzi gran tempo l' ale
Lieta spiegasti agli stellanti giri,
Ou' hor nel diuin Sol vagheggi e miri
Te stessa, e 'l tuo splendor non più mortale:
Deh, se non vieta in Ciel legge fatale
Talhora in nostri udir bassi desiri,
A me china le luci, e de' martiri
Mira lo stuol, ch' ognor per te m' assale.
E se mole non ergo, oue lasciasti
La terrestre quagiù lacera spoglia,
Che degli anni al furor salda contrasti:
Prendilo in pace, e la pietosa uoglia
Gradisci, e 'l pianto, ond' io la lauo, e basti,
Che 'l cor viua Piramide l' accoglia.

Madrigal i, p. 54. Translated, with a few variations, from the following madrigal by Guarini (Mad. 132: *Rime*, Venice, 1598, p. 124):

Questa vita mortale,
Che par si bella, è quasi piuma al vento,
Che la porta, e la perde in un' momento.
E s' ella pur con temerari giri
Tal' or s' auanza, e sale;

E librata su l' ale
Pender da sè ne l' aria anco la miri ;
É sol, perchè di sua natura è leue :
Ma poco dura, e 'n breue
Dopo mille riuolte, e mille strade,
Perch' ella è pur di terra, a terra cade.

Sonnet vii, p. 55. Appears to be suggested by one of Bertaut's Complaints, of which the first stanza is as follows (*Œuvres Poétiques*, ed. Chenevière, Paris, 1891, p. 172) :

Ce n'est point pour moy que tu sors,
Grand Soleil, du milieu de l'onde :
Car tu ne luis point pour les morts,
Et ie suis du tout mort au monde :
Vif aux ennuis tant seulement,
Et mort à tout contentement.

Song i, p. 55, l. 7. *wake* : " weak " ; a Scots form, representing a fronting of O.E. [ā] in *wāc*. Cf. vol. ii. p. 182, l. 6.

l. 74. *proue* : " experience " ; a common use of the word with the Elizabethans.

l. 96. *Caban* : an obsolete form of " cabin " ; Fr. *cabane* ; M.E. *cabane*. Here used, as frequently in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with the present value of the French word (a " hut ").

l. 117. *Hybla* : as already noted, there were three towns of that name in Sicily. It is doubtful from which of these three places came the Hyblaean honey, so frequently mentioned by the poets.

l. 123. *Or as that Shepheard which Ioues Loue did keepe* : Io, the beautiful daughter of Inachus, and the first priestess of Hera at Argos. As Zeus loved her, she was changed by the jealousy of Hera into a white heifer, and Argus of the hundred eyes was appointed to watch her.

ll. 131-132. *beare* : *heere* : probably a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being [ē ?]. Other cases are *breake* : *weake* (ii. p. 48, ll. 37 and 39), *Aire* : *heere* (ii. p. 56, ll. 205-206), *feare* : *beare* (ii. p. 187, ll. 7 and 9), etc.

Madrigal ii, p. 60. Compare the following madrigal in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (p. 479), especially as regards the rhythm :

Why dost thou haste away
O Titan fair, the giver of the day ?
It is not to carry news
To western wights, what stars in east appear ?
Or dost thou think that here
Is left a sun, whose beams thy place may use ?
Yet stay and well peruse,
What be her gifts, that make her equal thee,
Bend all thy light to see
In earthly clothes enclos'd a heavenly spark :
Thy running course cannot such beauties mark.
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from us with bar of shadow dark,
Because that thou the author of our sight
Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with others' light.

Sonnet viii, p. 60. When composing this sonnet Drummond, as is often the case, may have had Sidney in his thoughts. Compare the poem in *Arcadia* (Bk. iii. p. 482) beginning :

My lute within thyself thy tunes enclose,
Thy mistress's song is now a sorrow's cry, etc.

l. 4. *Ramage* : " the song of birds." The only other example with this meaning appears to be in Urquhart's *Rabelais*, III. xiii. : " The barking of currs, bawling of mastiffs, . . . rammage of Hawks." Fr. *ramage*.

Sonnet ix, p. 61. Suggested by Sonnet xlii in Part II. of Petrarch's *Rime* :

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena ;
Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia ;
L' aria e l' acqua e la terra è d' amor piena ;
Ogni animal d' amar si riconsiglia.

Ma per me lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi :
E cantare augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

l. 1. *thou turn'st :* " thou return'st." Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard III.* iv. 4, 184 :

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or, etc.

l. 3. *The Zephyres curle the greene Lockes of the Plaine* —borrowed (it is copied down by Drummond in his commonplace-book as one of Passerat's striking lines) from " L'Hymne de la Paix " of that poet (Passerat, *Poésies françaises,* 1880, i. p. 94) :

Zephire seul souffloit de qui la doulce haleine
Frisoit mignardement les cheueus de la plaine.

Sonnet x, p. 61. Suggested, the conclusion excepted, by the following sonnet of Desportes (*Œuvres,* ed. Michiels, p. 20) :

Las ! que me sert de voir ces belles plaines
Pleines de fruits, d'arbrisseaux et de fleurs,
De voir ces prez bigarrez de couleurs,
Et l'argent vif des bruyantes fontaines ?
C'est autant d'eau pour reverdir mes peines,
D'huile à ma braise, à mes larmes d'humeurs,
Ne voyant point celle pour qui je meurs,
Cent fois le jour, de cent morts inhumaines.
Las ! que me sert d'estre loin de ses yeux
Pour mon salut, si je porte en tous lieux
De ses regards les sagettes meurtrieres ?
Autre penser dans mon cœur ne se tient :
Comme celuy qui la fievre soustient,
Songe tousjours des eaux et des rivières.

Madrigal iii, p. 62. A fairly close translation of one of Guarini's madrigals (*Rime,* 1598, p. 123) :

Pendeva a debil filo
(O dolore, o pietate)

De la nouella mia terrena Dea
La vita, e la beltate ;
E già l' vltimo spirito trahea
L' anima per uscire,
Ne mancaua a morire altro, che morte ;
Quando sue fere scorte
Mirando ella si belle in quel bel uiso,
Disse, morte non entra in Paradiso.

Sonnet xi, p. 62, ll. 9-12.

Now (since made mine) deare Napkin doe not grieue
That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eine,
And that (these posting Houres I am to liue)
I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine—

manifestly borrowed from the following lines of Shakespeare's *A Lover's Complaint* (printed with the *Sonnets*, 1609) :

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.

This parallel was first pointed out by a contributor to *Notes and Queries* (28th October, 1876).

l. 12. *laundre* : " wash."

Madrigal iv, p. 63. Translated from one of Torquato Tasso's madrigals (*Rime*, Venice, 1608, pt. iv. p. 99) :

O vaga tortorella,
Tu la tua compagnia
Ed io piango colei, che non fu mia.
Misera vedovella,
Tu sovra il nudo ramo,
A' piè del secco tronco io la richiamo.
Ma l' aura solo, e 'l vento
Risponde mormorando al mio lamento.

Sonnet xii, p. 63. The two quatrains are translated from one of Torquato Tasso's sonnets (*ibid.* pt. ii. p. 24) :

Come in turbato Ciel lucida stella
Lampeggiar suol con chiome aurate, e bionde
Che mentre illustra questa parte e quella,
Invida ed atra nube in sen l' asconde ;

Così fra noi splendesti, anima bella,
Nel fosco orror, ch' intorno or si diffonde;
Ma chiuse il tuo splendor Mort' empia e fella,
Nè più tal lume in noi deriva altronde, etc.

The rest of the sonnet is borrowed from the tercets of another sonnet of Tasso (*ibid.* pt. iii. p. 50):

Deh, qual fia più, che di ueder bellezza
Vera tra noi si uanti, o speme porte,
D' alzarsi amando a la celeste altezza?
Se l' istessa beltà, languendo, more
Nel tuo bel volto, e rintuzzate Morte
Spiega ne' suoi trofei l' armi d' Amore?

Madrigal v, p. 64, l. 5. *Oft calles* = "oft [I] call." Cp. note to Sextain i, vol. i. l. 16, p. 180.

Song ii, p. 65, l. 2. *Faire Ericyne*: Venus, so called from Mount Eryx or Erycus, a steep and isolated mountain in the north-west of Sicily, on the summit of which stood an ancient temple of Aphrodite, said to have been built by Eryx, king of the Elymi, or, according to Virgil, by Aeneas.

l. 25. *Vmbrage*: "shade."

l. 35 *et seq.* The whole of this passage is amplified in *A Cypresse Grove.*

l. 53. *aduance*: "precede."

ll. 85-86. *Worth* : *forth*: a correct rhyme, the *o* [o] of *Worth* not being affected by the *w*. Cf. *Word* : *Lord* (ii. p. 62, ll. 413-414).

l. 180. *To leaue this loathsome Iayle of Care and Paine*: by "*Iayle*" Drummond means the body, in which, according to Plato's *Phaedo*, we are placed "as in a certain prison."

l. 186. *Trauell* = "travail": "labour," "toil."

l. 188. *liue thrall*: "live enthralled," "enslaved." *Thrall* is now archaic and obsolete as an adjective.

l. 197. *O leaue that Loue which reacheth but to Dust*—borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, one of whose sonnets opens with the line:

Leave me, O love! which reachest but to dust.

l. 213. *mazing*: "causing confusion" or "bewilderment"; rarely found after the early seventeenth century.

l. 220. *musters*: "shows," "is displayed"; now obsolete in that sense. From O.F. *mostrer, monstrer* (*monstrare*), which appears later in the learned form *monstrer*, whence French *montrer*.

l. 242. *lamping*: "flashing," "resplendent."

TEARES, ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES

Composed in memory of King James's eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne, who died on the 6th of November 1612, in his eighteenth year.

This, Drummond's first printed poetic utterance, is redolent of Sidnaean imagery—"Sidnaean showers of sweet discourse," to apply Crawshaw's metaphor. In the following passage, for example, Drummond's model is at once seen to be the "song of lamentation" uttered by one of the Arcadians at the loss of Basilius, not only in the repetition at given intervals of certain verses driving home the mournful tenor of the whole piece, but in specific verses, in which are cleverly interwoven Sidney's very epithets and expressions:

ll. 119-142.

Mœliades sweet courtly Nymphes deplore,
From Thuly to Hydaspes pearlie Shore.
Delicious Meads, whose checkred Plaine foorth brings,
White, golden, azure Flowres, which once were Kings,
In mourning Blacke, their shining Colours dye,
Bow downe their Heads, whilst sighing Zephyres flye.
Queene of the Fields, whose Blush makes blushe the Morne,
Sweet Rose, a Princes Death in Purple mourne.
O Hyacinthes, for ay your AI *keepe still,*
Nay, with moe Markes of Woe your Leaues now fill:
And you, O Flowre of Helens Teares first borne,
Into those liquide Pearles againe you turne.

Your greene Lockes, Forrests, cut, in weeping Myrrhes,
The deadly Cypresse, and Inke-dropping Firres,
Your Palmes and Mirtles change ; from Shadowes darke
Wing'd Syrens waile, and you sad Ecchoes marke
The lamentable Accents of their Mone,
And plaine that braue Mœliades is gone.
Stay Skie thy turning Course, and now become
A stately Arche, vnto the Earth his Tombe :
Ouer which ay the watrie Iris keepe,
And sad Electras Sisters which still weepe.
Mœliades sweet courtly Nymphes deplore,
From Thuly to Hydaspes pearlie Shore.

The corresponding passage in Sidney's *Arcadia* (p. 572) is this :

The weeping myrrh I think will not deny
Her help to this, this justest cause of plaint.
Your doleful tunes sweet Muses now apply.

. . . . . .

Let pearls be wan with woe their dam doth bear !
Thyself henceforth the light do never see,
And you, O flowers, which sometimes princes wear,
Tell these strange alt'rings you did hap to try,
Of princes' loss yourselves for tokens rear.
Lily in mourning black thy whiteness die :
O Hyacinth let AI be on thee still,
Your doleful tunes sweet Muses now apply.

. . . . . .

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,
And do not only mark the accents last,
But all, for all reach out my wailful will :
One Echo to another Echo cast.

. . . . . .

And well methinks becomes this vaulty sky
A stately tomb to cover him deceased.
Your doleful tunes sweet Muses now apply.

It may be noticed that in *Mœliades* a couplet is repeated, whereas in Sidney's lament only a single verse. The device of repeating a couplet at given intervals had already been used, in his elegy entitled " Adonis," by

Ronsard, with whose verse both Sidney and Drummond were well acquainted. Such repetitions, serving a similar purpose, are very frequent in the *Nvove Fiamme* (1561) of Lodovico Paterno, of which Drummond possessed a copy.

Teares on the Death of Mœliades also contains reminiscences of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. Sidney says in Sonnet lxxiv :

> I never drank of Aganippe well ;
> Nor never did in shade of Tempe sit,

which the Scottish poet duly re-echoes in ll. 97-98 :

> *Chaste Maides which haunt fair Aganippe Well,*
> *And you in Tempes sacred Shade who dwell.*

Because Night, in Sonnet xcvii of *Astrophel and Stella*,

> Herself . . . . . .
> Silent and sad in mourning weeds doth dight,

therefore, in the *Death of Mœliades* (l. 150), she

> *Euer appeares in mourning Garments dight.*

l. 23. *Flourish* : cf. note on l. 28 of Song i, vol. i. p. 171.

ll. 45-46. *Starre* : *Warre* : a correct rhyme ; the pronunciation of the *a* in both words was probably [ā]. Other cases are *marre* : *Warre* (i. p. 89, ii, ll. 2-3), *Arme* : *warme* (i. p. 116, xli, ll. 7-8), *declare* : *are* (i. p. 143, ll. 41-42), *charmes* : *warmes* (i. p. 150, ll. 281-282), *Care* : *are* (ii. p. 31, xxiii, ll. 2-3), *rewarde* : *reguard* (ii. p. 175, iv, ll. 2 and 4).

ll. 47-48.

> *Or as braue Burbon thou hadst made old Rome,*
> *Queene of the World, thy Triumphs Place, and Tombe !—*

an allusion to the famous Constable de Bourbon (1490–1527). Though Bourbon's bravery is unquestioned (he received his title of Constable for his conspicuous valour on the field of Marignano), Drummond's mention of him in this connection is somewhat surprising ; Bourbon is remembered principally for his military exploits against his own country, for which, as tradition has it, he incurred the

dying Bayard's indignant reproach. He was one of the leaders of the mixed army of Spanish and German mercenaries that stormed and plundered Rome in 1527, and received his death-wound in the victorious assault upon that city, on the 6th of May in that year.

l. 51. *Nephewes*: in the sense of the Latin *nepotes*, "grandchildren."

l. 57. *imping Pennes to Fame*: *imp* means properly to "graft," "engraft" (O.E. *impian*, O.H.G. *impfôn*, Ger. *impfen*); now obsolete. Hence "to imp a wing or bird with feathers": "to strengthen," or "improve the flight of." This meaning is not uncommon in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

ll. 62-63.

shee whose Name apalles
Both Titans golden Bowres.

By "*shee*" is meant Rome. The "*golden Bowres*" of Titan are the East, where he rises, and the West, where he sets.

Sir William Alexander has the same image in Sonnet xvi of his sonnet-cycle *Aurora* (1604):

I with her praise both Titan's bowers should fill.

l. 70. *Thuly*: an island in the north part of the German Ocean, regarded by the ancients as the most northerly point in the whole earth, and by some supposed to have been Iceland; by others, one of the Shetland group.

l. 77. *Cyclades*: a group of islands in the Aegean Sea, so called because they lay in a circle around Delos, the most important of them.

ll. 93-94.

His Reed Alexis hung vpon a Tree,
And with his Teares made Doven great to bee—

a reference to Sir William Alexander, Drummond's fellow-bard, who likewise wrote a lament on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, entitled *An Elegie on the Death*

of Prince Henrie, of which the first edition appeared in 1612, immediately after young Henry's death.

Doven: now called "Devon," a river of the counties of Perth, Kinross, Clackmannan; rises among the Ochil Hills, and falls into the Forth at Cambus, two and a half miles N.W. of Alloa. Menstrie, the birthplace and country residence of Sir William Alexander, is situated four miles N.W. of Alloa, and therefore quite close to the Doven.

l. 103. *decor'd*: cf. note on Song ii, vol. i. l. 11, p. 194.

l. 106. *floting Delos*: the smallest of the Cyclades. According to a legend, it was called out of the deep by the trident of Poseidon, but was a floating island until Zeus fastened it by adamantine chains to the bottom of the sea, that it might be a secure resting-place to Leto for the birth of Apollo and Artemis.

l. 107. *Acidalian Archers*: "Cupids." For "*Acidalian*" as an epithet of Venus see note to Song i, vol. i. l. 32, p. 171.

l. 122. *White, golden, azure Flowres, which once were Kings*: the anemone, narcissus, and hyacinth. Cf. note to l. 7 of Son. xvii, vol. i. p. 184.

ll. 127-128.

> *O Hyacinthes, for ay your* AI *keepe still,*
> *Nay, with moe Markes of Woe your Leaues now fill—*

cp. note to Song i, l. 234, p. 176.

l. 140. *And sad Electras Sisters which still weepe*: Electra was one of the seven Pleiades, the daughters of Atlas and the Ocean-nymph Pleione. Out of grief, either for the fate of Atlas or for the death of their sisters, the Hyades, they killed themselves, and were placed among the constellations. According to another legend, they were pursued for five years by the giant hunter Orion, until Zeus turned the distressed nymphs and their pursuer into neighbouring stars. In the first edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades* (1613) this line reads:

> And soft-eyed Pleides which still doe weepe.

ll. 187-188. *While . . . remaine*: *while* meaning "till," still used dialectally, is found fairly frequently in Elizabethan English, and is sometimes followed by the subjunctive, as here, or as in this example from Ben Jonson:

> And want some little means
> To keep me upright, while things be reconciled.
> *The Devil is an Ass*, i. 2.

l. 191. *Boötes*: another name for Arcturus, the constellation before the Great Bear.

Sonnet, p. 82, l. 14. *In whome* (*saue Death*) *nought mortall was at all.* Guarini has the same conceit in one of his madrigals (*Rime*, 1598, p. 124, v°):

> Ne di mortal hauesti altro, che morte.

Epitaph, p. 83. This epitaph first appeared in the first edition of the *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, 1613, in a form differing considerably from the present one. It next appeared in *Mavsolevm*, in very much the same form as here.

The first eight lines are an amplification of a sonnet by Torquato Tasso, "Al Sepolcro di Alfonso I" (*Rime*, Venice, 1608, pt. ii. p. 90):

> Fermati, o tu, che passi: è qui sotterra
> Il grand' Alfonso, io dico il mortal velo
> Che 'l nome, e l' alma termine non serra,
> Ma l' un riempie il mondo, e l' altra il Cielo.

ll. 10-11.

> . . . . . *that sweet Flowre that beares,*
> *In Sangvine Spots the Tenor of our Woes—*

Milton seems to have had this line in mind when he wrote in *Lycidas*, l. 106:

> Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

Pyramid, p. 84. The matter of this curious piece is borrowed from one of Passerat's sonnets (*Poésies Françaises*, ed. Blanchemain, ii. p. 77):

> Que sçauroit-on trouuer és veines de la terre
> Pour luy faire vn tombeau tel qu'elle a merité?

Qui sera l'artizan plein de temerité
Qui ose l'entreprendre, & en taille la pierre?
Vn Roy, non vn graueur, cest honneur doit acquerre,
Consacrant sa memoire à l'immortalité:
Digne elle est d'vn ouurier de telle qualité:
La terre en son gyron rien de pareil n'enserre.
Des yeux, & non des mains, ie luy dresse vn tombeau,
Où l'on voye à trauers ce corps qui fut si beau:
Ie le fay du crystal de mes larmes glacées.
Le Dieu qui d'vn seul trait enferra nos deus cœurs
Encore aprés sa mort se nourrit de mes pleurs,
Et veut que mes amours soient en pleurs enchâssées.

It is not unlikely that Drummond read about such puerilities as the "pyramis," the "fuzie," the "lozange," and the like, in the *Arte of English Poesie* attributed to Puttenham.

VRANIA, OR SPIRITUALL POEMS.

Of the thirteen poems published under this rubric, ten were republished, with certain alterations, by Drummond in his *Flowres of Sion.*

Sonnet i, p. 86. The opening lines were doubtless suggested by the well-known sonnet, variously attributed to Castiglione and to Giovanni Guidiccioni:

Superbi colli, e voi sacre ruine,
Che 'l nome sol di Roma ancor tenete,
Ahi che reliquie miserande avete
Di tant' anime eccelse e pellegrine!
Colossi archi teatri opre divine
Trionfal pompe gloriose e liete,
In poco cener pur converse siete,
E fatte al vulgo vil favola al fine, etc.

Sonnet ii, p. 87, ll. 9-12.

Hencefoorth on thee mine only Good I'll thinke,
For only thou canst grant what I doe craue,
Thy Naile my Penne shall bee, thy Blood mine Inke,
Thy Winding-sheet my Paper, Studie Graue—

These lines are borrowed from one of Desportes' "Sonnets Spirituels" (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 503):

Seigneur, d'un de tes cloux je veux faire ma plume,
Mon encre de ton sang, mon papier de ta croix,
Mon subject de ta gloire, et les chants de ma voix
De ta mort, qui la mort éternelle consume.

By putting a comma after "*study*" in l. 12, Ward appears to us to destroy the meaning.

Sonnet iii, p. 87. A close paraphrase of another of Desportes' "Sonnets Spirituels" (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 504):

Sur des abysmes creux les fondemens poser
De la terre pesante, immobile et feconde,
Semer d'astres le ciel, d'un mot créer le monde,
La mer, les vens, la foudre à son gré maistriser,
De contrarietez tant d'accords composer,
La matiere difforme orner de forme ronde,
Et par ta prevoyance, en merveilles profonde,
Voir tout, conduire tout, et de tout disposer,
Seigneur, c'est peu de chose à ta majesté haute;
Mais que toy, créateur, il t'ait pleu pour la faute
De ceux qui t'offensoyent en croix estre pendu,
Jusqu'à si haut secret mon vol ne peut s'estendre;
Les anges ny le ciel ne le sçauroyent comprendre;
Apprens-le-nous, Seigneur, qui l'as seul entendu!

Sonnet iv, p. 88. Translated for the most part from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 195):

Vscite vscite a rimirar pietose
Schiere del Paradiso cittadine
Il vostro Re schernito; e qual su 'l crine
Nouo, e stranio diadema Amor gli pose:
Da le tempie trafitte, e sanguinose
Il viuo humor de le purpuree brine
Voi rasciugate; e da l' acute spine
Venite a côr le già cadenti rose.
E voi, felici voi, s' vna di quelle
Punte, ch' al Re del Ciel passan la testa,
Sentirete in voi stesse, anime belle.

Ben potrai tu' mio cor, cinto di questa,
La corona sprezzar, che 'l Ciel di stelle,
E che di raggi il Sol porta contesta.

l. 9. *Empyrean*: "formed of pure fire or light"; "pertaining to the highest and purest region of heaven"; "sublime."

The last two lines are in so-called "vers rapportés," or "reported" verses, a device found occasionally in the Italian poets of the sixteenth century, and more commonly in their French contemporaries. The following piece, sung by Philoclea in Book III. of *Arcadia* (p. 497), will show how far this kind of thing could be carried:

Virtue, beauty, and speech, did strike, wound, charm,
My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight:
First, second, last, did bind, enforce and arm,
His works, shows, suits, with wit, grace and vows might,
Thus honour, liking, trust, much, far, and deep,
Held, pierc'd, possess'd, my judgment, sense and will.
Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steal, creep,
Bands, favour, faith, to break, defile and kill,
Then grief, unkindness, proof, took, kindled, taught,
Well-grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain
But ah, alas! (in vain) my mind, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shun, refrain,
For no thing, time, nor place, can lose, quench, ease,
Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

This sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's, it may be noted, is copied out in full by Drummond in vol. vii. of the Hawthornden MSS. Drummond also had a copy of *Les Bigarrures et Touches* (1585) of Tabourot, in which a whole

chapter is devoted to "vers rapportés." Other examples of this trick are found in Spenser (*Amoretti*, lvi, ll. 13-14), in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (ed. Bullen, ii. p. 116), and in several of Montgomerie's sonnets.

Sonnet v, p. 89. A close paraphrase, the concluding lines excepted, of the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 188) :

Se di tante bellezze adorno, e pieno
Questo, c' ha il suol per base, il Ciel per tetto,
Palagio ampio formò l' alto Architetto,
Bassa magion d' habitator terreno :
Deh quanti, e quai del lume suo sereno
Debbe raggi raccôrre in quel, ch' eletto
Ab eterno a sè stesso hauea ricetto ?
In lei, che deuea poi chiuderlo in seno ?
O puro albergo del possente Dio,
Da le cui chiuse porte ignudo a guerra
Contro nemici sì feroci vscio :
Quante l' eterna man versa, e disserra
Gratie in mill' altre, in te sol' una unio :
Fosti pria Diua in Ciel, che Donna in terra.

Sonnet vi, p. 90. The opening lines appear to have been suggested by the eleventh sonnet of Sir William Alexander's *Aurora* :

Ah, that it was my fortune to be borne,
Now in the time of this degener'd age,
When some, in whom impietie doth rage,
Do all the rest discredit whilst they scorne.
And this is growne to such a custome now,
That those are thought to haue the brauest spirits,
Who can faine fancies and imagine merits, etc.

l. 11. *vildely* : Ward modernises wrongly to "*vilely*" ; but *vild* existed by the side of *vile* in Elizabethan English.

Sonnet vii, p. 90. Translated from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 177) :

Felice è ben chi selua ombrosa e folta
Cerca, e ricoura in solitaria vita :

Iui mai non è sola alma romita,
Ma fra gli angeli stassi a Dio riuolta.
O quanto là più uolentier s' ascolta
Di semplicetto augel uoce gradita,
Che 'n regio albergo, ou' è la fè mentita,
Vanto di turba adulatrice, e stolta.
Quanto è più dolce vn uenticel di bosco,
Ch' aura uana d' honor: quanto tra' fiori
D' argento un rio, che 'n uasel d' oro il tosco.
Hanno i sacri silentij, e i muti horrori
Armonia uera, e pace; e l' ombra, e 'l fosco
Mille uiui del ciel lampi, e splendori.

Madrigal iii, p. 91. A condensation and transmutation of the ante-penultimate sonnet of Marino's "Rime Morali" (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 182):

Quanto da quel di pria Francesco mio
Varia è la nostra età. Più, qual solea,
Non alberga fra noi la bella Astrea,
Ma con l' altre compagne al Ciel sen gio.
O se pur viue in questo secol rio,
Non è (qual dianzi fu) Vergine Dea,
Ma meretrice mercenaria, e rea,
Corrotta da vilissimo desio.
Le lance, use a librar l' humana sorte
Con giusta legge, hor da l' usanze prime
Per troppo ingorda passion son torte.
E la spada, ch' al Ciel dritta, e sublime
Volgea la punta, in giù riuolta hor morte
Minaccia a l' egro, e l' innocente opprime.

l. 1. *Astrea*: daughter of Zeus and Themis, and goddess of justice, lived during the golden age among men; but when the wickedness of men increased, she withdrew to heaven, and was placed among the stars.

I. Great God, whom wee . . ., p. 92, l. 22. *seeme*: "beseem."

l. 66. *This loathsome Shop of Sinne, and Mansion blinde.* It may be noted that Sir Philip Sidney also has a "*mansion blind*," and a "*shop of shame*" in *Arcadia* (p. 187).

To the Author, p. 95. The author of this sonnet is Sir David Murray of Gorthy, one of the Scottish court poets of the time. For further particulars on Murray of Gorthy refer back to Notes, vol. i. p. 158.

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMMES.

I. The Statue of Medusa, p. 99. Probably suggested by the following epigram of Antonio Tebaldeo (1456–1537), one of the principal poets of the Quattrocento, who also composed a good deal of Latin verse (*Delitiæ Poetarum Italorum*, 1608, vol. ii. p. 1151) :

In Medusæ Caput.

Exemptam mediâ de Palladis ægide dicas
Gorgona, quam parvo claudit in orbe lapis.
Quin et monstrifici perstant miracula vultus ;
Vivit, et innumero palpitat angue caput.
Tam similis non ipsa sibi est ; se forsitan olim
Vidit, et a speculo saxea facta suo est.

l. 3. *None Image* : as an adjective *none* is now archaic ; after 1600 it is almost entirely supplanted by the reduced form *no*. Cp. vol. i. p. 109, xxii, l. 9.

II. The Trojane Horse, ll. 1-2. *whom Bit . . . not feare* : *fear* as a transitive verb meaning " to inspire with fear " is now obsolete or vulgar.

III. A Louers Heauen, p. 100. Condensed from Madrigal xli by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. ii. p. 57) :

Celia, il tuo viso angelico sereno
Può dirsi un Ciel terreno.
Le tue guance l' Aurora
De le sue rose, e de' suoi gigli infiora.
Ne' begli occhi lampeggia
Lo splendor de le stelle, anzi del Sole.
Ne la fronte biancheggia
Il bel candor de la stellata uia,

La celeste armonia
S' ode ne le dolcissime parole.
S' un Ciel reggessi di bellezze tante
Fra queste braccia, o me felice Atlante.

IV. Deepe Impression of Loue, p. 100. Adapted from the following madrigal by Mauritio Moro (*I Tre Giardini de' Madrigali,* Venetia, 1602, pt. i. p. 44) :

Huom che rabbioso cane habbia ferito,
In chiaro fiume, in fonte,
Scorge del feritor l' irata fronte.
Così 'l tiranno ardito
D' Amor fero, e possente,
Che nel mio core afflitto impresse il dente,
In fiumi, in limpid' acque,
Mostra 'l mio feritore, e chi mi piacque.

V. The Pourtrait of Mars and Venvs, p. 101, l. 1. *Faire Paphos wanton Queene* : Old Paphos, on the west coast of Cyprus, was the chief seat of the worship of Aphrodite, who is said to have landed at this place after her birth among the waves.

VI. Iölas Epitaph, p. 101. Adapted from Madrigal cxxxiii by Guarini (*Rime,* 1598, p. 125) :

Epitafio di Pargoletta Violante.

Se vuoi saper chi sono
O tu, che miri la breu' vrna ; piagni.
Spunterà dal mio cenere, se 'l bagni
D' vna tua lagrimetta,
Vn' odorata, e vaga violetta,
E così dal tuo dono
Intenderai chi sono.

ll. 3-4.

That Boy, whose heauenly Eyes
Brought Cypris from aboue—

Aphrodite is not infrequently called Cypris or Cypria from the fact that Cyprus was one of the chief seats of her worship. The reference in the first line is to Adonis, the

beloved of Aphrodite, who died wounded by a boar while hunting. As Aphrodite would not give up her darling, and Persephone had also fallen in love with him, Zeus decreed that Adonis should pass upon the earth half the year with one and half with the other goddess.

VII. Vpon the Death of a Linnet, p. 102, l. 7. *that Samians sentence*: the famous Greek philosopher Pythagoras, born on the island of Samos about 580 B.C., who is reputed to have first formulated the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

l. 8. *of new*: "of late," "recently"; now obsolete.

IX. Icarvs, p. 103, l. 10. *resound*: "proclaim," "repeat loudly" (one's praises, etc.); now obsolete.

XI. Of Thavmantia, beholding her selfe in a Marble, p. 104. Drummond probably had in mind the following trifle by Passerat (*Poésies françaises*, ed. Blanchemain, ii. p. 138):

D'ELLE MESME, SE MIRANT EN VN MARBRE.

De sa ieune beauté si ie suis tant espris,
Et si en mon cœur tendre elle entre par la veuë,
Ce n'est pas grand' merueille, & n'en seray repris,
Puis que le marbre dur dedans soy l'a receuë.

XIII. Sleeping Beautie, p. 105, ll. 7-8.

Sunnes, if ecclips'd yee haue such Power diuine?
O! how can I endure you when yee shine?—

The same conceit, applied to his mistress's eyes, is found in Guarini's twelfth madrigal (*Rime*, 1598, p. 63):

Se chiusi m' vccidete,
Aperti che farete?

XV. Of Phillis, p. 106. Again borrowed from Marino (*Rime*, pt. ii. p. 44):

Mentre Lidia premea
Dentro rustica coppa
A la Lanuta la feconda poppa,
I' stava a rimirar doppio candore

Di Natura, e d' Amore :
Nè distinguer sapea
Il bianco humor da le sue mani intatte,
Ch' altro non discernea, che latte in latte.

ll. 3-4. *Oake* : *Flocke* : according to the standard Elizabethan pronunciation this would be an imperfect rhyme [ō : o]. Cf. *got* : *Boat* (i. p. 116, xl, ll. 7-8), *Hope* : *Tope* (ii. p. 58, ll. 299-300), etc.

XVI. Kisses desired, p. 106, ll. 5-6. *As hee . . . From Lesbia them in thousands did receaue* : Catullus, the great Roman lyric poet (87–*c.* 54 B.C.), some of whose most beautiful poems are inspired by his love for a lady whom he addressed as Lesbia, and who has been identified with the beautiful and gifted, but unprincipled, sister of the notorious Claudius.

XIX. Apelles enamour'd of Campaspe, etc., p. 107, l. 1. *Poore Painter,* etc. : Campaspe, the favourite concubine of Alexander, is said to have been the model of the famous Venus Anadyomene of Apelles.

XXIV. To Thavmantia singing, p. 109, l. 10. *As not to let mee turne Aspe to thy song* : it was a popular belief that the asp was deaf. In one of his sonnets (" Cerchio gentil," etc.) Bernardo Tasso calls his mistress

Sorda più ch' aspe, e più lieue che foglia.

XXV. Of her Dog, p. 110. Suggested by a sonnet of Marino (*Rime,* 1602, pt. i. p. 34) :

Mentre nel grembo a trastullar ti stai
De la mia Donna humilemente altero
Vezzoso animaletto, e lusinghiero,
Ond' inuido, e geloso altrui ne fai :
Ardo, e viè più nel cor, lasso, che mai
Sento l' vsato ardor possente, e fero,
Forse però, che 'l mio Sol viuo, e vero,
Vibra nel Can viè più cocenti i rai, etc.

l. 1. *clips* : " clasps with the arms," " embraces," " hugs " ; now archaic and dialectal.

XXVIII. Of Amintas, p. 111. Ward instances in comparison the following epigram by Francesco Panigarola (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.* vol. ii. p. 176) :

De Iolâ.

Cum nudum lymphis se credere vellet Iolas,
Effigiem fonti vidit inesse suam :
Nec semet noscens, comites io currite, dixit,
Depositis alis ecce Cupido natat.

l. 3. *Of popling Streames to see the restlesse Course*: the verb *popple,* meaning " to bubble up," " boil up," is now obsolete, but still found in Scots. Cf. Scott, *Heart Midl.* xviii. : " The bits o' bonny waves that are popling and plashing against the rocks." Ward, following Phillips, unwarrantably adopts " *purling* " instead of " *popling.*"

ll. 9-10.

The Boy of whom strange Stories Shepheards tell
(Oft-called Hylas) dwelleth in this Well—

Hylas, son of Theiodamas, was a favourite of Heracles, whom he accompanied on the Argonautic expedition. When Heracles disembarked on the coast of Mysia to cut himself a fresh oar, Hylas followed him, in order to draw water from a certain fountain, the Nymphs of which drew the beautiful youth into the fountain, and Heracles long sought for him in vain.

XXIX. Pamphilvs, p. 111. An allusion to the Pamphilus of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia,* whose inconstancy was punished by the ladies whom he had deceived.

XXXI. Of a Bee, p. 112. Translated from a madrigal of Torquato Tasso (*Rime,* Venetia, 1608, pt. iv. p. 104) :

Qual cavagliero ardito
A le famose prove
Il sonoro metallo accende, e move ;
Tal zenzaretta fiera
Zuffola intorno, e vola,
E vi percuote poi la bianca gola.

O mirabil guerriera,
In cui natura giunge
La tromba a l' arme, ond' ella suona, e punge.

XXXIII. Of a Kisse, p. 113. Adapted from another madrigal of Torquato Tasso (*Delle Rime et Prose*, Venetia, 1583, p. 53) :

Ne i vostri dolci baci
De l' api è il dolce mele,
E vi è il morso de l' api anco crudele.
Dunque addolcito e punto
Da voi parto in un punto.

XXXIV. Idmon to Venvs, p. 113. The names "*Idmon*" (in the title) and "*Thaumantia*" (l. 3) are imaginary names, without any reference to the Idmon and Thaumantia of mythology.

XXXVI. His Firebrand, p. 114. Adapted from the following piece by Passerat (*Poésies françaises*, ed. Blanchemain, ii. p. 48) :

Qu'il ne faut point de Flambeau pour conduire vn Amant.

Retourne-t'en, laquais, retourne Coridon :
Il n'est point de besoin qu'on me vienne conduire,
Ie suis accompagné du feu de Cupidon,
Qui la nuict m'esclairant autre feu ne desire.
Le grand vent & la pluye à ta torche peut nuire,
Mais moy ie les deffie & ne crains leur effort,
Car la flame qu'Amour dedans mon cœur fait luire
Ne se peut amortir que par la seule mort.

XXXVII. Daphnis Vow, p. 114. The names "*Daphnis*" and "*Orienne*" (l. 8) are feigned names.

XXXVIII. Of Nisa, p. 115. Among the muddled jottings from Peele's lost play *The Hunting of Cupid*, which occur in vol. vii. of the Hawthornden MSS., are the following lines, which are undoubtedly the origin of this epigram :

Some with his suethart making false position putting
A schort sillable vher a long one should be.

See vol. i. (Oxford, 1907–1911) of the "*Collections*" of the Malone Society.

"*Nisa*" is an imaginary name. As for the name "*Palemon*," Drummond probably found it in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (bk. ii. ch. 8).

XXXIX. Beauties Idea, p. 115, l. 3. *White is her Haire,* etc.: both the edition of 1616 and the one privately issued in ?1614 read "*Haire*" in this line. This is obviously incorrect; probably *Hand* should be read.

XL. Cratons Death, p. 116. Derived from the following epigram by Ronsard, who himself had adopted it from Julianus the Egyptian (*Œuvres,* ed. Marty-Laveaux, ii. p. 56):

Berteau le pescheur s'est noyé
En sa nacelle poissonniere,
Dont le bois fut tout employé
A faire les aiz de sa biere:
De Charon la main nautonniere
Ne prist argent de ce Berteau,
Comme ayant passé la riuiere
Des morts en son propre bateau.

l. 7. *Waftage*: conveyance or transportation through or over a buoyant medium, as air or water; especially (as here) "passage by water."

XLI. Armelins Epitaph, p. 116. With this may be compared Passerat's "Epitaphe du Barbichon de Madame de Villeroy" (*Poésies françaises,* ed. Blanchemain, ii. p. 126).

l. 7. *bare*: this is the usual form of the past tense of *to bear,* till the end of the sixteenth century. Cf. vol. ii. p. 51, l. 40.

XLII. The Statue of Venvs sleeping, p. 117. From *Les Touches* (1585) of Tabourot, or Le Seigneur des Accords as he preferred to style himself, a collection of epigrams of no great value:

SUR LE POURTRAICT DE VENUS ENDORMIE.

Passant ne sois point curieux
De m'esueiller pour voir mes yeux,
Car si tost qu'ils regarderont
Si tost les tiens ils fermeront.

It may be mentioned that this epigram of Tabourot is copied out in Drummond's commonplace-book (Hawthornden MSS. vol. vii.).

Drummond has a more faithful rendering of this epigram among the pieces which he suppressed from the advance issue of the *Poems* (?1614). See vol. ii. p. 154.

XLIII. Lillas Prayer, p. 117. Adapted from Madrigal cix of Guarini (*Rime,* 1598, p. 112[b]) :

Se vuoi ch' io torni a le tue fiamme, Amore,
Non far idolo il core
Nè di fredda vecchiezza,
Nè d' incostante, e pazza giouanezza.
Dammi, se puoi, Signore,
Cor saggio in bel sembiante,
Canuto amore in non canuto amante.

XLIV. The vnkindnesse of Rora, p. 118. Rora, or rather Aurora, to give her her full name, is the Countess of Argyle, whom William Alexander of Menstrie celebrated in his *Aurora, containing the First Fancies of the Author's youth* (1604), a collection of sonnets interspersed with songs, madrigals, and elegies. These early amatory poems were not included by Alexander in his collected *Recreations with the Muses* (1637). An additional aid to identification is the name "*Alexis,*" which, it may be recalled, is the appellation habitually given by Drummond in his poetry to his fellow-bard Alexander of Menstrie.

XLVI. To Thavmantia, p. 119. Transmuted from part of a sonnet by Torquato Tasso (*Delle Rime et Prose,* Venetia, 1583, p. 62) :

Viviamo, amiamci, ò mia gradita Hielle,
Hedra sia tu, che il caro tronco abbraccia,
Baciamci, e i baci, e le lusinghe taccia
Chi non ardisce annouerar le stelle.

Bacinsi insieme l' alme nostre anch' elle,
Fabro sia Amor, che le distempri, e sfaccia,
E che di due confuse vna rifaccia,
Che per vn spirto sol spiri, e fauelle, etc.

The ultimate source is of course Catullus, but a comparison of the phraseology can leave no doubt who was Drummond's immediate model.

LI. The Statue of Adonis, p. 121. Translated from the following epigram by Giovanni Antonio Volpi (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.* vol. ii. pp. 1452-3) :

In Statuam Adonidis.

Cùm Cytherea procul Parium spectaret Adonim,
Accurrens tales fudit ab ore sonos :
Quis deploratum nobis te reddit, Adoni ?
Quæve tibi lucem fata dedere novam ?
Dixit, ed ad caros amplexus læta cucurrit,
Figeret ut niveis oscula pressa genis.
Ast aprum aspiciens, nova vulnera dente minantem,
Semianimis trepido concidit icta metu.
Vivere quis neget hos lapides ? si incendit Adonis
Corda Deæ formâ, vulnere terret aper.

l. 2. *This Parian Adon* : the island of Paros in the Aegean Sea was celebrated on account of its marble, which was extensively used by the ancient sculptors.

LIII. A Couplet encomiasticke, p. 121. Drummond found the original of this distich in the *Recherches de la France* (bk. vii. ch. xi.) of Estienne Pasquier, who, discussing the question of quantitative verse in French, writes as follows : " Je ne dispute point si la forme des vers latins avec pieds longs et cours est meilleure que nos rimes : ce que j'entends maintenant déduire est de savoir si notre langue françoise en est capable. Quant à cela, il n'en faut point faire de doute ; mais je souhaite que quiconque l'entreprendra soit plus né à la poésie, que celui qui de notre temps s'en voulut dire le maistre [an allusion to Baïf]. Cela a esté autrefois attenté par les nostres, et peut-estre non mal à propos. Le premier qui l'entreprit

fut Etienne Jodelle, en ce distique qu'il mit, en l'an 1553, sur les œuvres poétiques d'Olivier de Magny :

Phœbus, Amour, Cypris, veut sauver, nourrir et orner
Ton vers et chef, d'ombre, de flamme, de fleurs."

This couplet is in so-called " vers rapportés," for which see the note (vol. i. p. 223) on the fourth sonnet of *Vrania*.

LV. The Rose, p. 122. Translated from the following madrigal by Torquato Tasso (*Delle Rime et Prose*, 1583, pt. ii. p. 51) :

O del sangue d' Adone
Nato fior, quando vn' altro ancor de l' acque
Lagrimose di Venere ne nacque,
Il bel morto Garzone
Tu viuo rappresente,
Ma la SPINA pungente,
Che cinge il giro tuo purpureo, e vago
Di chi diremo imago ?
Forse figura del Cinghial il dente,
O bel mostro tra mostri,
Ch' in vn l' vcciso, & l' uccisor dimostri ?

Il. 1-3.

Flowre, which of Adons Blood
Sprang, when of that cleare Flood
Which Venus wept, an other white was borne—

According to Bion (*Idyll* i.) from the blood of Adonis sprang the rose, and the anemone from the tears shed by Venus upon his death.

l. 4. *The sweet Cynarean Youth* : Adonis, so called from his father Cinyras. Drummond should have written " Cinyrean."

l. 9. *vnesteemed* : " inestimable."

LVII. Thaïs Metamorphose, p. 123, l. 1. *In Briareus hudge* : Briareus or Aegaeon, son of Uranus by Gaea. Aegaeon and his two brothers are known under the name of the Uranids, who in Hesiod are described as three giants, each with a hundred arms and fifty hands.

LVIII. Vpon a Baye Tree, etc., p. 123, l. 6. *A*

Delian Tree: a "bay" tree. Among plants, the bay, used for purposes of expiation, was early sacred to Apollo of Delos.

LIX. Epitaph, p. 124. Imitated from Passerat (*Poésies françaises,* ed. Blanchemain, ii. p. 118):

EPITAPHE D'VN PRESIDENT.

Passant ne sonne mot: icy dort maintenant
Quelcun qui fut iadis trop esueillé pour prendre.
Ie croirois aisément que ce fut en prenant
Que la mort qui prent tout le prist à iamais rendre.
Ce preneur ainsi pris s'en va deuenir cendre:
Et ie treuue vn grand cas que tant viure il a pu:
A ce que ses faueurs ont par tout fait entendre,
Plus de trente ans y a qu'il estoit corrompu.

l. 2. *Alecto*: one of the Furies or Eumenides.

LX. Floras Flowre, p. 124, l. 8. *one Letter turnes it P*: *Pillie,* a Scots and Northern dialect word for the male organ.

LXII. Kalas Complaint, p. 125. From a Latin epigram by P. Zanchi (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.* vol. ii. p. 1481):

Thestylis annosi coniux laciua Lycotæ,
Dum mane, aut sero vespere mulget oues:
Sic, ait, infelix noctes exerceor omnes;
Dum languet vetulo pendula verpa meo.

Compare also one of Desportes' epigrams (*Œuvres,* ed. Michiels, p. 443).

LXIII. The Happinesse of a Flea, p. 125. Imitated from Torquato Tasso (*Rime,* Venetia, 1608, pt. iv. p. 104):

Questa lieve zenzara
Quanto ha sorte migliore
De la farfalla, che s' infiamma, e more
L' una di chiaro foco,
Di gentil sangue è vaga
L' altra, che vive di sì bella piaga.
O fortunato loco
Tra 'l mento, e 'l casto petto,
Altrove non fu mai maggior diletto.

LXIV. Of that same, p. 125. Also taken from a madrigal by Tasso (*ibid.* pt. iv. p. 104):

Tu moristi in quel seno,
Piccioletta zenzara,
Dov' è sì gran fortuna il venir meno.
Quando fin più beato,
O ver tomba più cara,
Fu mai concesso da benigno fato?
Felice tu, felice
Più che nel rogo oriental Fenice!

LXVI. Love naked, p. 126. A version of this trifle by Crawshaw, which is appended, shows that it is taken from the Italian. We have not, however, succeeded, any more than Ward, in discovering the original:

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?
'Tis this: list'ning one day too long
To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'er-mast'ring all his might,
To that one sense made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

LXVII. Niobe, p. 126. Translated from Bernardo Accolti (*Rime di diversi Autori,* Venetia, 1550):

Niobe son, legga mia sorte dura
Chi miser è, e non chi mai si dolse.
Sette, e sette figliuoi mi diè natura,
E sette, e sette un giorno sol mi tolse.
Poi fu al marmo il marmo sepoltura,
Perche 'l Ciel me regina in pietra volse;
E se non credi, apri 'l sepolcro basso,
Cener non troverai, ma sasso in sasso.

l. 1. *Wretched Niobè I am*: Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus and Dione, in maternal pride for her numerous progeny, ventured to compare herself to Leto, the wife of Zeus, who had only two children. To punish this presumption Apollo and Artemis slew with their arrows all

Niobe's children, in their parents' palace. Niobe, who was changed to stone on the lonely hills of Sipylus, cannot even in this form forget her sorrow (Ovid, *Metam.* vi. 3).

l. 6. *Orb'd Mother*: the word "*orbed*" meaning "bereaved" (Lat. *orbare*) is now obsolete. *Orb* (Lat. *orbus*, O.F. *orbe*) is also found in the seventeenth century.

LXVIII. Change of Loue, p. 127, ll. 1 and 3. *grone* : *one* : a correct rhyme, the value of the rhyme-vowel being in each word [ō]. Cf. *mone* : *one* (i. p. 130, lxxv, ll. 6-7), *Throne* : *on* (ii. p. 50, ll. 11-12).

LXX. Constant Loue, p. 127. Probably suggested by a poem in Thomas Watson's *The* Ἑκατομπαθία, *or Passionate Century of Love* (1582), which Drummond found in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, one of his favourite books, judging by the lengthy extracts which he copied down from it in his commonplace-book (*Poetical Rhapsody*, ed. A. H. Bullen, ii. p. 23) :

Time wasteth years, and months, and days, and hours ;
Time doth consume fame, riches, wit, and strength ;
Time kills the greenest herbs, and sweetest flowers ;
Time wears out youth, and beauty's pride at length ;
Time maketh every tree to die and rot ;
Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain ;
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot ;
Time clears the sky that first hung full of rain ;
Time brings to nought the mightiest prince's state ;
Time brings a flood from new resolved snow ;
Time calms the sea, where tempests roared late ;
Time eats whatsoe'er the moon doth see below :
  Yet shall no time upon my heart prevail
  Nor any time shall make my love to fail.

LXXI. To Chloris, p. 128. Suggested by the opening lines of one of Marino's sonnets (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 88) :

Ascolta, come freme, e quai minaccia
  Pruine, o Thirsi il Ciel turbato, e 'l vento :
  Stringimi oimè, ch' io tremo, e 'l mio spauento
  Refugio altro non ha, che le tue braccia.

l. 7. *Deucalions Dayes*: the days of the Flood. For the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha see note to l. 3, Sonnet xxi, vol. i. p. 186.

LXXII. Vpon a Povrtrait, p. 128. The three following pieces, and the present one also, refer to Jean, daughter of Robert Ker, first Earl of Roxburgh, and wife of John Drummond, second Earl of Perth.

Drummond is indebted to a sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602, pt. i. p. 205) which begins:

> La Dea, che 'n Cipro, e 'n Amathunta impera,
> Quando, ò doue a te Fidia ignuda apparse?
> Forse quando l' Egeo, che d' Amor n' arse,
> Solcò nascente in su la conca altera?
> O pur' allhor, che da la terza spera
> Al Troiano pastor uenne a mostrarse?

l. 1. *Amathus*: an ancient town on the south coast of Cyprus, containing a celebrated temple of Aphrodite.

l. 2. *Tramells*: "nets for binding up or confining the hair." Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. ii. 15:

> Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
> In breaded tramels.

ll. 6-7. *Trees* : *Guise*: this would seem to be a correct rhyme; [geiz] was the more common pronunciation of *guise*, but the pronunciation [giz] also existed, and is that recorded by Bullokar (1580).

LXXIII. Vpon that same, p. 129, ll. 10-11.

> *the blushing Morne*
> *The Red must lend, the milkie-Way the White.*

Compare Marino (*Rime*, pt. i. p. 202):

> L' ostro schietto al' Aurora, il latte tolse
> Al bel calle stellato, e 'l santo uiso,
> E la beata fronte ornar ne uolse.

LXXIV. Vpon that same, drawne with a Pansie, p. 130, l. 11. *Clytias Plight*: Clytia, an ocean nymph, was beloved by the Sun-god, who deserted her. She was subsequently changed into the heliotrope which is sup-

posed always to turn its head in the direction of the sun's movement. Cp. note to Song i, vol. i. l. 55, p. 171.

LXXVI. Thirsis in Dispraise of Beautie, p. 131. These strophes in *ottava rima* are translated from Torquato Tasso's Stanze, entitled " Sopra la Bellezza " (*Delle Rime et Prose,* 1583, pt. ii. p. 70) :

Questa, che tanto il cieco volgo apprezza,
Sol piacer de le Donne, e sola cura,
Caduca, e fragilissima bellezza,
Vn vil impedimento è di natura.
Misero amante, cui folle vaghezza,
Dà in preda a un' angelica figura,
Misero, ch' assai meglio entro a le porte
De l' Inferno placar potria la morte.

Come in bel prato tra fioretti, e l' herba
Giace souente angue maligno ascoso,
Come in bel uaso d' or viuanda acerba
Si cela, od empio succo, e velenoso,
Come in bel pomo spesso anco si serba
Putrido verme, ond' egli è infetto, e roso,
Cosi voglie, e pensier maluagi, & opre,
Sotto vel di bellezza altri ricopre.

Doue bellezza appar, cortesia parte,
L' humiltà, la pietà, la bontà fugge,
Dou' è bellezza, come a propria parte,
Superbia, e ingratitudine rifugge,
Il seme, il fior d' ogni virtù, d' ogni arte,
L' ombra maluagia di bellezza adhugge,
Bellezza è mostro infame, è mostro immondo
Sferza del Ciel, con che flagella il mondo.

Si come, ò noce acerba, ò pomo amaro,
Meglio, ch' altro maturo, e dolce frutto,
Condir si puote, ed è bramato, e caro,
Quando quell' altro è gia guasto, e distrutto :
Così ne le dolcezze del suo chiaro,
Nettare Amor meglio condisce il brutto,
Ch' acerbetto è per sè, che non fa il bello
D' ogni esterno dolcior schiuo, e rubello.

Sia brutta la mia Donna, & habbia il naso
Grande, che li facci ombra fino al Mento,
Sia la sua bocca sì capace vaso,
Che star vi possa ogni gran robba dentro,
Sian rari i denti, e gli occhi posti a caso,
D' ebano i denti, e gli occhi sian d' argento,
E ciò, ch' appare, e ciò, che si nasconda,
A queste degne parti corrisponda.

Non temerò, ch' ella sia d' altri amata,
Ch' altri la segua, ò pur, ch' altri la miri:
Non temerò, s' ella alcun' altro guata,
O se mesta talhor par che sospiri,
Non chiamerolla ogni hor superba, ingrata,
E peruersa, e ritrosa a' miei desiri,
Saranno i suoi pensier conformi a' miei.
Sarà mia tutta, & io tutto di lei.

These lines are interesting because they not improbably supplied Donne with the matter for his second Elegy, "Marry and love thy Flavia." The resemblance between the two pieces had already struck Drummond; in the "Character of Several Authors," appended to the abridgment of the *Conversations* with Ben Jonson, in the folio edition of his *Works* (1711), Drummond remarks in reference to Donne: "I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English, of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients. Compare Song: *Marry and Love*, etc. with Tasso's stanzas against beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best."

l. 4. *Let*: "hindrance," "impediment"; now archaic, except in the phrase "let or hindrance." Cf. vol. ii. p. 86, l. 592.

l. 27. *confect'd*: "prepared for use as a relish or delicacy," "preserved"; now archaic.

l. 35. *Vmbrage*: "shade," "shadow." Cf. vol. i. Song ii, p. 65, l. 25.

LXXVII. Evrymedons Praise of Mira, p. 132, l. 27.

So wooden Globes bright Starres to vs set forth—

Borrowed from Sonnet xci of *Astrophel and Stella*:

Models! Such be wood globes of glistering skies.

LXXIX. Erycine at the Departure of Alexis, p. 134. "*Alexis*" is Sir William Alexander, the author of the following sonnet, entitled "*Alexis to Damon.*"

LXXX. Alexis to Damon, p. 135, l. 4. *Relicts* = "relics": a superfluous *t* after *c, n, p, x* is not uncommon in Scots. Cp. such forms as *comont* ("common"), *suddantlie* ("suddenly"), *prolixt* ("prolix").

l. 8. *registrate*: "to register"; obsolete and chiefly Scots. The uninflected past participle, formed direct from the Latin past participle, is frequent in Scots, e.g. *applicat, deliberat, dedicat,* etc. Many of these forms are still in use in Scots legal and formal language.

FORTH FEASTING

Professor John Purves (*Athenæum,* Feb. 11, 1905) points out that Drummond probably derived the title of *Forth Feasting* from Marino's *Tebro Festante,* a congratulatory poem on the election of Pope Leo XI., which appears to have been issued for the first time in the *Nuove Poesie* of Marino (1614). Considering the Scottish poet's large debt to Marino, this may be readily admitted; but that he borrowed no more than the title is at once obvious to anyone who chooses to read the two compositions, which bear no resemblance to each other either in form or matter.

Drummond's panegyric of King James VI. is constructed in great part on the pattern of the opening poem of Ronsard's *Le Bocage Royal* (*Œuvres,* ed. Marty-Laveaux, iii. p. 187), addressed to Henry III. of France; several passages in fact follow the French text at no great distance, and generally in a condensed form, as the following example, corresponding to ll. 135-178 in Drummond's poem, serves to show:

A forcer par les bois vn Cerf au front ramé,
Enferrer vn Sanglier de defenses armé,
Voir leureter le Liéure à la iambe peluë,
Voir pendre les Faucons au milieu de la nuë,
Faire d'vn pied legier poudroyer les sablons,
Voir bondir par les prez l'enflure des ballons,
A porter le harnois, à courir la campaigne,
A domter sous le frein vn beau genet d'Espaigne,
A saulter, à luitter d'vn bras fort & vouté,
Voilà les ferremens trenchants l'oisiueté.

. . . . . .

Il a voulu sçauoir des Planettes les dances,
Tours, aspects & vertus, demeures & distances :
Il a voulu sçauoir les cornes du Croissant,
Comme d'vn feu bastard il se va remplissant,
Second Endymion amoureux de la Lune.
Il a voulu sçauoir que c'estoit que Fortune,
Que c'estoit que Destin, & si les actions
Des Astres commandoient à nos complexions.
Puis descendant plus bas sous le second estage
Il a cogneu du Feu la nature volage,
Il a pratiqué l'Air combien il est subtil,
Comme il est nourrissier de ce monde fertil,
Comme il est imprimé de formes differentes.
Il a cogneu la Foudre & ses fleches errantes
D'vn grand bruit par le vague, & si le Soleil peint
L'arc au ciel en substance, ou s'il apparoist feint.
Puis il a faict passer son esprit sous les ondes,
A cogneu de Thetis les abysmes profondes,
Et du vieillard Protée a conté les troupeaux :
Il a cogneu le flot & le reflot des eaux :
Si la Lune a credit sur l'element humide,
Ou si l'ame de l'Eau d'elle mesme se guide,
Eslançant son esprit des terres à l'entour
Pour ne viure en paresse & cropir en sejour.
Puis venant sur la terre a visité les villes,
Les hommes & leurs meurs & leurs reigles ciuilles
Pour sçauoir à son peuple vn soleil esclairer,
Pour luy lascher la bride ou pour la luy serrer,
Cognoissant par effect toutes vertus morales.
Puis entrant sous la terre aux caues infernales
A cherché les metaux, & d'esprit diligent
Sçeu les mines de plomb, de l'or & de l'argent,

Quelle humeur les engendre és veines de la terre,
Et le cuiure & le fer instrumens de la guerre.
Puis d'vn si haut trauail se voulant delasser,
Et d'vn braue Laurier son sceptre entrelasser,
Prenant le Lut en main, que dextrement il guide,
Se va seul soulager en l'antre Pieride,
Toutes les fleurs d'Euterpe attachant à son front.
Apollon qui l'escoute, & les Muses qui vont
Dansant autour de luy, l'inspirent de leur grace,
Soit qu'il veille tourner vne chanson d'Horace,
Soit qu'il veille chanter en accords plus parfaicts
Les gestes martiaux que luy mesmes a faicts.

ll. 23-24.

So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights
Faire Helens Brothers show their chearing Lights.

The reference is to Castor and Pollux, who according to Homer were the sons of Leda and Tyndareus, king of Lacedaemon, and consequently brothers of Helen. They were worshipped more especially as the protectors of sailors, for Poseidon had rewarded their brotherly love by giving them power over the winds and waves. Hence they are called by Horace, "Fratres Helenae, lucida sidera."

l. 29. *Seraps Priests*: Serapis or Sarapis, an Egyptian divinity, whose worship was introduced into Greece in the time of the Ptolemies.

l. 30. *Mygdonian Stone*: Mygdonia was the name given to the N.E. district of Mesopotamia.

l. 32. *Apollos Bird*: the snow-white and musical swan.

ll. 34-35.

And sweet-breath'd Zephyres curle the Medowes greene:
Let Heauens weepe Rubies in a crimsin Showre.

These two lines, borrowed from Passerat, are repeated, with one or two variations, from Sonnet ix of Part II. We shall again have occasion to notice Drummond's habit of repeating himself, a practice which betrays the tenuity and limitations of his inspiration.

ll. 37-38.

Or with that golden Storme the Fields adorne,
Which Ioue rain'd, when his Blew-eyed Maide was borne—

a direct reminiscence of Pindar's seventh Olympian ode (ll. 61 *et seq.*), in which it is said that Zeus watered the land (Rhodes) with showers of gold when Hephaestus clave open the head of Zeus with an axe, on which Pallas Athene sprang forth in full armour, the goddess of eternal virginity. In the same ode Pindar applies the epithet γλαυκῶπις, or "blue-eyed," to Athene.

l. 46. *Strow*: an archaic and dialectal form of *to strew*, of which the past is *straw* (vol. ii. p. 133, ix. l. 8).

l. 54. *Neuerne*: now called "Naver," a river of Sutherland; issues from Loch Naver and flows into Torrisdale Bay.

l. 55. *Leaue*: the Leven.

l. 59. *Nid*: the river Nith.

l. 61. *Lid*: now called "Liddel Water."

l. 62. *The Eskes*: the Black and White Esk, which unite to form the Esk in Eskdalemuir.

l. 77. *Sighs*: the regular edition of *Forth Feasting* (1617) has the form "*Sights*" instead of "*sighs*." The *t* in *sight* was not pronounced, and is an example of an orthographical mannerism, common in Middle Scots—e.g. *with*^{t}, *Edinbrugh*^{t}, etc. The origin of this superfluous terminal *t* will be found explained in G. Gregory Smith's *Specimens of Middle Scots*, Introd. p. 27. Drummond uses the form "*sights*" again in Posthumous Poems IV., vol. ii. p. 264, l. 26.

ll. 81-82.

Faire Ceres curst our Fields with barren Frost,
As if againe shee had her Daughter lost—

The daughter of Ceres was Persephone or Proserpine. Jupiter, without the knowledge of Ceres, had promised Proserpine to Pluto; and while the unsuspecting maiden was gathering flowers in the fields of Enna, the earth suddenly opened and she was carried off to the nether

world by Pluto (Ovid, *Metam.* v. 7). After wandering for some days in search of her daughter, Ceres learnt from the Sun that it was Pluto who had carried her off. Thereupon she quitted Olympus in anger and dwelt upon earth among men, conferring blessings wherever she was kindly received, and punishing those who repulsed her.

l. 89. *Napęas*: the Napaeae were the Nymphs of glens.

l. 95. *Tithons Wife*: cf. note to Song ii, l. 4, vol. i. p. 194.

l. 106. *Nor Acheloüs with his flowrie Horne*: Acheloüs was the god of the river of that name between Aetolia and Acarnania, and father of the Sirens. He fought with Hercules for Deïanira, but was conquered in the contest. He then took the form of a bull, but was again overcome by Hercules, who deprived him of one of his horns. According to Ovid (*Metam.* ix. 1. 87), the naiads changed the horn which Hercules took from Acheloüs into the horn of plenty.

l. 109. *desart*: this is the usual form in Drummond, both for the noun and adjective. Cf. note to l. 163 of Song i, vol. i. p. 175.

l. 111. *great Quincys Lake*: Kinsai, Kingtse, or Quinsay, are the names given by Marco Polo to Hang-chu, a large town of China at the mouth of the river Tcheng-tang. Some hundred miles from Hang-chu is situated the lake of Tai-Hu, or the "large lake," one of the biggest lakes of China. It is to this lake apparently that Drummond is referring.

ll. 113-114. Repeated, with a slight change, from an earlier poem (vol. i. p. 133, ll. 13-14).

l. 164. *To spare the Humble, Prowdlings pester downe*: a translation of King James's motto: "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

l. 168. *the Pierian Groues*: the Pierian mountain in Macedonia was one of the early seats of the worship of the Muses.

l. 172. *Or which did call Euridicè againe*: the story

runs that Orpheus, after his return from the Argonautic expedition, married the nymph Eurydice. His wife having died of the bite of a serpent, he followed her into the abodes of Hades. Here the charms of his lyre suspended the torments of the damned, and won back his wife from the nether powers (Ovid, *Metam.* x. 1 and 2).

ll. 173-174.

> *Thou sungst away the Houres, till from their Spheare*
> *Starres seem'd to shoote, Thy Melodie to heare—*

a reminiscence, as Professor Masson points out, of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act ii. Scene 1):

> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music.

l. 183. *tows'd*: "harassed," "worried."

ll. 201-202. *Orion faints*, etc.: Orion was the son of Hyrieus, of Hyria, in Boeotia, and is described as a handsome giant and hunter. After his death he was placed among the stars, where he appears as a giant with a girdle, sword, a lion's skin, and a club.

l. 206. *Then* = "than." *Then* in the sense of *than* is frequently found in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

l. 225. *Pales*: the Italian goddess of shepherds.

l. 234. *Gaditan*: of or belonging to Gades or Cadiz.

l. 261. *Astrea*: cf. note to l. 1, Mad. iii, vol. i. p. 225.

l. 263. *the Saturnian World*: the reign of Saturn was regarded as the golden age of Italy.

l. 279. *Hyperiòn*: one of the Titans, father of the Sun-god Helios, who himself is also called Hyperion in Homer.

l. 282. *That Rhein with hence-brought Beams his bosome warmes*: Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James VI., born at Falkland (August 1596), was married in 1613 to Frederick V., Elector Palatine, who in 1619 was chosen to fill the throne of Bohemia.

l. 319. *If Gray-hair'd Proteüs Songs the Truth not misse*: according to Homer (*Od.* iv. 354-569) an old man of the sea, a subject of Poseidon. Like all marine deities,

he possessed the gift of prophecy, and the power of assuming any shape he pleased.

ll. 321-323. *There is a Land . . . Which* (*Homelings*) *from this litle World wee name.* Ward (i. 245) is probably right in seeing here an allusion to the Colony of New Scotland.

l. 330. *song*: a form found occasionally in the sixteenth century, and which occurs in some dialects of M.E. by the side of *sang*, as also in O.E. Cf. vol. ii. p. 273, l. 1.

l. 346. *Then turnes to drie the weeping Austers Teares*: Auster was the name given to the South wind, or strictly the South-west wind. It frequently brought with it fogs and rain.

l. 356. *Fremdling*: "foreigner," derived from the adjective *fremd*, "foreign," which is now obsolete, except in Scots and certain Northern dialects.

l. 361. *like Ledas Louer white*: according to a late story, Zeus approached Leda in the shape of a swan, and she brought forth two eggs, out of one of which sprang Helen, and out of the other Castor and Pollux.

l. 362. *Which yet might breede Pasiphaè Delight*: Pasiphaë, wife of Minos, became enamoured of the white bull presented by Poseidon to Minos, and thereby became the mother of the monstrous Minotaur.

l. 371. *Paniskes*: the Panisci were a species of imps of the forests, companions of Pan. Here the word is equivalent to "rural divinities," "fauns."

l. 375. *Serean Fleeces*: Seres, a country in the extreme east of Asia, was more famous for its silks than for its wools. Cp. vol. ii. p. 34, l. 39.

l. 378. *Sabæan Odours*: the Sabaei or Sabae were a people who, according to Ptolemy, inhabited the S.W. corner of the Arabian peninsula. Their country was famed for its spices and perfumes.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A Dedale of my Death	17
A Horse I am, whom Bit	99
A passing Glance, a Lightning long the Skies	82
Ah burning Thoughts now let me take some Rest	17
Ah Napkin, ominous Present of my Deare	62
Ah! of that cruell Bee	113
Ah! who can see those Fruites of Paradise	36
Alexis, here shee stay'd among these Pines	41
All other Beauties how so e're they shine	23
All that a Dog could haue	124
Amidst the Waues profound	116
And wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart?	134
And would yee (Louers) know	126
Are these the flowrie Bankes? is this the Mead	41
As an audacious Knight	112
As in a duskie and tempestuous Night	63
Astrea in this Time	91
Breake not my sweet Repose	117
Bright Meteore of Day	120
Come forth, come forth, yee blest triumphing Bands	88
Come, let us liue, and loue	119
Dametas dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport	106
Deare Eye which daign'st on this sad Monument	29
Deare Night, the Ease of Care	60
Deare Quirister, who from those Shaddowes sends	26
Deare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place	38
Faire Diane, from the Hight	133
Faire is my Yoke, though grieuous bee my Paines	5

PAGE

Faire Moone who with thy Cold and Siluer Shine . 8
Faire Paphos wanton Queene 101
Fame, who with golden Pennes abroad dost range . 45
Flouds cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well . 109
Flowre, which of Adons Blood 122

Gemme of the Mountaines, Glorie of our Plaines . 132
Great God, whom wee with humble Thoughts adore . 92

Haire, precious Haire which Midas Hand did straine . 42
Harke happie Louers, harke 110
Here Damon liv'd, a Man by Heav'n inspir'd . . cxvii
Here deare Iölas lies 101
Here lived that Poet, whose Immortal Name . . cxvi
Here Mighty Damon often sat cxvii
He who endeavours Damon's Worth to raise . . cxvi
How Happier is that Flea 125
How many times Nights silent Queene her Face . 44
How that vaste Heauen intitled First is rold . . 5

I curse the Night, yet doth from Day mee hide . 46
I feare not hencefoorth Death 44
I know that all beneath the Moone decayes . . 4
I never rested on the Muses bed cvi
If (Acidalias Queene) 113
If all but Yce thou bee 127
If crost with all Mis-haps bee my poore Life . . 30
If cruell Death had Eares 102
If for one only Horne 111
If Heauen, the Starres, and Nature, did her grace . 129
If, in this Storme of joy and pompous Throng . . 140
If Sight bee not beguilde? 130
If thou wouldst see Threedes purer than the Gold . 112
If with such passing Beautie, choise Delights . . 89
In a most holy Church, a holy Man 109
In Briareus hudge 123
In Fields Ribaldo stray'd 108
In midst of silent Night 114
In Minds pure Glasse when I my selfe behold . . 26
In my first Yeeres, and Prime yet not at Hight . 3
In Peticote of Greene 106
In vaine I haunt the colde and siluer Springs . . 23
In Waues of Woe thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse . cii, 74

PAGE

Is it not too too much 109
Is't not enough (aye mee) mee thus to see . . 36
It Autumne was, and on our Hemispheare . . 65
It was the time when to our Northerne Pole . . 9

Kala old Mopsus Wife 125

Lampe of Heauens Christall Hall that brings the Hours 8
Leaue Page that slender Torch 114
Let Fortune triumph now, and Iö sing . . . 30
Like the Idalian Queene 25
Loue, Cypris, Phœbus, will feede, decke, and crowne 121
Loue, if thou wilt once more 117
Loue which is heere, a Care 89

Mine Eyes, dissolue your Globes in brinie Streames . 53
My Lute, bee as thou wast when thou didst grow . 60
My Teares may well Numidian Lions tame . . 24
My Thoughts hold mortall Strife 64
My Wanton, weepe no more 103

Neare to this Eglantine 116
Nisa Palemons Wife him weeping told . . . 115
Nor Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tyber . . 20
Now while the Night her sable Vaile hath spred . 7
Nymphes, Sister Nymphes which haunt this christall Brooke 24

O cruell Beautie, Meekenesse inhumaine . . . 31
O doe not kill that Bee 113
O Fate! conspir'd to powre your Worst on mee . 52
O Heauens! then is it true that Thou art gone . 75
O! It is not to mee bright Lampe of Day . . 55
O Night, cleare Night, O darke and gloomie Day! . 42
O Sacred Blush impurpling Cheekes pure Skies . . 19
O Sight! too dearely bought 105
O Woefull Life! Life, no, but liuing Death . . 53
Of Cithereas Birds that milke-white paire . . . 34
Of Death some tell, some of the cruell Paine . . 47
Of Jet 84
Of mortall Glorie ô soone darkned Raye! . . 51
Of that Medusa strange 99
Old Oake, and you thicke Groue 121

PAGE

Once did I weepe, and grone 127
On Starres shall I exclame 108
On this colde World of Ours 38
Ouer a christall Source 111

Phoebus arise 32
Place mee where angry Titan burnes the More . . 48
Poore Flea, then thou didst die 125
Poore Painter, whilst I sought 107
Poore Turtle, thou bemones 63

Quæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine Laudem . . civ

Sad Damon beeing come 55
See Chloris, how the Cloudes 128
Shee whose faire flowrs no Autumne makes decay . 37
Sith gone is my Delight and only Pleasure . . 39
Sith it hath pleas'd that First and onlie Faire . . 64
Sith shee will not that I 122
Sleepe, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest . 7
Slide soft faire Forth, and make a christall Plaine . 35
So grieuous is my Paine, so painefull Life . . 45
Some, Ladies wed, some loue, and some adore them . 111
Some will not leave that Trust to Friend, nor Heire . civ
Soule, which to Hell wast thrall 88
Sound hoarse sad Lute, true Witnesse of my Woe . 28
Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes . . . 83
Such Lida is that who Her sees 119
Swanne which so sweetly sings ci
Sweet Brooke, in whose cleare Christall I mine Eyes . 21
Sweete Rose whence is this Hue 37
Sweet Soule, which in the Aprill of thy Yeares . . 54
Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodlie Traine 61

That I so slenderly set foorth my Minde . . . 27
That learned Græcian (who did so excell . . . 6
That which so much the doating World doth prise . 131
The Beautie, and the Life 62
The Goddesse that in Amathus doth raigne . . 128
The Heauen doth not containe so many Starres. . 18
The Hyperborean Hills, Ceraunus Snow . . . 31
The Iuorie, Corrall, Gold 46
The Kisse with so much Strife 105

PAGE

The lonely Lysis, whom a froward Fate . . . cviii
The Loue Alexis did to Damon beare . . . 135
Then Death thee hath beguild 124
Then is Shee gone? O Foole and Coward I! . . 25
The sister Nymphes who haunt the Thespian Springs cii, 95
The Sunne is faire when hee with crimson Crowne . 34
This deare (though not respected) Earth doth hold . 119
This Life which seemes so faire 54
This virgine Locke of Haire 118
Those Eyes, deare Eyes, bee Spheares . . . 104
Those Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight . 52
Those Starres, nay Sunnes, which turne . . . 100
Those Stones which once had Trust 123
Though I with strange Desire 106
Thou Window, once which serued for a Spheare . 40
Thrise happie hee, who by some shadie Groue . . 90
Thy Muse not-able, full, il-lustred Rimes . . . 121
Time makes great States decay 127
To forge to mightie Ioue 120
To heare my Plaints faire Riuer Christalline . . 20
Too long I follow'd haue my fond Desire . . . 87
To praise these Poems well, there doth require . . ciii
To spreade the azure Canopie of Heauen . . 87
To the delightfull Greene 22
Tritons, which bounding diue 47
Triumphing Chariots, Statues, Crownes of Bayes . 86
Trust not sweet Soule those curled Waues of Gold . 27

Vnhappie Light 43

Vaunt not, faire Heauens, of your two glorious Lights 6
Venus doth loue the Rose 124

What blustring Noise now interrupts my Sleepe? . 141
What cruell Starre into this World mee brought? . 29
What doth it serue to see Sunnes burning Face? . 61
What haplesse Hap had I now to bee borne . . 90
What others at their Eare 102
What serues it to bee good? Goodnesse by thee . 92
When as shee smiles I finde 35
When first the Canon from her gaping Throte . . 107
When her deare Bosome clips 110
When Nature now had wonderfully wrought . . 22

	PAGE
When Sunne doth bring the Day	114
When Venus longst that Plaine	121
When with braue Arte the curious Painter drew	130
While thou dost praise the Roses, Lilies, Gold	ci, 1
Whilst sighing forth his Wrongs	118
Whilst with audacious Wings	103
Who hath not seene into her saffron Bed	33
Who Lina weddeth, shall most happie bee	126
Whom raging Dog doth bite	100
Who would Perfections faire Idea see	115
Why (Worldlings) doe ye trust fraile Honours Dreames?	91
With flaming Hornes the Bull now brings the Yeare	21
With Griefe in Heart, and Teares in sowning Eyes	43
World, wonder not that I	104
Wretched Niobè I am	126
Yee who so curiously doe paint your Thoughts	4
You restlesse Seas, appease your roaring Waues	28

END OF VOL. I

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